THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

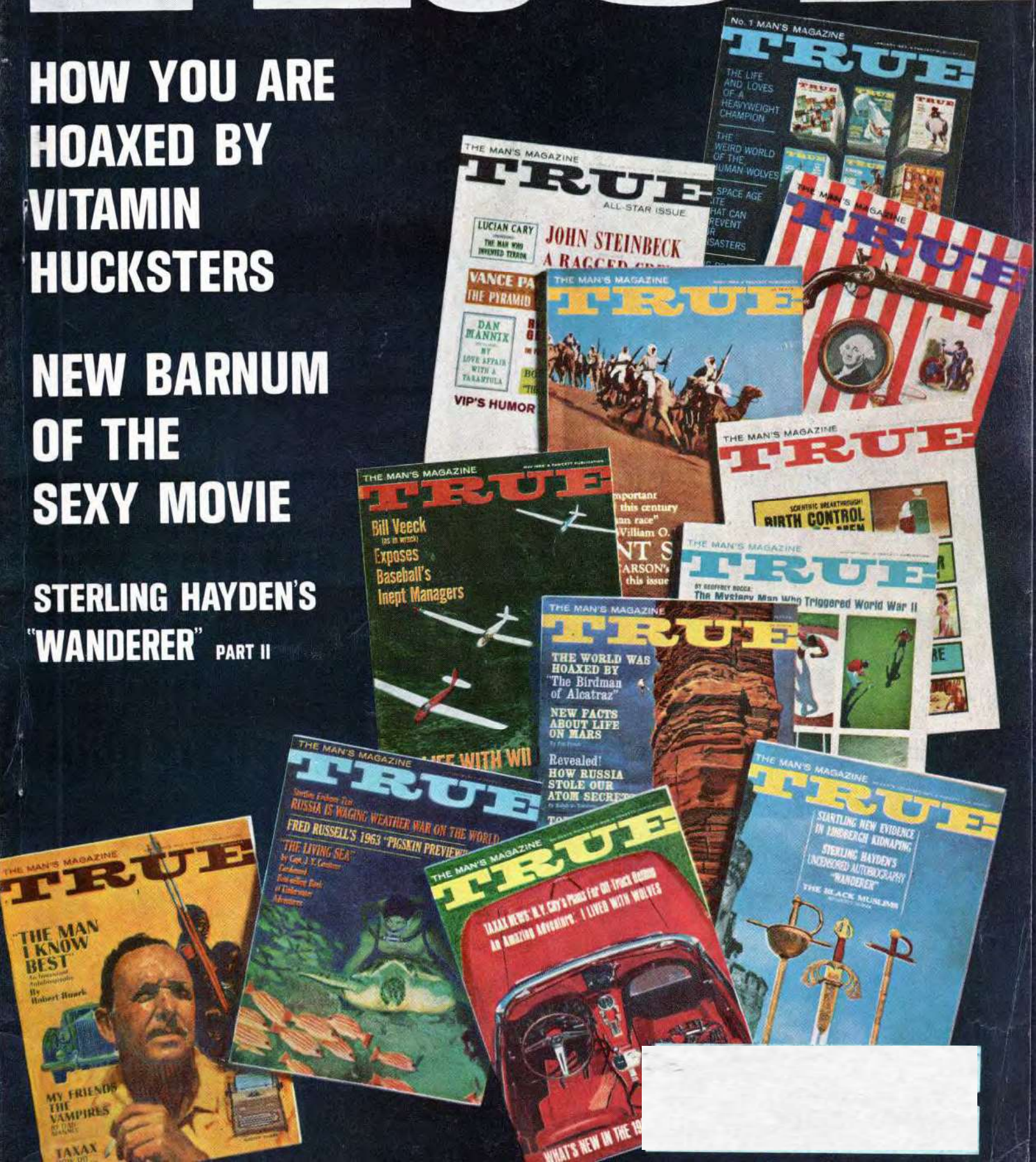
50 CENTS JANUARY 1964 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

HOW YOU ARE HOAXED BY VITAMIN HUCKSTERS

NEW BARNUM OF THE SEXY MOVIE

STERLING HAYDEN'S "WANDERER" PART II



Viceroy's got
the taste that's right!
not too strong...not too light...
Viceroy's got the taste that's right!
SMOKE ALL 7
Smoke all 7 filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong . . . others taste too light. But Viceroy —with the Deep-Weave Filter— tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!
Deep weave® Filter
VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES
©1964

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION B&W *The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products*

FREE record offer from AF Audio Fidelity!!!

BUY ANY 2 AUDIO FIDELITY ALBUMS AT $4.98 (each), THIS STEREO DEMO LP IS YOURS

*(A $20.85 VALUE FOR $9.96)

FREE!

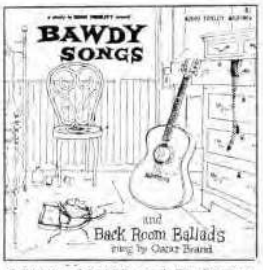
This is a limited time offer and may be withdrawn any time after January 31, 1964.

STEREO SPECTACULAR DEMONSTRATION & SOUND EFFECTS—Fast moving, exciting, narrated tour of dramatic situational stereo effects plus varied selections from Audio Fidelity's vast library. Cited for engineering excellence by the National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences. The greatest stereo demonstrator ever created! **DFS 7777**

Audio Fidelity Records have always had a greater appeal to men. We don't know why exactly, except that they are a quality product. They sound better. Perhaps men are more "sound" conscious. We'll admit too that some of our material has a predominantly male appeal. Mostly though, Audio Fidelity records are different, powerfully different. Men like them!

THESE ARE SOME TIME-TESTED AUDIO FIDELITY ALBUM FAVORITES!

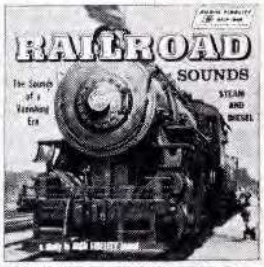
THE BRAVE BULLS! Banda Taurina Music of the Bullfight Ring! El Relicario, Cielo Andaluz, La Virgen de la Macarena, etc. **AFLP1801/AFSD5801**



BAWDY SONGS and Backroom Ballads, Vol. 1, Oscar Brand—Lusty, spicy musical folklore. —Roll Your Leg Over, No Hips At All, Sam Hall, etc. **AFLP1906**

PORT SAID, Mohammed El-Bakkar—Tantalizing love songs, exotic dances. Haun Meelee, Bint Il Geran, Al Jazayair, etc. **AFLP1833/AFSD5833**

SOUND EFFECTS, Vol. 1—Perfect auditory images! Jets, Racing Cars, Crowds, Thunder, Heartbeats, Surf, Birds, Lions, etc. **DFM3006/DFS7006**



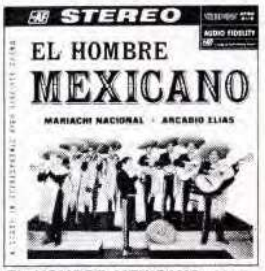
RAILROAD SOUNDS—Vanishing era revisited! Steam & diesel engines. Dynamic realism! Perfect model train background. **AFLP1843/AFSD5843**

AL HIRT SWINGIN' DIXIE—Dynamic, distinctive trumpet talent, playing: Deep River, Moonglow, After, You've Gone, etc. **AFLP1927/AFSD5927**

HITLER'S INFERNO, A shocking documentary in words and music. Hitler speaks, Nazi Storm Troopers sing. Nazi German marches. **AR2445** (mono)

PATACHOU at Carnegie Hall—Her ebullient French charm was never more appealing. Ma Fetes A Moi, Que Reste-t-il, A Paris. **AFLP2109/AFSD6109**

MAGNIFICENT MANDOLINS, Dick Dia & Mandolin Orch.—Perhaps the finest mandolin sound on records! Summertime In Venice, Brasilia, etc. **AFLP1963/AFSD5963**



EL HOMBRE MEXICANO, Mariachi Nacional, Arcadio Elias—Guitars, Violins, Trumpets—Cowboy yells. Guadalajara, Soy Puro Mexicano, Paloma, etc. **AFLP2116/AFSD6116**

GREAT MOVIE THEMES—Inimitable Johnny Puleo treatment of: Moon River, Tonight, Never On Sunday, Exodus, Col. Bogey, etc. **AFLP1969/AFSD5969**

Big Top Carousel BAND ORGAN A majestic instrument recorded out-of-doors. An awesome musical sensation! Blue Danube, etc. **AFLP 1987/AFSD 5987**

ROME WITH LOVE—Perennial favorite! Musical portrait of the Eternal City. Luna Rosa, Non Dimenticar, Tarantella, Arrivederci Roma, Torna a Sorrento. **AFLP1822/AFSD5822**

*Until recently the Audio Fidelity Stereodisc suggested list price was $6.95

AFLP, DFM denotes mono, AFSD, DFS denotes stereo.

$4.98—mono or stereo

AVAILABLE NOW AT YOUR LOCAL RECORD SHOP, OR WRITE DIRECT TO:

AUDIO FIDELITY RECORDS

770 Eleventh Avenue
New York 19, N.Y.

WRITE FOR A BIG FREE COMPLETE CATALOG.

TRUELY YOURS

tell it to TRUE • 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

Costly Campaigning

There's a simple answer to the problem posed by Senator William Proxmire in *The Tainted Cost of Getting Elected* (November). Let one of this year's presidential candidates try this: a) deliberately spend only one-tenth as much as his opponent, and announce the fact loud and clear; b) promise to run the country just as economically if elected. If people would only realize that spendthrift candidates are likely to be spendthrifts in office, all this drunken-sailor campaigning would stop.

—Randolph Fagin
Los Angeles, Calif.

Refreshing suggestion, but politicians won't risk it since Proxmire's statistics prove that the party that spends mostest usually comes out fustest at the polls.

Accept my compliments on the article by Senator Proxmire and Stanley Frank. This should be read by every person of voting age or even younger. In my own personal experience in political matters I have seen the pressure brought to bear on legislative members by the industrial interests (I had a brief experience as a member of the Montana lower house) and this article bears out my own belief that we in America are subject to a "dictatorship of wealth." We criticize the Communist dictatorship (and justly), but we fail to see that our nation is subject to as serious a dictatorship of corporate wealth, and one possibly even more inimical to the common welfare, as that of the Communists. I have urged, and shall continue to, acquaintances and friends to secure copies of this article.

—Leverne Hamilton
Missoula, Mont.

Razing Taxes

In my opinion TRUE's Taxax plan may prove to be the greatest event in America since the invention of the doughnut. (Please don't sell the doughnut short. My dog and my wife hold it in high regard, though her opinion doesn't really mean much.) If we civilized citizens can fight the bluenoses on this issue, there's a chance we may get part of the country back from the women some day.

—James Wallace
Shorewood, Wis.

Taxax indeed! Whoever dreamed this up is *really* a dreamer. Do you believe that any level of government would actually abolish or reduce taxes when achieving a new source of revenue? . . . Put me down for a resounding *no* until the government-sponsored gambling is irrevocably tied to reduced or abolished taxes, dollar for dollar.

—O. Burke Workman, Jr.
St. Louis, Mo.

Tax reduction was a major feature of the Administration's legislative program for the last Congressional session—and this without provision for an additional source of revenue.

I don't know anything about the horses or casinos, and I probably wouldn't play them if I did. But I do play Lotto, as one of the national lotteries is known here in Germany. I've been here almost three years on this tour, with another three years here on a previous tour, and I've known a lot of habitual Lotto players. But I've never heard of anyone who starved his family to death because he overplayed. In fact, it seems that the poor people, the one-mark investors, are the ones who win all the time. Maybe it's simply because there are more of 'em. Just this week our two office cleaning women split 3,500 marks. Not a bad investment for a 1.50 mark investment (about 38 cents) apiece. I play four marks a week, which gives me eight cracks at hitting six out of 49 numbers. True, I'm way behind the game, but I can afford it, just as almost everybody in America could afford 25 cents to a dollar a week. And these are the people who will make a national lottery a great success.

—A/1c Daniel C. Cole
Germany

It would be mighty nice if my guy could go down to Joe's to play poker once a week (twice, if he really wanted to), but how can he and his buddies when the local Bobby just might pounce down on the game? The boys now play at their respective homes. But it isn't like Joe's. So, TRUE, let's push the poker parlors where men can be men and Billy-be-damned. And where there is no worry about spitting on the floor and whether the guys will like Marge's dainty open-faced egg salad sandwiches, and they can kiss the kids good-by for a few hours—and come home with an upset stomach after the fourth Polish sausage sandwich.

—Thoughtful Wife

Going To The Wolves

I can't remember when I have read two such thoroughly good animal stories as you have given us in the last two issues of TRUE —*My Lifelong Fight With Fouled Up Fishburners* (October) and *My Life With Arctic Wolves* (November). The difference in the authors' attitudes toward wolves is highly interesting. One apparent contradiction which I'm sure a lot of your readers noticed is readily explained. The unfortunate bitch described by Russell Annabel who was killed and eaten must have had the misfortune to fall in with a *female* wolf. J. Frank Dobie in his *The Voice of the Coyote* quotes an experienced hunter who says that a female coyote in heat will not exert herself to get away from male hounds, knowing they won't hurt her, but will run as usual if there are female hounds in the pack.

—Russell E. Wait
Round Top, Tex.

Found Farley Mowat's story on Arctic wolves tremendous, both informative and humorous. But the story of reckless, wasteful slaughter on the ice turns my stomach. And what for? So a few men (?) can bolster their sagging egos with manly tales of how dangerous it is to shoot caribou from a low-flying airplane. I've rarely been hunting, but I have no objection to it. What has happened to the hunters? Are they being replaced by senseless, expense-account jokers who are

[*Continued on page* 4]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 681 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94105; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; Hale Printup & Associates, Langford Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33132.

Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1963 by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the Publishers. Address manuscripts to N. Y. editorial office. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $4.00 a year in U.S. and possessions, $5.00 a year in Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn.

Member of: Audit Bureau of Circulations ABC Magazine Publishers Association, Inc. MPA

This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns $95 a week.

Sounds like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

But here's the catch. With the right kind of training, this young man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making $8-10,000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and children. His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs.

If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

One good way to start—a way proved by hundreds of thousands of once-Average Joes who are making good today—is to enroll for special training with a recognized correspondence school. One like I.C.S., the world's oldest and largest.

Don't *you* be a "Security Risk." Mail the coupon for full, free details while there is still time.

Clip coupon here—and take your first big step to real success! I.C.S., Scranton, Penna. 18515

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS I C S

Box J5527M, Scranton, Penna. 18515 (In Hawaii: P. O. Box 418, Honolulu. In Canada: I. C. S. Canadian, Ltd., Montreal.)

Without cost or obligation, rush me FREE Success Kit, with 3 valuable booklets: (1) How to Succeed; (2) opportunity booklet about the field I've checked below; (3) sample I. C. S. lesson.

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING TRADES
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Carpentry & Millwork
- ☐ House Planning
- ☐ Painting
- ☐ Plumbing & Heating

ART and DESIGN
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Interior Decorating
- ☐ Magazine Illustrating
- ☐ Show Card & Sign Painting
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding
- ☐ Auto Electric Technician
- ☐ Automobile Mechanic
- ☐ Engine (Gas & Diesel)
- ☐ Engine Tune-Up
- ☐ Transmission Specialist

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero Engineering
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Aircraft Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Bus. Administration
- ☐ Executive Training
- ☐ Mgmt. Accounting
- ☐ Marketing
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Programming for Digital Computers
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Real Estate
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Sales Mgmt.
- ☐ Small Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Traffic Mgmt.

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Engineering
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Lab. Technician
- ☐ Nuclear Energy
- ☐ Plastics
- ☐ Pulp, Paper

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Highway Blueprints
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Structural Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Architectural
- ☐ Drafting Technology
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Elec. Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Motor Repairman
- ☐ Industrial Telemetering
- ☐ Instrument Technician
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman

ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Automation
- ☐ Basic Electronics
- ☐ Electronic Computers
- ☐ Electronics Technician
- ☐ Hi-Fi Stereo and Sound Systems
- ☐ Industrial Electronics

ENGINEERING (Professional)
- ☐ Chemical
- ☐ Civil
- ☐ Electrical
- ☐ Mechanical

ENGLISH and WRITING
- ☐ Better Business Writing
- ☐ Introductory Technical Writing
- ☐ Short Story Writing
- ☐ Practical English

HIGH SCHOOL (Diploma)
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ High School Math
- ☐ High School Secretarial
- ☐ High School Vocational
- ☐ College Preparatory

LANGUAGES (Edited by Berlitz)
- ☐ French
- ☐ German
- ☐ Italian
- ☐ Spanish

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Gas and Electric Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Toolmaking
- ☐ Safety Engineering

SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic
- ☐ Typist

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Boiler Inspector
- ☐ Power Plant Engineering
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engineering
- ☐ Steam Engineering

SUPERVISION
- ☐ Foremanship—Supv'n
- ☐ Personnel—Lab. Rel'ns

TV-RADIO
- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio-Telephone License
- ☐ TV Technician
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Engineering

MISCELLANEOUS
- ☐ Textile
- ☐ Other (please specify)

Name_____ Age_____ Sex_____

Home Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Occupation_____

Employed by_____ Working Hours_____

Special low rates to members of U. S. Armed Forces!

RINGTHEBELL on Archive.org

"You're peeved about something—I can tell."

. . . she probably forgot to give him a subscription to TRUE. Don't let this happen in your house. Check one of the boxes below and place your order TODAY.

☐ One Year .....$ 4 } in U.S.
☐ Two Years ....$ 7 } and
☐ Three Years . .$10 } Possessions
☐ One Year in Canada...$5
☐ One Year All Other Countries...$7

Send to.....

Address.....

City..... State..... Zip Code.....

Mail your order to TRUE Magazine, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. 06830
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR ZIP CODE NUMBER

[*Continued from page 2*]

afraid to spend a night in a sleeping bag in the woods?

—Richard M. Gerace
Harwich Port, Mass.

Any hunter worth his salt would agree with you.

Through Farley Mowat's story I have come to love and respect wolves. Although I have never seen a wolf, I feared them tremendously. Like most people, I was ignorant of the truth. I hope something is being done about their slaughter. It's a shame and a waste for such a beautiful beast to be killed.

—Mrs. D. V. Chance
Ketchikan, Alaska

Fat Under Fire

I would like to know what Dr. Key (*The Great Fat Fight Over Cholesterol*—November) would say about my father. He was born in Russia. He is 75 years old; he came to America in 1907. He eats nothing but fats. His whole diet all of his life has been nothing but butter, cream, bacon and eggs, ham, pork and most cheeses. He would rather eat the fat around a piece of meat than eat the meat itself. There is nothing wrong with him. At 75 he still works at hard-labor jobs. Why is he so healthy?

—Lyle Potapenko
Portland, Ore.

". . . he still works at hard-labor jobs" might explain it.

Kite 'Chuters

Terrific article in November TRUE on para-kiting (*Joy Ride With a Crazy Chute*)! There is nothing like this sport, absolutely nothing. I was on several water shows during the summer, one with 12 to 15,000 spectators. I was on an ice show that drew 10,000 spectators. We soar around over the beautiful lakes, then splash-down like astronauts. We do stunts for variety, and an aerialist friend, Heinz Huebner, has gone aloft with me, hanging bare-handed on a home-made trapeze he snapped on the harness under me. He does flip-flops and all his maneuvers up in the air while traveling at up to 25 miles an hour down the country road!

—Morris G. Hults
Churubusco, Ind.

Freedom To Read

I was extremely pleased to read "Ban the Book-Burners" in *It's a Man's World* of the November issue. I am of the notion that I should be able to read what I please, not what I *should* read. Censorship is a dangerous thing in itself, and also because of the dire consequences it can lead to. If I let some group tell me what to read, the day will come quickly when that group will be telling me what I should say, do or be. I am completely opposed to these wolf-packs who are the self-appointed guardians of America's moral strength.

—John Arciniega
Pittsburg, Calif.

Fallbrook Follies

I got a big boot out of reading *Fallbrook: The Town That Refused to Say Uncle to Uncle* (October). I must congratulate the good townsfolk on the success, despite enormous pressure, of their efforts to hold their water.

—David Bonnie
Portland, Maine

Brave Leading Blind

Postscript to *The Brave Leading the Blind* in your October issue: Ken Schechter spent six months at the U.S. Navy hospital, San Diego, California, where he regained full vision in one eye. He was retired by the U.S. Navy and resumed his education at Stanford University, and after his graduation he attended Harvard University and two years later received his master's degree in business administration.

Ken Schechter and Howard Thayer became close friends. Thayer resumed his career in the U.S. Navy and soon earned the rank of lieutenant commander. I deeply regret to report that on February 26, 1961, Lt. Comdr. John Howard Thayer, 34, of Berkeley, California, flew into the sea and was lost in the blackness of the night while attempting once again to save the life of a fellow pilot.

Thayer was one of America's top Navy combat pilots. He was with his squadron on a night navigational flight in a 4D Skyhawk from the carrier *Independence* in the Tyrrhenian Sea off the coast of Italy. When Comdr. John W. Shuff reported failure of his navigational homing equipment, it was up to Thayer to guide his commander back to the ship. They got within sight of the *Independence*, and when Shuff was a mere 1,000 yards from the carrier his jet plunged into the sea. Thayer went around and was abeam of the *Independence* when suddenly he disappeared from the radar scope. It was obvious that Thayer's jet also plunged into the sea. Daring rescue attempts failed. Our navy sustained a great misfortune in the loss of these two great pilots.

—George Schechter
(Ken's father)
Los Angeles, Calif.

San Diego *Union*

Howard Thayer (left) with Ken Schechter.

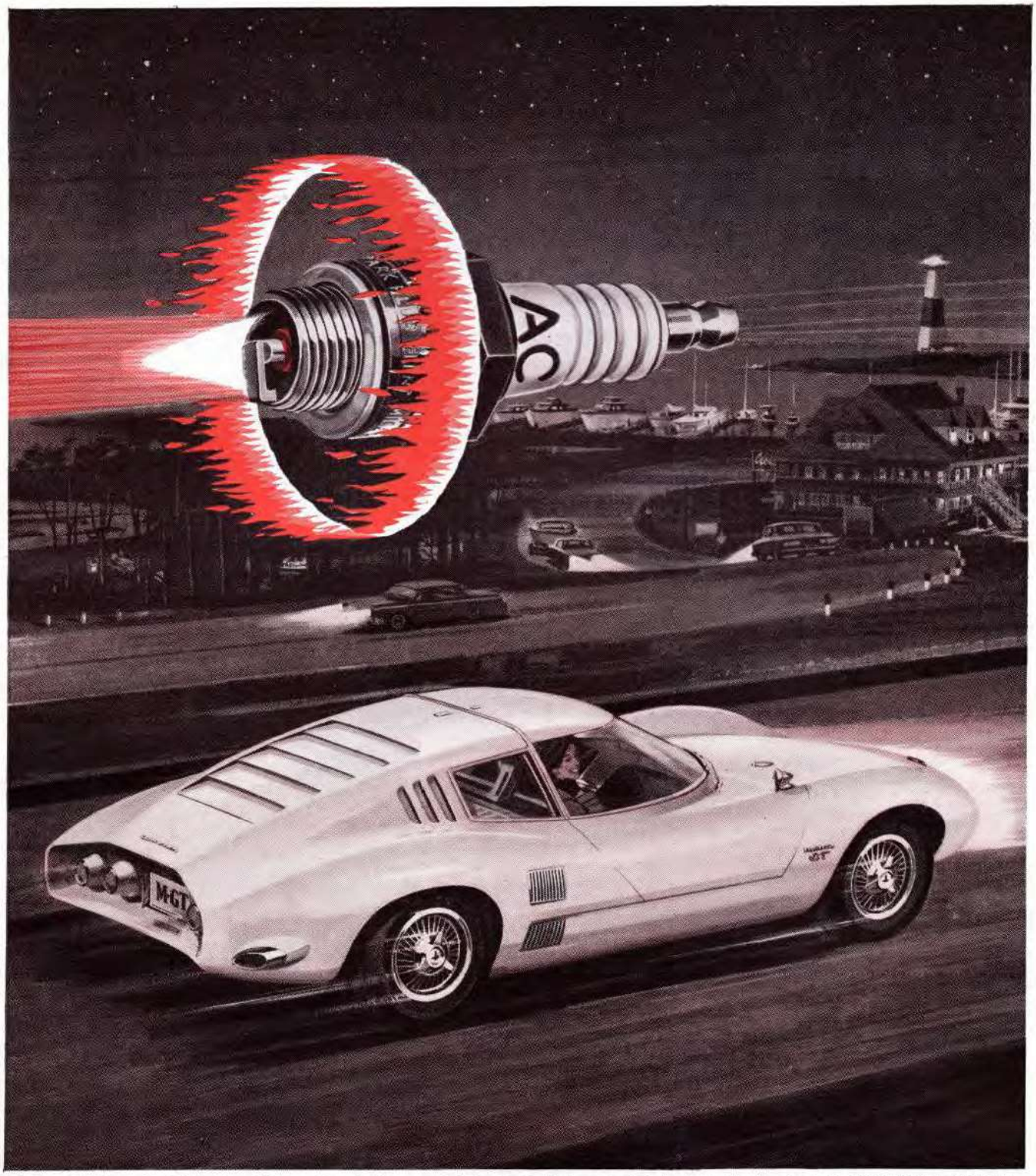
Words On Birds

Your article *Help Stamp Out Birds!* in the September TRUE was most interesting to us. Although your coverage of the subject is facetious in part, it is also frightening. This Department, in collaboration with Dr. M. L. Littman of the New York City Department of Health, is engaged in a research project to more definitely establish the types of pollution caused by starlings, grackles and pigeons. There is ample evidence that the dried droppings of such vermin contain the germs responsible for a wide variety of diseases including histoplasmosis, mycomeningitis, cryptococcosis. . . .

—Arthur J. Benuline, Commissioner
Department of Air Pollution Control
New York, N. Y.

"What is there about birds that turns a normally sensible, masculine government into a simpering old lady?" the good Max asks the reader. This is a revealing sentence. Presumably one is either a hard-bellied, virile, all-American male bird hater ready to grab the fowling piece at the first peppering affront, or a sentimental old woman, tear-stained to inaction. It's not true, as he implies, that all people who genuinely like birds are slobberers who troop gushingly about the woodlands with binoculars and a tally card. Most people, in fact, like birds; they're just not organized.

[*Continued on page 8*]



(The Chevrolet Monza GT: 92" wheelbase, 165" overall, engine displacement 145 cu. in., 6-cylinder engine featuring dual carburetors, developing 102 SAE BHP at 4400 RPM)

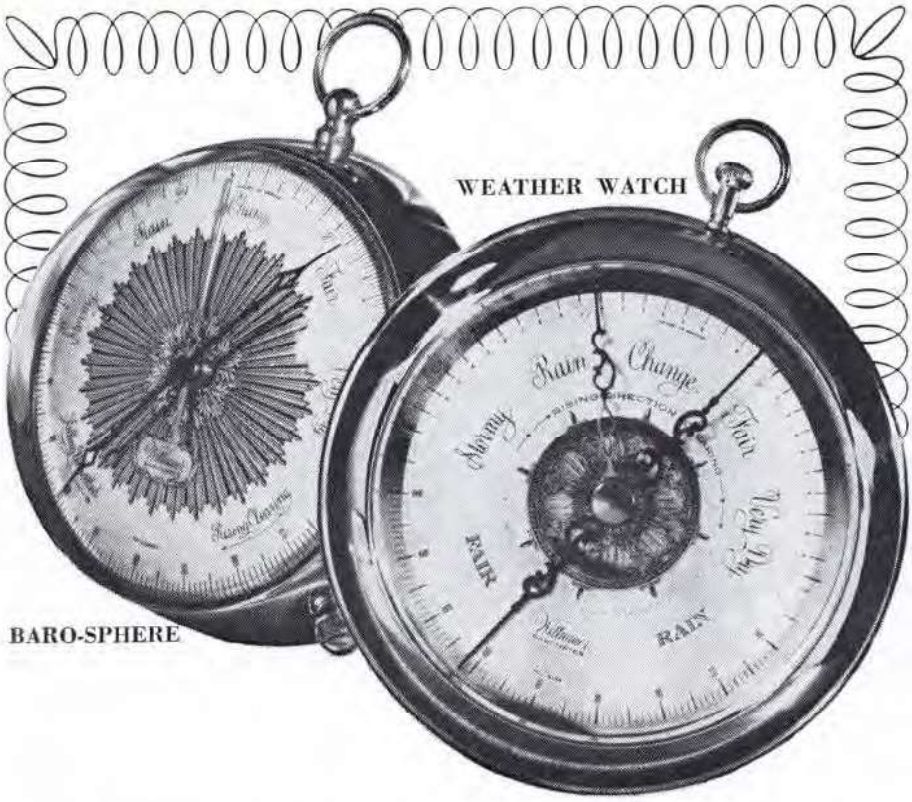
Monza GT sparks the imagination—AC sparks the action

Chevrolet's Monza GT, dream car of tomorrow, is sparked by today's self-cleaning AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs. Although the car is not for sale, you can buy the spark plugs now and get tomorrow's power today. So, ask for action . . . ask for AC.

AC SPARK PLUG ⚛ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

AC

FIRE-RING
SPARK PLUGS



One of these Barometers Belongs in your Home

EITHER ONE will accurately forecast the weather but only one will suit your taste in design. Which is the one for you?

A glance at these instruments gives you an immediate weather forecast in your own community. You are no longer dependent on wide area forecasts nor do you have to wait for long intervals on radio or TV broadcasts. Your barometer permits you to make or change plans at a moment's notice.

The 1964 Weather-Key instruments are made by the Wittnauer Instruments Division of the Longines-Wittnauer Co., long famed for accuracy and split-second precision.

A booklet enclosed with your Weather-Key gives you a complete guide to the Weather. Informative and educational, the booklet also tells you how simple it is to read your barometer.

WEATHER-WATCH and THE BARO-SPHERE are handsomely and distinctively designed. A magnificent addition to any home.

WEATHER WATCH. Richly engraved and gold-stamped with a pearl-finished dial. The golden flourish of the highly polished case places a modern scientific instrument in an antique setting. The knurled winding stem completes the authentic design. 6 inches in diameter, the WEATHER WATCH has a ring for wall hanging and an easel if you decide to sit it on a desk or mantel. Complete price is $18.50.

BARO-SPHERE. This Crystal Ball Barometer is done in a 3 dimensional sunburst design. At a glance, you see the weather conditions, as well as the changes taking place. 4¾ inches in diameter, the highly polished case is beautifully plated in gold. The iridescent pearl-finished dial is dome engraved and gold stamped. There is a gold ring for wall hanging and an easel for desk or mantel. Complete price is $15.50.

Each of these fine instruments is unconditionally guaranteed for accuracy. Immediate refunds will be made if, for any reason, you are not satisfied.

Hamilton House, Dept. BT-1, Cos Cob, Conn.

Please send_____WEATHER WATCH @ $18.50

_____BARO-SPHERE @ 15.50

Enclosed find $_____ (Sorry, no COD's or Canadian orders)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

SING THE BELLY on Archive.org

President
W. H. Fawcett, Jr.

General Manager
Roger Fawcett

Sec.-Treas.
Gordon Fawcett

Circulation Director
Roscoe K. Fawcett

Asst. General Manager
Donald P. Hanson

Editorial Director
Ralph Daigh

Advertising Director
James B. Boynton

Production Director
George H. Carl

Art Director
Al Allard

Assoc. Art Director
Ralph Mattison

EDITOR
Douglas S. Kennedy

MANAGING EDITOR
Charles N. Barnard

ART EDITOR
Norman P. Schoenfeld

SUPERVISING EDITOR
Lenwood H. Bowman

OUTDOORS EDITOR
Peter Barrett

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Clyde F. Newstrand
John Bender
Andrew Mills
Norbert R. Darga
David R. George, Jr.
Ron Butler
Neil Hickey
Robert J. Shea

PICTURE EDITOR
Pat Graves

ASST. ART EDITOR
Ernest Macioci

ART ASSOCIATES
Jerry Curcio
Bob Spitzer

RESEARCH EDITOR
D. Van Dyke

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE
R. Finkelstein

NATIONAL ADVERTISING MANAGER
Fred H. Walsh, Jr.

PICTURE CREDITS
14—Robert Halmi
15—Ed Giorandino from N.Y. Daily News
20—Wide World
40—Top, UPI; bot., lt., UPI; rt., Wide World
41—Top, Wide World; bot., UPI
52—Top, lt., Movie Memory Shop Collection; rt., N.Y. Pub. Libr.; bot., lt., UPI; rt., Wide World
53—Top, UPI

For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange —stranger than fiction. Byron

JANUARY ◆ 1964

CONTENTS

bonus book condensation

Wanderer—Part II ..... *Sterling Hayden* 50
High Life in Hollywood. . . A tough guerrilla war. . . . And escape to Tahiti. Concluding the lusty autobiography of one of the most dedicated nonconformists of our time.

true adventure

America's Paper Hero ..... *Gene Caesar* 31
The No-Surrender Japs and Their One-Girl Harem ..... *Wilbur Cross & Tadd Fisher* 44

in the news

How You Are Hoaxed by Vitamin Hucksters ..... *Ralph Lee Smith* 42
I Am Waiting for Illinois to Kill Me ..... *Bill Witherspoon* 48
How to Keep Castro Out of City Hall ..... *Sid Latham* 54
Extra Gifts for the Sportsman ..... *Ron Butler* 64

true's who

Joe Levine: New Barnum of the Uncensored Screen ..... *Jimmy Breslin* 20

science

A New Deal for an F.D.R. Dream ..... *Raphael D. Blau* 38

fishing

Abominable Snow Flies for Deep-Freeze Trout ..... *Erwin A. Bauer* 58

personality

King of the Ulcer Sport ..... *Dale Shaw* 36

sports

Broad Jump on the Rocks ..... *Myles Adler* 62

general

A Rare Look at Rare People ..... *Daniel P. Mannix* 60

pictorial

Scenic Sandscapes ..... *Bob Grant & John Boykin* 34

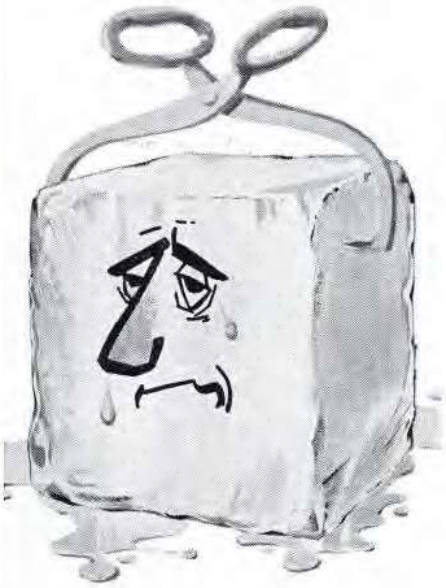
short features

TRUEly Yours 2
It Happened in Sports 9
Escape to Riches 10
Strange But True 12
It's a Man's World 14
Man to Man Answers 69
TRUE Goes Shopping 102
This Funny Life 122

Cover photograph by Irv Bahrt

Permission hereby granted to quote from this issue of this magazine on radio or television, provided a total of not more than 1,000 words is quoted and credit is given to the title of the magazine and issue, as well as the statement, copyright 1963, by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

VOL. 45 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 320
JANUARY 1964

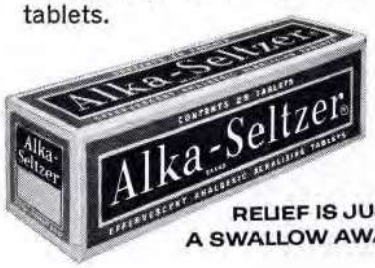


CATCHING COLD?

If you've never tried Alka-Seltzer® BRAND you don't know how speedy relief can be for cold discomforts!

There's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer for speedy relief of cold miseries. Unlike pain pills, Alka-Seltzer is *already* a liquid when you take it. Ready to go to work instantly. Relieves headache pain. Soothes muscular aches and pains. Helps you feel better while you're getting better.

Alka-Seltzer provides the effective pain-reliever, sodium acetylsalicylate, in a completely dissolved solution. In the first ten minutes—when you really need it—the system quickly absorbs more of this Alka-Seltzer pain-reliever. For speedy relief take two tablets.



RELIEF IS JUST A SWALLOW AWAY

THE BACK IS BACK!

Vikki (The Back) Dougan, that is, in an exciting eight-page spread in the January CAVALIER, The New Magazine for the New Man. Flanking Vikki will be the year's most important (and exclusive) interview, when Robert Lucas visits the hitherto impenetrable Chicago headquarters of Elijah Muhammad, leader and founder of America's Black Muslims. Lionel Olay then plunges into new experiences, as he begins his two-part series on the sensate subject of consciousness-expanding drugs. Learn who "The Young Movie Rebels" are, as chronicled by Arthur Sainer. All this in addition to CAVALIER's coterie of beautiful girls, up-to-date fashions, and current comment. On newsstands Dec. 12.

Cavalier

THE NEW MAGAZINE FOR THE NEW MAN

[*Continued from page* 4]

Dan Mannix, in the same issue (*What Is This Pig-Faced Monster Doing?*) has this to say about bats: "Conservationists are afraid that a 'rabies scare' may start a wholesale massacre of harmless bats all over the country. As bats are not only highly beneficial but also interesting little fellows, this could be a real disaster." It's quite apparent throughout this article—and to the horror of most of us (excepting possibly Mr. Gunther, who may feel it's just hairy enough for him) —that Mr. Mannix is fond of bats. He likes them. He even likes them without simper. And he obviously feels that wholesale slaughter of the "interesting little fellows," even aside from their beneficial value, would be a great loss. But to speak of an "illogical fondness" (as Gunther does of birds) is to speak inanely. Fondness is fondness—something Gunther's yawps can't obviate.

—H. O'Brien
New York, N. Y.

As you probably know by now, starlings are in southern California and increasing in number. I have been out here in San Diego county since 1959, and every time I see a goddam starling I flip. To make things more frustrating, about a year ago an item appeared in the local newspaper. The county Department of Agriculture wanted to know if anyone had seen starlings on their property. I promptly called them and said I had. They would "send a man out." It turns out all they wanted was to study their *nesting habits!*

—Elliott Payne
Encinitas, Calif.

Mr. Gunther and his starling stories point out the usually disastrous results following man's messing with the ecology of an area. Australia's rabbits, our carp and nutria are more fine examples. It would take intensive pre-study before anyone could predict the total result of eliminating, curtailing or introducing any species in an area. And then the question of values would arise: should we use Mr. Gunther's or the bird-watchers' or whose? I would be in favor of not touching the ecological balance at all until specific problems (e.g., the starlings in Mt. Vernon) make a change essential, and then basing any positive action on a thorough understanding of the ecology. Anything less far-sighted is usually doomed.

—John L. Byron
Seattle, Wash.

Seems like the Navy hasn't given up their battle with the gooney birds on Midway. They could have saved themselves a lot of time and trouble by not trying to eliminate the albatross with clubs and lead pipes. This was tried one time before. In August of 1940 I was stationed on Eastern Island of the Midway atoll with the Marine Corps 4th Defense Battalion. We had the only runway on the atoll (Sand Island has the landing strip now) and these large birds were indeed a menace to the tiny Grummans and Brewsters of those days. In desperation the order was given to "eliminate the enemy by whatsoever means was necessary." Armed with clubs and machetes we killed an estimated 75,000 birds before the countermand order was given to "cease and desist." Now the problem had been created. What to do with the remains? The only solution was burial. We dug trenches with small dozers along the shoreline, dumped the dead birds in and covered them up. The stench was terrible, and it lived with us for a long time to come. Every time the tide came in and receded, the burial area was covered with bits of bones and feathers, and the odor was ever-present. This was still happening in 1943 when I left Midway. I should add that if we made a dent in the bird population no one seemed to have noticed it, especially the aircraft pilots and crews.

—A. J. Robinson
Phoenix, Ariz.

REBUTTALS

I just read the letter from "Jaquie" in your October issue, in which she complains that the birth control pill for men (*Birth Control for Men Only*—June) will eliminate female virginity. She should realize that what counts isn't a pill, but rather a will.

—Mrs. B. J. Taylor
Oconomowoc, Wis.

I would like to comment on Mrs. E. J. Sitter's note (TRUE*ly Yours*—October) about *The Torturer's Art of Making Men Talk* in the July issue. Mrs. Sitter does not feel safe leaving stories such as that around the house. I disagree entirely with her criticism. I find such stories interesting, not because I am a sadist, but because of their historical interest. Man's inhumanity to man is not limited to our times alone.

—Stuart Berson
Fair Lawn, N. J.

THE LADIES, GOD . . . HELP 'EM

When I see a woman taking it easy in a push-button house while the man is out slaving to pay for it, I just laugh and laugh. From the dawn of time until just this present generation it was woman who had it tough. The man chose to go out and do the hunting, giving to the woman the tedious job of housekeeping, cooking and baby changing. Being the stronger of the two, man could have chosen whichever job he pleased for himself and forced the woman to do the less desirable one. And he did just that. Some even went so far as to do nothing at all while the woman did both housekeeping and food grubbing. Now when we have climbed to a state where woman has it easier than man for the first time in history, we hear a terribly loud squawking. Well, go ahead and squawk. Fight your own wars that you yourself started, and get out of here, man, and fetch me some money, too.

—A Woman

Correspondence from the female readers shouldn't be reprinted in TRUE*ly Yours*, but should have a separate "laugh" page like *This Funny Life*.

—W. B. Johnson
Peoria Heights, Ill.

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Paul Weissman

WORSHAM'S BLIND LUCK

Few games more accurately represent the problems of modern life than golf, a Scottish invention now some six centuries old. It is played best by men who have, in addition to skill and concentration, a certain type of blood that always flows at a very low temperature.

The game also demands the kind of luck you need to beat a four-horse parlay. This is especially true when there is riding on a single shot an amount of money you usually can get in sports events only if you are a very fast horse.

The shot in this case was a 147-yard eagle-two. It was hit in 1953 by a 6-foot-1 Virginian named Louis Elmer Worsham, a man who may have been nicknamed "The Chin" because he hadn't won a major tournament since he beat Sam Snead in a playoff for the U.S. Open Championship in 1947. His chin was what he had been taking it on ever since.

The money was put up by George S. May, an ebullient Chicago promoter who needed a reason to call his sweepstakes circus "The World Championship of Golf." He owned a lot of other real estate besides the golf course and his money was very persuasive. It talked Worsham into playing that year which he didn't really want to do. Tam O'Shanter was his jinx course, a fact he had proved by blowing the same tournament a year earlier with five consecutive bogies on the last five holes.

So when he teed off he was expecting the worst. Instead he took the kind of lead you would want on the Headless Horseman if it was Halloween. He dropped putts so fast that by the end of the day he had seven birdies and a first round 65. No one was close. The next day it was Tam O'Shanter's turn. The jinx took the form of a pebble on the 12th green and Worsham hit it from 18 feet away. During this struggle, The Chin putted four times, wound up with a double bogie and began to smile like a loser.

Two days later, Chandler Harper was in the clubhouse with what looked like a winning score of 279. Worsham was down two strokes. This meant that another birdie would tie him with Harper.

The Chin knew the score and split the 18th fairway with a 270-yard tee shot. It was perfect. Except that it left him in a little valley from which no one could see either the pin or the green.

When Worsham's caddy handed him an eight-iron for the 147-yard shot he turned it down. He pulled off his sun visor, looked at his lie, looked in the direction of the green and wiped the sweat with his arm. Then he reached for a sand wedge. The swing wasn't for practice and when the ball came down it ticked the lip of the green—short—and refused to bite. Then it bounced three times toward the hole and plopped in. The roar of the crowd stunned Worsham. He didn't know what had happened.

After he got the winner's check for $25,000 Worsham would only say, "I had to hit 277 other good shots to win that one," and drop the subject. His reticence was understandable. After all, the shot he had just holed-out was not only smacked to a hidden green, it was hit badly and with the wrong club to boot.

Love Letters to Rambler

Rudy T. Schlessinger

Insurance Man Rudy T. Schlessinger of Beverly Hills, California, uses his Rambler American Wagon (with stick-shift) for a lot of hunting and fishing in the rugged Eastern Sierra mountains. He writes:

"25 TO 30 MILES TO THE GALLON... PRACTICALLY MAINTENANCE-FREE."

"That little car is a gem. I use it a great deal to hunt and fish and that Rambler really gets into some hairy territory.

"I don't know whether or not you are familiar with the Eastern Sierras which have some mighty rugged country. Allowing for the altitude of 7,000 feet or better, my American performs like a watch.

"I get my 25 to 30 miles to the gallon—it is practically maintenance-free—carries one heck of a load.

"In March, I drove out here from New York—3,285 miles in 3½ days, 109 gallons of gasoline, no oil, almost 1,000 pounds of baggage.

"All in all, you put out a terrific car."

Totally new Rambler Americans are more rugged than ever in '64. New Advanced Unit Construction has already proved its rattle-free, squeak-free capabilities in Rambler Classics and Ambassadors.

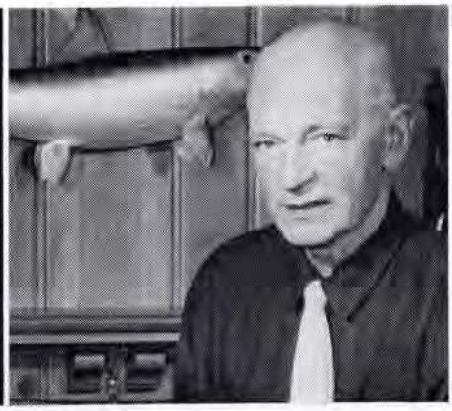
And that's only one of the years-ahead-of-the-pack features you get in Rambler for '64. You'll want to check over others like the new "spirit of '64" styling, curved-glass side windows, the big choice of seats including two new kinds of buckets and much, much more.

See them all — today — at your Rambler dealer!

ESCAPE TO RICHES

A TRUE Report on a Man Who Has it Made

By LURTON BLASSINGAME



HE KNOWS WHEN TO FISH— FOR MONEY

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

■ What John Alden Knight mainly likes to do is fish. And thanks to a little idea he had some 30 years ago he has plenty of time for that today. He turns out those Solunar Table booklets you buy in your tackle store for $1. It takes him six weeks of hard work each year to prepare the tables and that leaves him a mere 46 to pursue his various pleasures.

During the 20's Knight had a desk job in the real estate department of a New York bank. He did pretty well but not as well as he might have because he spent too much time thinking and talking about fishing. He has a theoretical type mind that likes to put seemingly unrelated facts together and see what develops.

From talk at fishing lodges he noted that men fishing lakes or streams miles apart had flurries of activity at the same hour. Market hunters and commercial fishermen told him they had their largest hauls "when the moon is directly overhead or directly underfoot." Charter boatmen fishing striped bass off Montauk frequently had their fastest action at the same time rowboat men on Long Island ponds were shouting over the sudden activity of fresh-water black bass.

Knight wondered if there could be a connection. Could it be that the force of the sun and moon, which caused the tides, were also felt by fresh-water fish even though there was no tidal activity in their habitat? Knight went to the New York office of the Coast and Geodetic Survey and asked Cmdr. George Cowie, "Supposing our coast line was at the Rockies, how can I determine when it will be high tide in Chicago?"

Cowie thought his questioner was slightly crazy but he gave him several books on tidal theory to look over. Knight took them home and studied them and began to work out his theory.

Because of the depression, Knight's income in 1934 was but one-fifth of what it had been in 1929. To supplement his income he began to write a few articles for fishing magazines on his new brainchild. The response was staggering.

Bags of mail arrived demanding or pleading, "How can I tell when the fish will feed in the stream where *I* fish?" The payment for a magazine article was not enough to cover the time required to work out and mail more than a thousand predictions, so Knight answered each request with a printed card: For 50¢ he would send a guide for a full year. Since his guides were predicated upon the forces of the sun (solar) and the moon (lunar), Knight coined the word Solunar for them. For these guides he made the claim: "Other conditions not being unfavorable, fish will feed, animals move about, all things will become more active during Solunar periods than at other times of apparent equal value."

There are two Solunar periods in each 24-hour period, a major one and a minor one. Fishing is supposed to be best just before, during and just after the time given in the table.

Knight kept his job at the bank for four more years, preparing and perfecting his tables at night. He was also lecturing and writing magazine articles but fortunately his wife was able to handle the mailing and the bookkeeping. Even so, Knight was averaging about four hours sleep a night during that period.

But by 1938 the tables were doing so well that he felt he could afford to devote full time to them. On May 28th he resigned his bank job. Two years later he left New York for good to return to Williamsport, Pennsylvania, where he had grown up and inherited a house.

Experience showed that the tables were not completely accurate so Knight set out to improve them. This was a kind of experimentation he could really enjoy. He fished almost every day during the trout season, several times a week during the bass season. Only inclement days were given to correspondence, to magazine articles and to widening the distribution outlets of the booklets.

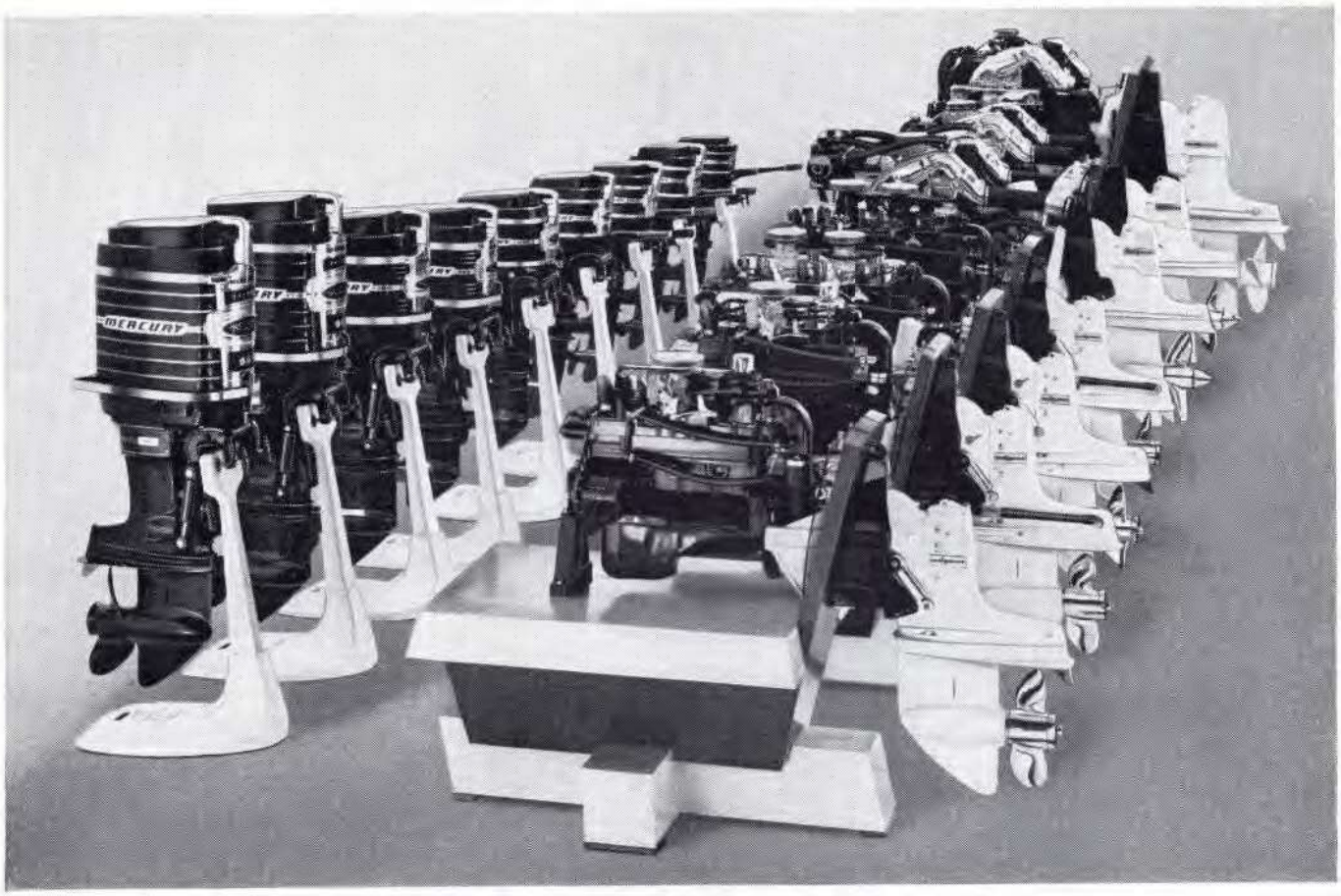
Beginning in September, he would shoot rail in the Carolinas, return home for the grouse and woodcock seasons, go somewhere for duck and goose shooting, and then escape the winter by studying the reaction of fish and game to Solunar time in the Bahamas or the Florida Keys.

Knight celebrated in 1949 by building a home close to the Williamsport Country Club where he was a member and a four-handicap golf shooter. In addition to providing a rod and gun room larger than many houses, office and work rooms, the house has two guest suites for hunting and fishing friends. There's plenty of good shooting around Williamsport.

Knight's hunting scores are impressive. When I last hunted with him, he had killed 27 pheasants since his last miss and he may well have killed as many more before he missed again. Only once in the last 15 years has he failed to win at least one "first" in the fly-rod division of the Metropolitan Miami Fishing Tournament. For a number of years he held more flyrod firsts than any other fisherman.

Now that his son Dick is taking over much of the business detail, Knight really has it made. "I'd rather hunt and fish than do anything else and now I can indulge myself," he says. "Of course I keep trying to improve the tables. Trouble is, we didn't know the cause of this well-established cycle. So I've had to work back from a known result to a probable cause. At last I think I've found it." You think that kind of research is hard work?

And the money continues to roll in. How much? A friend says, "A conservative guess is better than $50,000 a year." Knight just smiles and says, "Well, three generations of us live on it quite comfortably." ■



COMPARE

THE MERCURY/MERCRUISER SILVER ANNIVERSARY FLEET WITH ANY OTHER LINE OF MARINE PROPULSION

This is the most complete range of marine power ever offered by anyone . . . from 3.9 hp to 310 hp.

Whether it's a canoe or a 35-ft. cruiser, there's a Mercury outboard or a MerCruiser Stern Drive Power Package to give it the power you need.

Merc's smallest fishing motor with 3.9 hp has full-power features you won't find on any other outboard in this class. It has full gearshift, twist-grip throttle, fixed-jet carburetor, remote fuel tank (at no extra cost), dual-clamp brackets, Jet-Prop exhaust and Glide-Angle styling.

At the top of the outboard range is the 100 hp Merc 1000. It has a 6-cylinder in-line engine with Power-Dome combustion chambers and can show a rooster-tail to any other outboard . . . push big cruisers with ease . . . go farther on less fuel. Merc 1000 is the world's most powerful outboard, yet it weighs no more than 75 hp outboards.

In between are 7 more outboards . . . 85 hp, 65 hp, 50 hp, 35 hp, 20 hp, 9.8 hp, and 6 hp . . . six, four, and two-cylinder engines.

If you want more power than that, you need a MerCruiser Stern Drive Power Package. MerCruisers are standard equipment in the boats of more than 165 builders . . . or in custom installations by dealers. This gives you a far greater choice of boats than has ever been available with *ordinary* inboards or other stern drives. A MerCruiser combines the propulsion efficiency, maneuverability and portability of an outboard with the fuel economy of a 4-cycle engine . . . the prestige of an inboard. MerCruisers I and III have Jet-Prop exhaust for automotive-like silence. Only one hole is necessary for installation. MerCruiser II has dirigible mounting to let it rotate 180°. All the controls for MerCruisers are *inside the boat.*

Pick your stern drive power . . . 110, 120, 140, 150, 190, 225 or 310 horsepower. Power *tilt*, power *shifting*, power *steering* are available for all MerCruisers.

The Silver Anniversary Fleet is the result of 25 years of engineering leadership in marine power . . . built by the Kiekhaefer Corporation . . . to give you more RUN for your money.

See them at your dealer and COMPARE

KIEKHAEFER MERCURY

MERCURY
MERCRUISER
SILVER ANNIVERSARY FLEET

© 1964, Kiekhaefer Corporation, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and Toronto. Subsidiary of Brunswick Corporation

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin

A cannon is the least spiritual thing in the world, most Western minds would agree, but some imaginative Orientals have seen it differently. Morocco's Moslem army proved poor artillerists when issued field guns a century ago, but later found a use for them. In forts and encampments, they pointed the rusting cannons toward Mecca as a directional guide for daily prayers. Thus becoming holy, the guns were sanctuaries; refugees dashed up and embraced them, safe temporarily from law or foe. In Java, a disused Dutch cannon suggested potency of another sort to childless women. They brought rice and fruits to it as offerings, sheltered it with paper sunshades, and then sat astride it. For some years, until the Dutch hauled it away, it remained probably the only cannon in the world symbolizing the creation of life rather than its destruction. *By M. M. Hitchcock, Hagerstown, Md.*

Around the world in 132 days wasn't bad time in 1895—for a dog, traveling by himself. The trip was made by an ownerless but far from friendless Scotch-Irish terrier named Owney. Instead of accepting a home like an ordinary dog, Owney was possessed by wanderlust. He appeared, a starving and ragged young stray, in the post office at Albany, New York, one day in 1888; the clerks lodged and fed him. Soon he began to jump into railway postal cars for trips. The clerks gave him a collar bearing a request that he be tagged, to record his travels. The collar tags accumulated; he was given a harness instead. His trips, always voluntary, widened. He roved into Canada and Mexico and across the United States, sheltered and passed along by admiring postmasters. Home for Owney "the postal dog" was where mail sacks were; he bedded on them, and made friends only with postal workers, but seldom paused long. One day, tag-laden, he trotted up a ship gangway in Tacoma and sailed for Japan. There he was presented to the emperor and acquired a medal. He followed the mail successively to Shanghai, Singapore, on through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean to the Azores and New York. There he hopped a train for the West and with postal routing aid arrived back, in 132 days, at Tacoma. After lifelong journeying over countless thousands of miles, Owney died in 1897 at Toledo, Ohio. He is preserved, stuffed, in the U.S. National Museum in Washington, D.C.

Salem witch hunters in 1694 hanged 19 innocent people, according to our history books. But we seldom learn of the even more grotesque fact that zealous prosecutors also hanged two dogs! Salem's clique of neurotic young girls who claimed to detect witches by spectral vision accused one prominent man of witchcraft, and claimed he had supernaturally ridden on his dog. The man wisely got out of town fast, and thus saved his neck; the dog was seized and executed. In neighboring Andover, some teen-agers emulating the Salem girls were stared at by a dog; they promptly went into fits and the dog paid with its life for bewitching them. When the witchcraft hysteria died out, and Massachusetts came to its senses, regrets were expressed all around, and accusers avowed their penitence for having brought blameless people to the scaffold. The departed dogs, however, were ignored.

U.S. soldiers braided their hair in a beribboned pigtail 10 inches long and considered it a fighting man's greatest ornament until 1801. Then, an unexpected order stunned the Army: General Wilkinson directed that every man's hair was to be cropped. Incredible as it may seem today, this was possibly the most unpopular order ever issued to U.S. military forces. The queues, tallow-greased and flour-whitened, were undoubtedly "filthy and insalubrious," as Wilkinson characterized them. They were an aristocratic hangover in a democratic age. Yet wearing long hair was a centuries-old military privilege not easily given up; all ranks seethed rebelliously in "horror and disgust" at looking like convicts, before bending their heads to the inevitable. Revolutionary hero Col. Thomas Butler, however, publicly and loudly refused to lop his queue. Facing a one-man mutiny, Wilkinson humorously gave the colonel special permission to "keep his hair." Butler wasn't appeased; he told the general where to head in. Enmities flared; the affair became a national debate. Andrew Jackson and all of Nashville's leading citizens blasted Wilkinson in a petition to Congress. Court-martialed, Butler succumbed to yellow fever before he could be penalized. His deathbed request was to have a hole bored in the bottom of his coffin. Through the hole hung defiantly the U.S. Army's last queue, still intact, as Butler was carried to his grave. *By Warren Spellinger, Racine, Wis.*

The male gypsy moth can smell a female gypsy moth 2¾ miles away. As he hurries to close the gap, he shares in a natural miracle. Her scent is wafted on the breeze from less than one/twenty-five-millionth of an ounce of glandular exudation. Yet so powerful is its effect—and so sensitive is the male's receiving antenna—that the downwind cone of diffused aroma theoretically could attract a billion males, each responding to just a few hundred molecules. By contrast, the scentless human female's best artificial perfume—at $50 an ounce—has an effective range of little more than a yard on the sniffing human male.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

BORN TO THE SPORT

Train him firmly and gently. Enjoy the growth of his skill, watch his reflexes sharpen. Take him into the field. Introduce him to the sport slowly, with patience and understanding. Watch his love and enthusiasm grow until it becomes a fast bond between you.

The wily pheasant, the unpredictable woodcock and the crafty grouse are among the world's most elusive game birds, worthy of matching wits with the cleverest of men and dogs. Many a startled hunter has stood and watched a bird rocket away without even raising his gun. It takes quick reflexes, sharp wits and skill born of experience to make an upland bird hunter, *man or dog*. But when the birds fly thick and fast, and when you and your dog work together in perfect coordination, you can't beat it for real sport.

The shooting sports, whether you use a shotgun, a rifle, a handgun or an air rifle, are as distinctly American as the freedoms we enjoy. Our country's freedom was won and remains free because of people who know how and when to use a gun. The pioneer hacked his way west. With his gun he tamed a wild continent, defended his home, and built a great country.

Carry your firearm proudly. It is part of your great American heritage—a symbol of freedom.

NATIONAL SHOOTING SPORTS FOUNDATION INC.

Photo by John Gajda

If you are in agreement with the feeling expressed in this message, tear this page out and send it to your representative in state or national assembly. You may get his name and address by calling your local city or county government offices.

The Honorable _____:

Please support a Hunter Safety Program in our state so that my family and I may continue to enjoy the shooting sports in freedom and safety. Thank you.

Signature: _____

Address: _____

NATIONAL SHOOTING SPORTS FOUNDATION, INC.

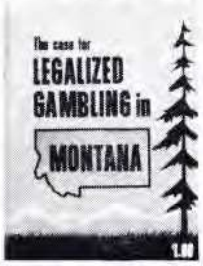
P.O. Box 355, Hartford 1, Connecticut

–a group of diversified industries dedicated to "fostering in the American public a better understanding and a more active appreciation of all shooting sports."

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

VOTES FOR GAMBLING



What Mayor Wagner dared to do for residents of New York City—give them a chance to vote on whether or not they favor legalized gambling—Charles R. (Bob) Lee and several thousand associates are daring to do for the citizens of Montana. A year ago Lee organized the Montana Association for Legalized Gambling, which now has 16,000 members. A paragraph in the state constitution prohibits the legislature from authorizing lotteries and such; the association is circulating petitions for the purpose of putting the question of legalized gambling to the voters in the next general election. The petitions are going like wildfire.

Lee isn't exactly the sort of guy who carries loaded dice in his pocket or bets that he can make a one-eyed jack jump out of a deck of cards and spit turnip juice in your eye. He's an outdoorsman, a wildlife authority, crack shot, skydiver, judo expert, mountain climber, and anything but a pallid croupier. His sentiments and the association's are that Montana is the most beautiful state in the nation—bar none—and that free-spending tourists would stream into the state if its attractions, which should include legalized gambling, were publicized.

Unfortunately, we gather from **The Case for Legalized Gambling in Montana,** a publication put out by the association, the state is tax-ridden and bedeviled to the point of bankruptcy. The association is driving a fast bandwagon for a rigidly regulated program of legalized gambling to attract millions of tourist dollars to supplement Montana's economy. Gross earnings of gambling devices and games would be taxed 20 percent, with profits going to provide better schools and to lower property and state income taxes.

The old fiction that legalized gambling is the ruination of the common man would be circumvented by requiring every player to have a license. If a compulsive gambler flings his kiddies' lollipop money away on Faro, he would be convicted of reckless gambling and have his license revoked, and would have to indulge his vice in Nevada, some of whose citizens are not too happy about threatened competition from the north.

Voters are beseeched to cast their ballots for candidates indistinguishably in favor of motherhood, principle, and right-thinking. We say, let the people vote on something significant.

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MEN

The Commission on the Status of Women, reporting to President Kennedy, has concluded that a constitutional amendment to provide equal rights for women is superfluous. As indeed it is. The dolls are muscling in everywhere. Commerce Secretary Luther B. Hodges reports that there are 301 female longshoremen (longshorewomen?) and—shades of Mike Hammer—1,327 female private eyes. This is adduced as evidence of women's progress, but it suggests the need for an amendment to guarantee equal rights for men. American women just have no idea of how pampered they are, and naturally are greedy for more of it. We are indebted to a reader for information about the manly no-nonsense way in which things are run in Quebec province. Married women there are forbidden, along with "minors, lunatics, and idiots," from entering into legal contracts. The wording was slightly changed a couple of years ago but the meaning remains. There is no divorce in Quebec, but couples can get a separation on grounds of adultery. Until a decade ago, though, the wife had to prove not only adultery but that the husband "kept the concubine in the common domicile"—that is, the same household. Softness of the indulgent American male apparently infiltrated across the border and led to modification of this sensible provision. The essence of the Quebec Code, drafted by Napoleon III, is the husband's **puissance maritale.** A nice thing, that.

It means "the husband speaks, the wife obeys."

SAVE OUR ANTHEM

Anybody with us in a drive against commercial desecration of the Star Spangled Banner? Not the flag, but the anthem. There are laws against abuse of the flag for advertising purposes, but the national anthem is fair game for promoters who yearn to invest their enterprises in spurious sanctity. The most flagrant example we can think of is the custom of opening World Series games with a rendition of the Star Spangled Banner by some yodeler who grabs at a chance to get his voice on the air. Any reverence transferred from the song to the "national pastime" is strictly phony. Baseball is a great game, but pro baseball is not exactly the same as love of country, patriotism, or the yen of every right-thinking lad to master the spitball. A better case can be made that the national pastime is basketball, football, or licking trading stamps. There is special irony in indentured players, who are sold like warm bodies, listening to verses that include the phrase "the land of the free." Let's save the Star Spangled Banner for worthy occasions and quit cheapening it.

WATCH THOSE CURVES

Government pamphlets on **Parotid Gland Secretions of Central American Bufo** bring no beefs except from penny-pinchers who decry the waste of $20,000. Let something fascinating and practical trickle into a government publication, though, and federal faces are red all over. Senator Karl E. Mundt of South Dakota, who survived committee colloquies with canary Joe Valachi without ostensible queasiness, recently found something in a U. S. Office of Education catalogue that left him "just plain disgusted." The item was a listing of **The Official Girlwatcher's Manual** in an 814-page compilation of programed instructional materials. The manual gives simple, easy-to-follow instructions for setting up girlwatching

safaris and categorizing "watchables" in degrees ranging from "adorable" to "availables." Girls seem to like being watched. We think we have noticed that they put blue paint on their eyelids and sometimes wear bikinis which suggest that the female is quite extensively bifurcated. But under the senator's nudging, the compilers ordered the manual listing removed—another instance of pusillanimous bureaucracy. Our educational system is in bad enough shape without banning vital improvements. It is unthinkable that schools which give credits for archery and badminton courses should deny credits for girlwatching. Untrained, amateur girlwatchers lead lives of quiet desperation. Instinct is undiscriminating. Boys can be enticed into all kinds of trouble by unskilled girlwatching. Clearly, girlwatching belongs in the last of the Four R's that are absolutely basic to a sound education: reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic and rumination. Give the manual back to the catalogue, Senator, and we'll let you keep on educating us about Cosa Nostra.

AMBIGUOUS REST ROOMS

Excessive cuteness in designating men's and women's relief emporiums can lead to distressing mixups. A friend of ours told us that facilities at a northern resort are marked by a stuffed buck's head and a doe's head. This is fine for hunters, but we have learned to mistrust women's ability to make subtle distinctions of gender. Right in our own home we have a wife who thinks a steer and a cow are the same thing, and that a gelding is something you do to brighten a picture frame. Paint a peacock on a door and nine women out of 10 will mistake it for a powder room. Hardly a woman now alive knows that the female is a peahen, and considerably less brilliant. We say, stick to plain MEN and WOMEN.

LAUGH IT UP

The National Laugh Party, an offshoot of the National Association of Gagwriters, is campaigning to get funnier men elected to office on a sort of national belly-laugh ticket. We applaud their objective but suggest, after sampling some of the speeches that candidates have been making in warmups for the 1964 elections, that the goal has been largely attained at an unconscious level. It is no trouble at all to extract wonderful gaglines from campaign oratory. When a politician dares to support "effective action at all levels of government," or promises "performance, not promises," we submit that he has a tremendous sense of humor but his delivery is defective. Give the line to Bob Newhart, Bob Hope or any old pro and he'll roll 'em in the aisles. Unfortunately, politicians are so handicapped by audiences weeping into their peas and carrots over the travail of a fund-raising dinner, or waiting a cue to wave banners or tromp in the aisles, that the campaigner's best button-busters lay an egg. What is needed is laugh-a-minute audience response that encourages the speaker to point with pride and view with alarm. One may feel that the individual voter cannot express his sense of humor effectively. But one of them, Henry Bayard Clark, has been having a barrel of fun in New Jersey. Henry uses a spray gun to obliterate election posters that deface traffic signs and public utility poles. This is quicker and more dignified than drawing mustaches on candidates. In the eyes of the law, Henry is performing a public service. Municipalities have an expensive and sticky problem in removing posters, and in New Jersey and elsewhere it is illegal to put election posters on public property.

HONEY BEE QUEEN

A recent illumination of facts we otherwise might have missed, concerned the visit of Miss Linda Andrews, American Honey Bee Queen of the year, who buzzed into town and informed New York's Commissioner of Markets Albert S. Pacetta that bees have an extremely important job in bringing about the pollination of fruits and flowers.

BRAIN TWISTER

If there's anything we hate, it's a test of our ability to reason. Even when it comes from Joe Sunnen, a man we admire except for his diabolical habit of dropping clinkers into people's mental machinery. Joe is a twinkly, 68-year-old inventor who holds 90 patents and runs his own company and a string of subsidiaries. He pays a lot of money to a psychological testing outfit to run prospective employees through the grinder. What's worse, he devises all sorts of testing traps that he springs in mixed company. Here's one you can try:

You have nine steel balls, identical except that one is slightly heavier than the rest, but not enough heavier to tell by hefting it in your hand. You have a simple balance scales. What is the least number of operations needed to determine which is the heavy ball?

We confess we fumbled it, so you'll never catch us on Sunnen's payroll. We never work for anybody smarter than we are if there's any way to avoid it.

The answer is two. (Most people say three). Divide the nine balls into groups of three. If the first two groups balance, the heavy ball is one of the remaining three and you weigh any two of them. If the first two groups do not balance, take the heavier group and weigh any two of the balls.

ANXIETY IN 10 EASY LESSONS

We can't get excited about Dr. Menard Gertler's new book. **You Can Predict Your Heart Attack and Prevent it.** How you can do both simultaneously isn't quite clear, but our main trouble today is that we aren't worried about a heart attack. Today we are worried about a fatal brain inflammation transmitted by pigeons. We don't know what we'll worry about tomorrow until we see the papers. There's nothing like a variety of anxieties to keep a man on his toes, and countless health agencies, researchers and medicos are competitively devoted to nudging a man into this very uncomfortable position. Dr. Gertler's techniques of morbid prognostication are as scientific as all get-out. He tried them on 39 men who got bad scores and sure enough got heart attacks. You just sit down with your doctor (for a fee) and tot up your "factors"—blood pressure, height, body build, diabetes, family history, and esoteric data about biochemical baddies in your blood. For these you get positive or negative scores which give the bad news. There are delightful possibilities of predicting one's demise from all sorts of diseases when researchers get their data refined. There is some danger, of course, that a man may be shriveled by anxiety over predicting the wrong disease first, but it is a risk the courageous will not flinch from. As for us, we hope that Dr. Gertler's methods come into widespread and enthusiastic use, to pave the way for a bestseller of our own that we have in mind but haven't yet written. It will be called simply **How to Enjoy Life While You've Got It.**

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

Almost half of people now living (48 percent) are too young to recall World War II.

An insurance company couldn't collect for damages inflicted on a policyholder's car by a group of Indians who had been whooping it up at a tavern and assaulted the vehicle with bottles and cans. The tribe had never signed a peace treaty with the U. S. and weren't liable under the law.

—THE EDITORS

Dance Music

1017. The unforgettable Conniff sound on the upbeat in such favorites as: Blueberry Hill, The Wheel of Fortune, Mack The Knife, The Song from Moulin Rouge, Chanson d'Amour, etc.

Great Jazz

1136. Brubeck meets the bossa nova in an album that's "first class all the way!" —Billboard. Coracao Sensival, Cantiga Nova Swing, Vento Fresco, Irmao Amico, Lamento, 10 in all

Teen Hits

1009. The surf sound at its wildest in an album that establishes a new high for The Ventures. Tune in on: Party in Laguana, Barefoot Venture, The Lonely Sea, Cruncher, etc.

Country & Western

1012. Exciting country ballads by America's best young balladeer. Forty Shades of Green, Peace in The Valley, What Do I Care, Remember The Alamo, Were You There, etc.

1006. Lemon Tree, If I Had A Hammer, This Train, 12 in all

1036. Also: Smile, Some Like It Hot, Magnificent 7, etc.

1048. Also: Ciao, Ciao, Bambina; Santa Lucia; etc.

1039. Mr. Lonely, I Can't Help It, True Love, Crying, 8 more

1008. Also: Green Onions, Red River Rock, Calcutta, etc.

1189. Also: Be My Guest, etc. (Not available in stereo)

1011. Also: Autumn Leaves, Near You, 'Til, Exodus, etc.

1007. Also: Pretty Lies, My Little Corner of the World, etc.

1179. Chances Are, Just Walking in The Rain, 12 in all

1043. Midnight In Moscow, Stranger on the Shore, 12 in all

1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan

1025. "Probably his best recording ever."—Life

Great Entertainment for Everyone in COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB'S

1964 Record Festival

GREAT STARS! GREAT HITS!

BEST OFFER EVER!

TAKE ANY 6 REGULAR or STEREO RECORDS FREE

if you begin membership by purchasing any one of these records — and agree to buy as few as six additional selections from over 400 to be offered in the next 12 months

HERE'S A RECORD FESTIVAL TO SUIT EVERY MUSICAL TASTE! Whether you wish to "attend" a concert under the stars, an old-fashioned hoe down, a jam session, or an inspired performance of the great classics . . . you will thrill to America's outstanding recording stars. And, if you act now, you can have ANY SIX of the exciting records described on these two pages — FREE!

Simply write in the numbers of the SIX records you wish to receive FREE on the postage-paid card. Then choose another record as your first selection . . . for which you will be billed only $3.98 (regular high-fidelity) or $4.98 (stereo). In short, you receive seven records for the price of one!

Be sure to indicate whether you want your seven records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Country & Western; Teen Hits; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's music Magazine, which you will receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested, or take any of the wide variety of other records offered, or take NO record in any specific month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase six additional records from the more than 400 to be offered in the Club Magazine during the coming 12 months . . . and you may discontinue membership at any time thereafter. If you continue, you need buy only four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

FREE RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you do wish to continue as a member after fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you will receive — FREE — a record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $3.98 (Classical $4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

MAIL THE POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY!

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. If you do not now own one, by all means continue to acquire regular high-fidelity records. They will play with true-to-life fidelity on your present phonograph and will sound even more brilliant on a stereo phonograph if you purchase one in the future.

*** Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo.**

More than 1,750,000 families now belong to the world's largest record club

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

Terre Haute, Ind.

1156. Monkey, One Fine Day, Hot Fudge, twelve in all

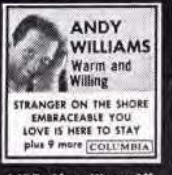
1190. Down to Darby, Billy's Mule, The Old-Timer, 9 more

1026. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.

1016. Also: Do-Re-Mi, The Children's Marching Song, etc.*

1181. "Happy, zestful . . . most captivating."—N.Y. News

1018. Malaguena, My Romance, Lady of Spain, 12 in all



1177. Also: Warm All Over, More Than You Know, etc.

1161. Also: Baby Elephant Walk, Peter Gunn, Mr. Lucky, etc.

© Columbia Records Distribution Corp., 1964 707/564

HERE IT IS...

THE BEST OFFER EVER

from the COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

SEND NO MONEY! Just fill in the postage-paid card below, then detach and mail it today to receive

ANY SIX REGULAR or STEREO RECORDS FREE

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Dept. 221-1
Terre Haute, Indiana

I accept your special offer and have indicated at the right the numbers of the six records I wish to receive — FREE! I've also indicated the record I am to receive as my first selection, for which I am to be billed $3.98 (regular high-fidelity) or $4.98 (stereo), plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am *mainly* interested in the following type of music:

(check one box only)

☐ **Classical** ☐ **Listening & Dancing** ☐ **Jazz**
☐ **Broadway, Movies, Television & Musical Comedies**
☐ **Country & Western** ☐ **Teen Hits**

I understand that I may select records from *any* field of music. I agree to purchase six more selections from the more than 400 records to be offered during the coming 12 months, at the regular Club price plus a small mailing and handling charge. After fulfilling this agreement, if I wish to remain a member in good standing I need purchase only 4 records a year, and I will receive a 12" record of my choice FREE for every two such records I purchase.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City..... ZONE.... State.....

Telephone Number.....

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

CANADA: prices slightly higher; 1111 Leslie St., Don Mills, Ont.

If you want this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, fill in his name and address here:

707/564

SEND ME THESE SIX RECORDS — FREE (fill in numbers below)

ALSO SEND ME THIS RECORD AS MY FIRST SELECTION

SEND MY 6 FREE RECORDS, MY FIRST SELECTION, AND ALL FUTURE SELECTIONS IN (check one)

☐ **Regular high-fidelity**
☐ **Stereo**

91-2F

RING THE BELL on Archive.org

SEND NO MONEY NOW

Just fill in the other side of the card,
then detach and mail it today to receive

ANY SIX

REGULAR or STEREO RECORDS

FREE

FIRST CLASS
Permit No. 1050
Terre Haute, Ind.

VIA
AIR
MAIL

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed in the United States

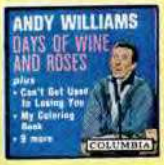
Postage will be paid by

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

BOX NO. 87

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA 47808

Top Vocals



1002. In addition to the Academy Award Winner, Andy sparkles with such as: When You're Smiling, What Kind of Fool Am I?, I Left My Heart in San Francisco, etc.

Show Music

1037. Universally acclaimed winner of eleven Academy Awards. "The most adventurous musical ever made." — Life. Including: Tonight, Maria, A-Me-Ri-Ca, I Feel Pretty, etc.

Classical Music

1098. Leonard Bernstein plays and conducts both the Columbia Symphony and New York Philharmonic with: "fierce impact and momentum." — New York World-Telegram

Folk Music

1163. The most popular of all folk artists delight those of all ages with such songs as: Puff, The Magic Dragon; This Land Is Your Land; Settle Down; Pretty Mary Flora; 8 more

1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, etc. (Not available in stereo)

1054. A sumptuous outpouring of glorious melodies

1073. "Lavish color . . . rhythmic verve." —High Fidelity

1052. Also: Lookin' for Love, The Girl Can't Help It, etc.

1014. Also: Wasn't the Summer Short?, Marianna, etc.

1010. Also: Railroad Bill, Cotton Pickers' Song, Whistle, etc.

1185. Also: Because of You, Be My Love, I Remember You, etc.

1061. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.

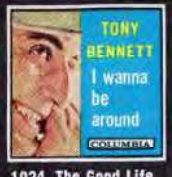
1166. "A brilliant musical score!" — New York Times

1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording."—HiFi Rev.

1145. A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall, It's All Right, 12 more

1046. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, I Remember You, etc.

1095. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos



1024. The Good Life, Someone to Love, If I Love Again, 9 more

1050. Take This Hammer, Salty Dog Blues, Mama Blues, 10 more

1130. Also: All The Love, Come Softly to Me, Hey Baby, etc

1187. Teens top drum plays for your dancing pleasure

1029. Also: Sweet Georgia Brown, Philosophizin', etc.

1107-1108. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Zestful . . . a powerful, vital statement!"—Hi Fi Review

1174. Also: Stormy Weather, When The Sun Comes Out, etc.

1030. "Music is exuberant . . . splendid tunes."—New Yorker

1155. Also: Home On The Range, Tennessee Waltz, etc.

1074. Historic debut of an "astonishing talent."—Time

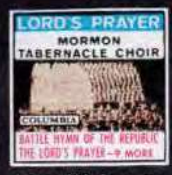
1142. Also: Memphis, Honolulu Lulu, Tallahassee Lassie, etc.

1078. "Performances of rare loveliness."—St. Louis Globe-Dem.

1126. Also: Beyond The Sea, Solitude, Ebb Tide, etc.

1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

1123. "It soars and it swings . . . a breakthrough."—Playboy



1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus."—New York Times

1060. Born to Lose, Four Walls, I Walk the Line, 12 In all

1157. Also: Call Me Irresponsible, I Wanna Be Around, etc.

1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

1182. Also: Let's Twist Again. (Not available in stereo)

1138. Also: Scarlet Mist, Quiet Village Bossa Nova, etc.

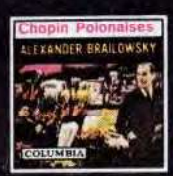
1089. "Lush, full-blown, romantic." — The Atlantic

1122. "Excellent . . . first-rate performance."—S.F.Chron.*

1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.

1097. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular compositions

1003. Also: Volare, Around The World, Kansas City, etc.

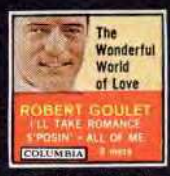


1092. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N. Y. Times

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *

1195. The performance is "most beautiful."—The Atlantic

1152. Nine hilarious numbers. "It's great fun!"—Playboy



1022. Also: Mean to Me, Then You'll Be Happy, etc.

1094. "Performances that really sparkle and glow."—High Fid.

1134. Also: I Know Why, Grief in My Heart, etc.

1175. Also: Twist and Shout, Playboy. (Not available in stereo)

1065. Also: Dusty Winds, I'll Walk Alone, Lolene, etc.

1069. Bold, thrilling interpretation of a superb symphony

1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"—Kilgallen

1070. "Skillfully, warmly, richly performed."—High Fid.

1059. Also: Over the Rainbow, Never on Sunday, etc.

1004. Green Leaves of Summer, My Tani, Greenfields, 9 more

1100. "Bold splashes of color, tremendous warmth."—HiFi Rev.

1176. Also: King of Kings, Lili Marlene, La Strada, etc.

LOLLOBRIGIDA and MONTAND
WHERE THE HOT WIND BLOWS -
story of

By JIMMY BRESLIN

NEW BARNUM OF THE UNCENSORED SCREEN

When the movie business was at its shakiest, Joe Levine came along like a cyclone to remind the boys how it was done in the old days. He brought back the carnival pitch and the million-dollar promotion and got rich doing it

HOLLYWOOD

■ There were only three other people in the place, but the room was small and the cigarette smoke hung thickly in the shafts of light coming from the projector. The smoke was bothering Joe Levine's sinus, so he kept waving his hand to keep it away from his face. But he never took his eyes off the screen where, if one is to tell the truth faithfully, there was this broad in a nightgown and she was trying to get next to her Sicilian husband. She cooed and ran her fingers through his hair. The Sicilian kept turning his head away and talking to himself about how he was going to murder his wife and marry the 16-year-old with the million dollar build who lived across the hall.

The scene was part of a picture called *Divorce, Italian Style*, which Levine was going to release in a few weeks. Joe Levine always is releasing movies. He owns a company called Embassy Pictures. The start of his movies always says "Joseph E. Levine Presents" and this looks imposing and it makes you think of some big genius sitting in a castle in Hollywood and banging a riding crop on the desk while he gives orders. Only this isn't Levine's way. He can match bankrolls with the top men in the business, and he is the most active, and probably the most successful producer of movies in the country today. But he is basically a hustler. An old-line, carnival kind of hustler.

"If they can see and hear, you've got to go out on the sidewalk and get them to come inside the joint and see what you're showing," Joe says. "You do everything. As long as you don't get pinched for assault and battery, you're all right."

This is his only philosophy. You could see that as he sat and watched the screening of this picture.

Then there was a break in the film and the lights went on. A fellow came into the projection room and leaned over and started telling Joe that the take at a house in San Jose was way off. [*Continued on page* 22]

Art is nice but sex sells more tickets, Levine figures. This leaping nude is from his hit, Seven Capital Sins.

Levine's Two Women *won an Oscar for Sophia Loren.*

Levine says that Brigitte Bardot in a bedroom is good for business. The picture is called A Ghost at Noon.

NEW BARNUM OF THE UNCENSORED SCREEN

[*Continued from page* 21]

"We'd better talk about it after you're through here," the guy said.

"Talk later? Hell, let's start working on it right now." Levine jammed his hand into his jacket pocket and started jingling change.

"I know the trouble," Joe said. "We ain't using the cannibals in the promotion. We got to get those cannibals going for us."

"The second feature, Joe," the guy with him said. "I never heard of the picture."

"Just get the cannibals," Levine said. "Have that fellow who handled it for us in LA get up there and go to work right away. The exploitation man. Find a phone someplace and give him a call. Right away. This thing has to be sold."

The guy went out to the phone. "It's this picture we're playing the coast with now," Levine explained. "*The Sky Above, the Mud Below.* A helluva picture. A documentary on New Guinea. I'm selling it as a commercial picture. What we've been doing is putting guys dressed up as cannibals in front of the theaters and turning the front of the joints into native villages. Grass huts on top of the marquee and everything. We bill it as an action picture. It's been doing great."

Then the lights went down and *Divorce, Italian Style,* started again. Up on the screen, an old mustached grandfather tip-toed into the bathroom. You could tell it was a bathroom because they showed you the toilet. Then the old bum with the mustache produced a pair of opera glasses, pushed up a slat of the Venetian blinds and looked across the alley at the 16-year-old's bedroom. It was pretty good. But the toilet was what sold Joe.

"See the hopper?" he said. "They don't show you anything like that over here. It's too real. But I put this out and the truck drivers will love it. Even if it is supposed to be a sophisticated comedy for the black-coffee circuit."

The picture kept going, but Joe stopped talking about it. He was busy worrying about getting cannibals out in front of a movie house in San Jose. He kept turning his head and jiggling the change in his pocket. He can't stand a picture that isn't being promoted.

And to hustle a picture properly, Levine will go so big he can frighten you. A few years ago, he bought American distribution rights to an Italian-made film called *Hercules* for $120,000. Then he began pushing. He ran ads in everything from a comic book to a class magazine. He nearly killed television with a saturation campaign. Sets were being snapped off all over the country when *Hercules* spot ads started coming on for the 32nd time. He blew a little over a million dollars plugging the show. Then he opened with it in 600 theaters across the country on the same night. Joe knocked them dead with the maneuver. *Hercules* brought in over $5 million.

This is the style, and the kind of profits, which has made Joe Levine a big man in the movies today. He is 58 and he has black wavy hair and he wears glasses. He is 5-foot-4 and weighs 220 pounds. The numbers tell you more about what he looks like than Somerset Maugham could do in a page. Joe speaks in sidewalk words mixed with the broad A of a person raised around Boston. He does everything with the philosophy of the hustler. The real mover, the carnival guy, can't sleep at night if there are people out on the street with the price of admission in their pockets. And Joe Levine is a hustler the likes of which show business does not have anymore.

He has the perfect background for the job. When Joe was 25, he was maneuvering around his home town of Boston and not doing too well at it, until he met a fel-

FAIRLANE 500—SPORTS COUPE

"Dad says he's solved the car problem once and for all.
Says his Fairlane has everything:
Handles like a sports car.
Has room for all of us.
Yet really doesn't cost much at all.
That's why he went up there on that cliff.
To look for new worlds to conquer."

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

Falcon • Fairlane • Ford • Thunderbird

low called Rodriguez, who was a sculptor and had just made a touch. Rodriguez was fresh from doing a statue of one Daddy Grace, a fantastic old phony who made millions along the Eastern seaboard by telling his people that he was God.

"That's all you're doing with him?" Joe asked.

"What else could you do?" Rodriguez said.

"There has to be something," Joe said. "That old sonofabitch has an awful lot of money."

Shortly thereafter, Joe and Rodriguez were sitting in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac moving up a driveway to Daddy Grace's Newport, Rhode Island, home. Daddy operated out of Harlem, but when he lived, and he lived plenty, it was in Newport. He had long, flowing gray hair and he painted his fingernails red, white and blue and nobody was going to do too much good with him.

But Levine, eating from one of Daddy's solid gold dinner plates, did all right.

"We'll set up a factory and do the manufacturing and you can do the selling," Joe said. He was talking about miniature souvenir statues of Daddy Grace, and this deal kept Levine going for a whole year. . . .

As the title, *Hercules,* suggests, Levine came to the top of the film business by specializing in putting on the worst pictures he could find for audiences who wanted only bad pictures. He was not interested in any class scripts. A lot of people said that was because Joe couldn't even read the scripts if you gave them to him.

But lately, a considerable amount of this charm has been rubbed from Joe. There was one day last fall, a very bad day, when Joe was caught reading a book in his office.

He sat at his desk with the fine, high class *The Children of Sanchez* in his hands and with complete disregard for his public image, he began to read from it.

"Listen to this," Joe was saying. "There are 18 of them living in one room, and here is this Consuela talking." Joe read slowly and deliberately to give full effect to the words. He went through a wonderful passage and finished it by raising his voice dramatically for the ending: "Get up, you sons of bitches, your mother is dying."

He put the book down. "Isn't that a helluva start? It'll make a great picture."

"You've got some nerve having a book like that around," Levine was told.

"What am I going to do? People want that sort of thing today. I've matured, too. You keep up with the public taste or you're dead. And I don't mean to be dead. If I have to go class, then I'll be so classy I'll scare you."

The change in Levine has not been subtle or gradual. When you take a list of the pictures he always put out, and compare them with what he has in theaters today, it is awesome. Until recently, Joe shoved this kind of epic at the nation:

GODZILLA: This was about a monster who chewed up Tokyo. They should have given Academy Awards to the audience for this one. The picture had been slapped together in Japan and Joe bought it for $12,000. He was certain of one thing about the picture. It was not good enough to interest children. If you tried to show it to kids on a Saturday afternoon, they would wreck the movie house. So Joe had to go out and sell it to another market. Adults.

"They loved it," he fondly recalls.

Joe spent $400,000 promoting the picture. He made a million with it. Around the trade they began to say that "A Levine Campaign" is the only way to push a movie. When he was finished showing it, Joe sold the reels to the only market in the world where something like *Godzilla* is always appreciated. Television.

HERCULES, and its stirring sequel, *HERCULES UNCHAINED:* These two put Levine into big money. They also should have put him in jail. The hero continually had to fight his way out of the clutches of over-sexed Amazons. Between stints with these huge broads, the hero killed a lion with his bare hands and stopped two runaway horses by uprooting a tree and throwing it at them. Really.

Other Levine spectacles, the titles of which generally speak for themselves, included, *Attila, Jack the Ripper, Bimbo the Great, Wonders of Aladdin, The Mummy's Curse* and *Morgan the Pirate.*

Then one day not so long ago Joe Levine was able to sit in his office and shake his head and say, "Right now, I am in seven *ahrt* theaters right here in New York with the finest films you can see. And I'm almost finished with a wonderful film. I have Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* coming out, and if you get any better than this, let me know about it."

You can't. In fact, you can't get much better films than the ones Joe had showing around the country as he talked. He had *Boccaccio '70,* with Romy Schneider in a bathtub and the overall class of a fine movie. He had *Divorce, Italian Style,* easily one of the funniest pictures you'll see. He even had Pearl Buck writing a film called *Imperial Woman.* And Miss Buck was enthralled by Mr. Levine's assurance that "we have a chemistry here that will work." Levine also was showing the Acadamy Award winning *Two Women,* a couple of Ingmar Bergman's tony affairs, plus a flock of others, all on the same plane. To top it off, he had Eugene O'Neill ready for the public.

For Levine's next birthday, people on his staff say they are going to give him a copy of James Joyce's *Ulysses.* Which is, if you know Levine, not as much a gag as you think. If Joe thought he could turn a quarter with the property he would sit down and read the thing. Twice. And know what it is about and have an opinion on it.

On the other hand, if Joe thought that the public was changing, and it wanted a dose of those old action films of his, he would drop Eugene O'Neill and hit you with the fastest set of *Godzilla* films he could find.

Levine, you see, is a professional. He is not a fly-by-night guy with cheap pictures. Nor is he some overbearing tastemaker. He is a movie man, probably the best there is in the business today, and while he laughs about his entrance into the world of class, Levine knows what it is all about.

And for all his gambling and show business bluster, Joe is anything but a high roller when you meet him. His base is a small set of offices 39 floors above New York's Sixth Avenue. He sits behind a brown table-desk that has two white phones on it and he talks about his wife, Rosalie, and two children. Once he leaves his office, he operates out of his hat. For Levine is a movie maker who does not own a lot or a camera and has no stars under contract. Until this year, he obtained all his pictures by traveling around the world and picking up films other people had made. Now, he is producing some of his own, or co-producing right from the start, but he only rents equipment and hires the director and the cast for the one picture.

"You get big lots and sound stages and all that. Then you find yourself in the real estate business," Joe says. "You're tied down. My business is loose. I can go anywhere, do anything, and do it right away. I hope I never own even one camera."

Once Levine puts a deal together, he stays away from the production of the picture until it is time to promote the affair. He works this way because he feels he needs only one good look at a situation to know whether he can sell it to people or not. Then he leaves. His firm currently is in the middle of a $6 million picture, *The Carpetbaggers,* but Joe won't see any of it until it is on film. He has made his guess long before this. He stands on his professional show-business opinion.

But if Levine finds himself guessing wrong, it does not take an overhauling to change things. He does not like to bet against the public. He changes.

"We gave the saturation treatment to four pictures a year ago," he was saying. "We hit them with *Morgan the Pirate, The Thief of Baghdad* and a couple of others. We did nothing with them. The public was through with escape pictures. I found out about it too late. So we changed. We *stahted* to bring in what I call class pictures. *Two Women* was one of them. Sofie Loren won her Academy Award with it. The picture made a lot of money. Now I intend to have her make *Children of Sanchez.* She'll make it a class movie. It's a great story.

"You see, today you need a story. These days of big *stahrs* selling a movie are

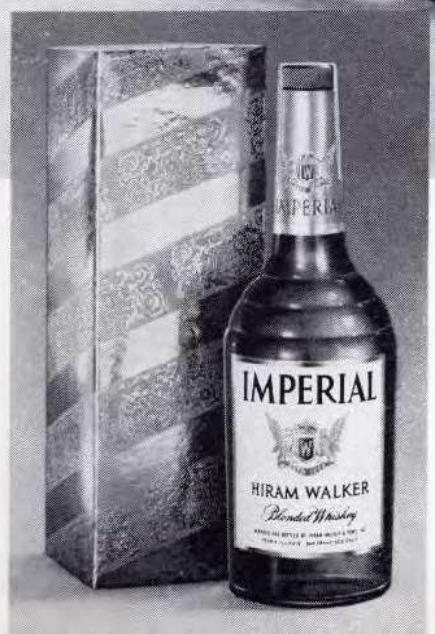
---

COMING . . .

You've seen him in films. Now read what Burt Lancaster is *really* like, in Richard Gehman's hard-hitting profile

HOLLYWOOD'S TERRIBLE-TEMPERED STONEFACE. . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE



Knowledgeable people buy Imperial for their holiday entertaining

Imperial comes handsomely gift-wrapped
for the holidays at no extra cost

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY · 86 PROOF · 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS · 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

gone. How many sure draws are there left? Cary Grant. Doris Day. Sofie. Elizabeth Taylor. Who else? Brando? He's had a few stiffs. Rock Hudson? Maybe. I'm in a hard business. I have to make up my mind on what goes and what won't go and then I have to go to work. And, all big talk aside, I better be right. I like to think I know what can be sold. But I know one thing: if you don't sell today, and sell hard, you could go broke on the world's greatest picture."

One day last fall, Abel Green was talking about how much of a success Levine's style has been. Green, the editor of the show-business newspaper, *Variety*, and the game's chief historian, was sitting at his cluttered desk on 46th Street in New York and he said it was simple.

"At one time, Joe Levine couldn't get money from the Morris Plan," he said. "Today, everybody in the business offers him nothing but money. That is the ultimate compliment. He is the great showman, and they want their money to be with him."

Serge Semenenko, vice-chairman of the First National Bank of Boston, and one of the chief money-lenders to the movie industry—all films are financed through huge bank loans—backs up this opinion with the authority only a money man has.

"The financing of films is done on the basis of talent and projected appeal and, of course, past performances," he says. "Mr. Levine's capabilities and position in the industry can be considered collateral. From an investment viewpoint, he is sound. Very sound."

"The banks give me the limit," Joe says proudly. "I walk into a bank with a project and I can get a million. The bank would go for more, too, but they have rules against any one bank giving out more than that."

The finest compliment, however, must come from Miss Sophia Loren, who is much easier to listen to than a newspaper editor and a banker.

"Joe Leveene, he is the most wonderful man in the movies," she says. "He gets me my Oscar for *Two Women*. I love Joe Leveene."

Levine's success comes at a time when major movie-makers are, at best, shaky. And a big reason for it is that he is basically a one-man operation. He can do business anywhere. He is not hindered by a ponderous, usually nervous, organization. You could see that one night last fall.

It was 10 o'clock and Levine had not eaten dinner yet. He came out of a darkened factory building, where they had been editing one of his films, and one of the two men with him, Sidney Lumet, the director, said he wanted to go somewhere and talk about cutting the length of *Long Day's Journey Into Night*.

"Let's do it right here," Joe said. He stopped under the light on the corner of 11th Avenue and 55th Street and took off his glasses and wiped them with a handkerchief while Lumet talked to him. The picture, Lumet said, was too long for the public. Then he went into technical reasons for the opinion.

Out in the street, big, long-haul trucks pounded past. There were few cars in the traffic. This section of New York is a block up from the docks and it is a jumble of dirty-windowed commercial buildings. The streets are dark and empty at night. When a red light held up the trucks, a night-shift worker, wearing blue denims and a plaid shirt, crossed the street and headed toward a diner a couple of blocks up. He was the only one on the block except for Levine and company. Joe wore a dark blue suit. He looked like a machine shop owner whose business puts plenty of roast beef on the table. He did not look like a Hollywood guy. Hollywood guys don't do business this way.

Joe Levine does.

And here, on a street corner, he was going to straighten out something that, at a big studio, would require a weekend conference at Palm Springs.

"There is an O'Neill cult," Joe said. "They don't like him touched. I'll have to discuss it with my firm."

"I'm taking up an important matter with my board of directors," Joe said the next afternoon. "Now, should we cut *Long Day's Journey Into Night* like Sidney Lumet wants to, or should we leave it alone?" Joe thought for a moment. Then he answered himself. "No, we won't. We'll offend the O'Neill cult. The meeting is over."

He was standing by himself in the men's room down the hall from his office.

Two years ago, Joe sat in a screening room in Rome as Carlo Ponti, the producer, showed him a 20-minute sequence of the movie, *Two Women*, starring Ponti's wife, Sophia Loren. The 20 minutes were taken up with a rape scene. When it was over, Joe stood up and threw his arms around Ponti.

"Sophie is going to win an Academy Award and I'm going to distribute the picture," Joe said. Ponti nodded yes.

"They didn't have the lights turned on yet, but I had the deal," Joe says. "Now if I was with some major studio, I would have had to sit through three board meetings back in New York before getting the OK to bid for the picture."

When Sofie, as he calls Miss Loren, won her Oscar for the picture, Levine collected it for her. And while he was at it, he made a move which is as good an example as any of the way he makes money

COMING . . .

You've never been to a dinner dance like this one, where seduction is the main course.

TAHITIAN TAMARRAA PARTY

Described by best-selling author Eugene Burdick. . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"Straight from the bottle means the international situation is critical."

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

We don't have to spend time telling people how beautiful Pontiac is. People tell us.

For that matter, the only people we ever have to talk to are people who've never driven a Pontiac. After you've sampled Wide-Track stability and Trophy V-8 action, what's left to say? After you've enjoyed Pontiac's silent, smooth ride, who needs more convincing? Frankly, about all we can say is that a Pontiac is a whole lot more car than other cars that think they're the competition. And your Pontiac dealer can show you *that* with great ease. **'64 WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC**

with his quick-moving and great hand at exploitation.

Joe was sitting at a table at the awards dinner, filled with satisfaction, and also a bit stiff from being filled with the bottle of Scotch in front of him. A man named Arthur Cohn worked his way between the tables and came up to Joe. Cohn had on his best bib-and-tucker and carried an Oscar in his hand. But he had a sad face.

"I, too, have an Oscar, Mr. Levine," Cohn said. "But I can't make a quarter with my picture."

"What'd you get it for?" Joe said.

"My documentary on New Guinea, *The Sky Above*," Cohn said.

"Uh huh," Joe said. "That's nice." He remembered that Cohn had made a long acceptance speech and it had nearly put him to sleep. Joe was about to go back to the Scotch and let it finish him off when he remembered one thing about the guy's speech. Cohn had mentioned that five cameramen had died trying to make the picture.

"You know, you can do something with a picture if five guys died making it," Joe announced. "Look up the guy and see what he's got, will you?" he said to Leonard Lightstone, his assistant.

Two days later Lightstone was in New York with the film under his arm. The film had action in it. "This is a license to steal," Joe said when he saw it. Levine soon had his staff busily putting together a couple of ads. One ad was all class. It had smart, dramatic sketches of primitive living and only the film's title and the fact that it was a Joseph E. Levine Presentation of an Academy Award winner went with the sketch. This was an ad for the *New York Times* set. The people who would read the ad would find the picture in one of those tony art theaters.

The other ad was so good that when Levine saw the finished product he had to turn around and look out his office window for a moment so people wouldn't see the tears in his eyes.

There was a big picture of a cannibal with a spear in his hand and a human skull hanging from a rope around his neck. Under the cannibal ran a few lines of type explaining to people about the photographers who had made the picture. In terribly subdued tones, it said:

"THEY WERE FORCED INTO INTIMACIES WITH THE WIVES OF THEIR SAVAGE HOSTS!"

"THEY FILMED THE ACTUAL FERTILITY RITES NEVER BEFORE PHOTOGRAPHED!"

"THEY WITNESSED THE SECRET ORGIES OF THE CULT OF THE SEVERED HEAD'!"

"ONLY TWO OF THEM MADE IT!"

This ad was placed into all Hearst-type papers and showcarded in all neighborhoods where people pay rent. Then Joe booked the show into commercial houses, put his cannibals out front, and began counting the money. The picture made a ton of money. As originally presented, *Sky* sounded like something too dull for the National Geographic set. Once Levine put those cameramen into bed with the cannibals' wives, every truck driver this side of Jimmy Hoffa turned out to see it.

Now there is, of course, only one place in the world where a man can develop this kind of judgment, and the frightful amount of brass needed to back it up. It has to come from the street. And the street is Levine's hole card. He was born in Boston's West End of Russian immigrant parents. It is an ageless place, the West End. It was just as poor and hard on living in 1905 as it is today and will be five years from now. Levine's story of how he grew up is ageless, too. His father died when he was 4 and he left his wife five children and six stepchildren to handle. Dinner was a bag of broken, two-day-old cake from a bakery or a bagel with baloney on it. School was a place you went to so you could get warm. When he was 11, he worked in a dress factory after school. The day he reached 14, and the law allowed him to go out and work full time, Joe was out of school and in the dress factory full time.

This kind of living taught Joe a simple fact: there has to be an angle to everything, and the guy that finds it eats better than anybody else. And Joe was skinny and wanted food. He looked for angles. Looked hard.

A man named Sam Cohen ran the dress factory Joe worked in. It was in a run-down loft building that housed, among others, some well-fed rats. The rats particularly liked the piles of silk that were in Sam Cohen's dress factory. And Sam Cohen did not like to waste thread, much less goods. So, he made a deal with Joe Levine, the kid he had in his shipping department.

"I'll give you a quarter for every rat you can kill," Cohen said.

That night Levine set traps and when he came back in the morning he proudly presented the boss with three dead rats. He was off and running.

"I turned it into a helluva side job," he says. "Those traps were getting me another 75 cents or a dollar a day. That was big money for me. Then all of a sudden my side business died down. The rats weren't coming around so much. I had to do something about that. So I started to parlay them into the next night. Catch two, show them and get paid for them, then hide them and bring 'em around again the next day and get paid again. You just can't let a business fold on you."

At 17, Levine went on the road as a dress salesman in Maine, but he gave that up in a hurry. He came back to Boston and began to maneuver other people he knew who worked in garment factories. With $500, he took floor space in a building and opened a bargain dress house he called, with a touch of old world class, LeVine's. Today, he says, quite properly, that his stock of dresses came on consignment. But when Joe was running LeVine's, with its daily "Must Sell Clearance" sales, one phone call could change his whole line. The call would come, of course, from a guy in a factory who had loaned Joe a couple of racks of dresses earlier in the day and now needed them back right away.

From LeVine's, Joe hooked up with Daddy Grace. Then he came back to Boston, ran a place called the "Wonder Bar," and then in 1937 broke into the movie business. For $1,300 down he bought the rights to a set of 25 ancient cowboy films. He regarded himself as the new Goldwyn and he began to book them. The cowboy films didn't make him a quarter. But they put him into the movie business. While he was around trying to sell his cowboy pictures, Joe saw a picture called *The Body Beautiful* at a Hartford, Connecticut, movie. Connecticut had blind censors at the time. The picture consisted of film undoubtedly grabbed from the Army Surgeon-General's office, VD division. This was spliced with a reel or two taken from a medical school's visual-aid program, obstetrics portion. The result was the type of picture which would break up a smoker.

"It was what you call a sex picture," Joe says. "It made me sick. So I bought it and made $20,000 distributing it around New England."

Joe followed this with a run of pictures, bearing such titles as *Escort Girl* or *M Street Girl*. His audiences became rather uniform. They were all sailors.

While he was at it, Joe learned the business as few people know it today. Janitors and bank clerks and other people who work and worry over a living need an escape. He knew that. He had been one of them himself. And there was no escape in the world to match a good action movie. "Just let them know about it," Joe says. "They'll be around."

He also found out about dealing with people on the business end of movies. As a rule, you see, people who maneuver around films or stage shows or television or the other ends of show business are as a class almost as cruel as bankers.

In 1942, for example, a man named Moody came up to Boston to talk to Joe. He had with him a picture called *Ravaged Earth*. It was a documentary on China being rocked by Japanese bombs. The picture contained the now-famous shot of the Chinese baby sitting on the railroad tracks and crying in the midst of an aerial bombing.

At this time, you will remember, the Chinese were our friends and the Japanese were our enemies. And when George Moody screened his picture for Joe in a small office, he kept breaking into tears as he explained how he had made it. The atrocities had touched Mr. Moody this much. By the time the film was finished and Moody was through crying, Levine was in a rage. He walked over to the drawing board and, with the emotion which only is found in great writing, scribbled an ad that was to make Boston whirl.

"SEE THIS. IT WILL MAKE YOU

COMING . . .

"Don't mount that trophy until you're sure it's dead," says author-hunter Robert Ruark. He tells some hair-raising tales about African

GAME ANIMALS THAT FIGHT BACK. . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

FIGHTING MAD. JAP RATS STOP AT NOTHING!"

The day *Ravaged Earth* opened, Boston was hit with a heavy snowfall. But it didn't matter. Joe's ads, spread all over town, had made *Ravaged Earth* what he calls a "post-office" picture; neither snow nor rain will stop the suckers from coming. The only trouble was, when the theater opened with a full house, Moody had, for some reason, stopped crying. The reason for this was that he was too happy. Levine had put the picture over for him. And Levine had not bothered to obtain a contract. Mr. Moody now could take the film away from Levine and, with a ready-made audience, hire a theater of his own and cash in without the need of a partner. Moody generously allowed Levine to run the film for a week. Then he told Joe, rather casually, that he would like his picture back. He would give Joe another two weeks. Joe screamed. Then he ran to a lawyer. For $50, he found out something which by now he suspected. He was screwed.

"No contract?" the lawyer said.

"No contract," Joe replied.

"Then you have one recourse," the lawyer said. "Get a gun and we'll be glad to handle you on a homicide."

In the middle of this, a man named Julius Kendis came around to see Joe. Mr. Kendis sat down and was very polite. He mentioned, while lighting a cigarette, that he had a picture called *Scorched Earth*.

"It's the damndest thing," Kendis said. "About what the Japs are doing to the poor Chinese. I am thinking of opening it in Boston this week." Mr. Kendis looked up at the ceiling and took another drag on his cigarette.

"What do you call this, blackmail?" Joe said.

"Of course," Mr. Kendis said.

For a moment Joe thought he was dead. He had only two weeks to break even. Kendis could ruin him. But he figured out how to make a comeback.

"This breaks my heart," he told Kendis. "But what I'll do, I'll move *Ravaged Earth* out and you can bring in your picture as my partner."

Joe promptly gave Moody his picture back and, changing only one word in his ads, moved in Kendis' *Scorched Earth*. Nobody ever knew the difference. Except for the kid who worked in the stock room of Boston's Metropolitan film exchange. It seems that *Scorched Earth*, at first viewing, lacked a few of the bombing scenes which had made *Ravaged Earth* a seller. Which was where the kid came in.

Late one afternoon, Joe walked into the exchange and told the kid, "Give me about five minutes of good war scenes. Bombing stuff."

The kid went into the library and came up with some wonderful stuff. Some of it even was Chinese. Since the stock film had no sound to it, Joe had a title frame made up, spliced the new film onto *Scorched Earth* and let it run.

Joe's title frame came up in the middle of the picture. "THE FOLLOWING SCENES SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES," it said.

There followed a couple of scenes of Chinamen running from bombs. Then, if you looked through the smoke carefully, you could make out some wonderful infantry maneuvers. They were exceptionally good because the American soldiers in them had only been in service a short time and the Louisiana Maneuvers were strange to them. Nobody in the audiences caught this, however, and Joe bailed out with the show.

He was sure the whole thing had taught him a lesson. And it did. Until, a month later, he met Rear Adm. Richard E. Byrd. The admiral had a documentary of his polar travels, called *Discovery*. He wanted Joe to purchase distribution rights for $20,000. Joe would have done anything. The mere act of shaking hands with Admiral Byrd was worth 20 big ones to Joe. As time went on, however, Joe began to change his opinion. Today, he insists that meeting Byrd saved him over a million dollars over the rest of his career.

"He split me out pretty good," Joe says delicately. "He was the last who got the chance to take me. Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd made a businessman out of Joe Levine."

From the start, Byrd was the admiral and Joe was the boot. Byrd wanted his picture fixed up. Levine went broke on lab fees while *Discovery* was being doctored. He also found that Byrd, when the check came around at dinner, was usually waving to people around the restaurant with one hand. With the other, he was clutching the medals which he always wore. The picture also turned into as bad a flop as a man could want.

"From then on," Joe says, "I did business on pictures with broads in them. No more admirals and their penguins."

Today, he lives in a huge, nine-room apartment, with a huge garden and terrace which sits 18 floors above the East River and swank Sutton Place in New York City. And he lives quietly, too. He has two adopted children, Richard, 15, and Patricia, 11, and when Levine breaks off at the end of a day and tells you he is going to dinner with his wife and children, he becomes more unusual than ever. Because he *is* going to meet the wife and children. This makes him the second or third man in the history of show business to do this.

But with all this, Levine sometimes feels a little sad about the way he came up. There was one afternoon when he was sitting in the back of a limousine taking him from his office to Idlewild Airport and he was talking about this.

"Sometimes I wish I could forget it and let everybody else forget it, too," he was saying. "You can kid about going to eighth grade, but here I am at 57 and when I have to make a speech I have to get my public relations man to write it. My own words, you know, some of them could be wrong. Well, that's not so nice. After all the years of running around, I sit down at night and for the first time I am reading Shakespeare. Sometimes, I wish I could do it all over again."

"Do you mean that, or are you just talking?" somebody in the car said.

He thought for a minute. He was looking out the window while the car pulled up to the front of the overseas terminal. A door man for the terminal's restaurant stood in front of the building. He had on a sedate uniform with the name of the restaurant printed in small letters on the breast pocket. Joe shook his head. He would have the guy wearing a neon sandwich board.

"The hell with it," he said. "If I came up in a classroom I'd be dead today. Couldn't turn a quarter."

Then he got out and went upstairs in a hurry. Carlo Ponti, the Italian producer, was in the Air France waiting room and Joe had a lot of business to settle with him.

"If we got to sign anything we'll use the men's room," Joe said.

—Jimmy Breslin

"Jack Kosgriff, you just said that to shock our guests, didn't you?"

The real beauty of it
is what's inside. A taste
preferred by far to
that of any other whiskey.
Give Seagram's 7 Crown
and be Sure.

Decanter and gift carton at no extra cost.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

TRUE
JANUARY

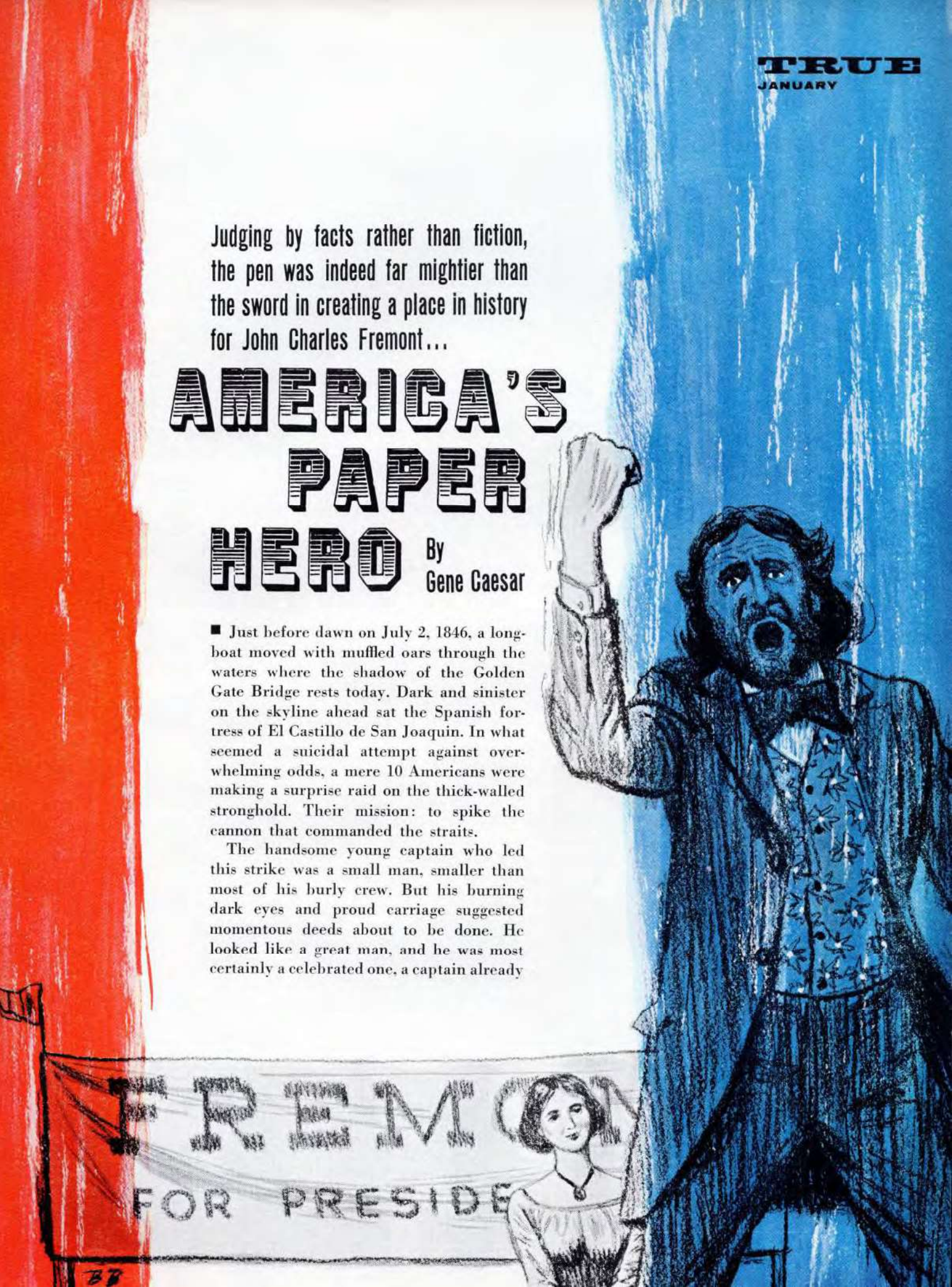
Judging by facts rather than fiction, the pen was indeed far mightier than the sword in creating a place in history for John Charles Fremont...

AMERICA'S PAPER HERO

By Gene Caesar

■ Just before dawn on July 2, 1846, a longboat moved with muffled oars through the waters where the shadow of the Golden Gate Bridge rests today. Dark and sinister on the skyline ahead sat the Spanish fortress of El Castillo de San Joaquin. In what seemed a suicidal attempt against overwhelming odds, a mere 10 Americans were making a surprise raid on the thick-walled stronghold. Their mission: to spike the cannon that commanded the straits.

The handsome young captain who led this strike was a small man, smaller than most of his burly crew. But his burning dark eyes and proud carriage suggested momentous deeds about to be done. He looked like a great man, and he was most certainly a celebrated one, a captain already



AMERICA'S PAPER HERO

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE BOMBERGER

more famous than any general. His name was John Charles Fremont.

"However many of us may make the return trip," Fremont reminded his men, "we'll have no room for prisoners. We've accepted no quarter. We can grant none now."

They nodded grimly, and winced at the splashing sounds they made beaching their boat. Creeping to cover, they checked their pistols and knives. These former frontiersmen were men of casual but considerable courage. Their captain had scouted the fortress for hours with a telescope the day before. He'd assured them that its garrison was relatively small, that his daring scheme could succeed. From the shadowy stone ramparts that loomed large above them, they could hear nothing.

In the growing light San Joaquin became distinct against the sky. Fremont pointed out the gun emplacements and planned the attack in whispers. Along with the longboat, he'd borrowed several sailors from the merchant ship *Moscow*, and he assigned two of them to keep watch at the shore. Now, on his stomach, he led the way inland. . .

To the two men standing guard, the silence became ever more unbearable as it lengthened. They kept tight to the rocks, waiting for the hush of dawn to be shattered by shouts of discovery and gunfire. But the quiet held out interminably—and suddenly the entire force was back, with Fremont ordering all possible speed made for the far shore!

His raid had been carried out swiftly and thoroughly, without a single shot being fired. But his raiders appeared more perplexed than victorious, and with good reason. They'd found the fortress empty, its crumbling corridors covered with dust, the guns they'd spiked had been useless ruins of corrosion. Yet their handsome young commander sat in the stern, serious-faced and solemn, acting as if the whole puzzling episode had been a vital military mission.

Acting was exactly what the little mustached captain was doing, playing a part then as always throughout his curious career. The American West has never lacked for fakes and phonies, but Fremont was completely in a class by himself, making such showmen as Buffalo Bill Cody strictly small-time by comparison. John Charles Fremont had the entire nation for his theater, its newspapers plugging his exploits on front pages, and his personal pitchman shouting his praises on the floor of the United States Senate. Fremont enacted his heroic role so expertly that he convinced not only the general public of his own day but of generations to follow; his fictitious image still exists in everything from the school texts through novels and movies and TV spectaculars to the works of a surprising number of serious historians.

Fremont first became famed as the "Pathfinder," [*Continued on page* 97]

Then Fremont committed an unforgivable act: he abandoned the men of his own expedition.

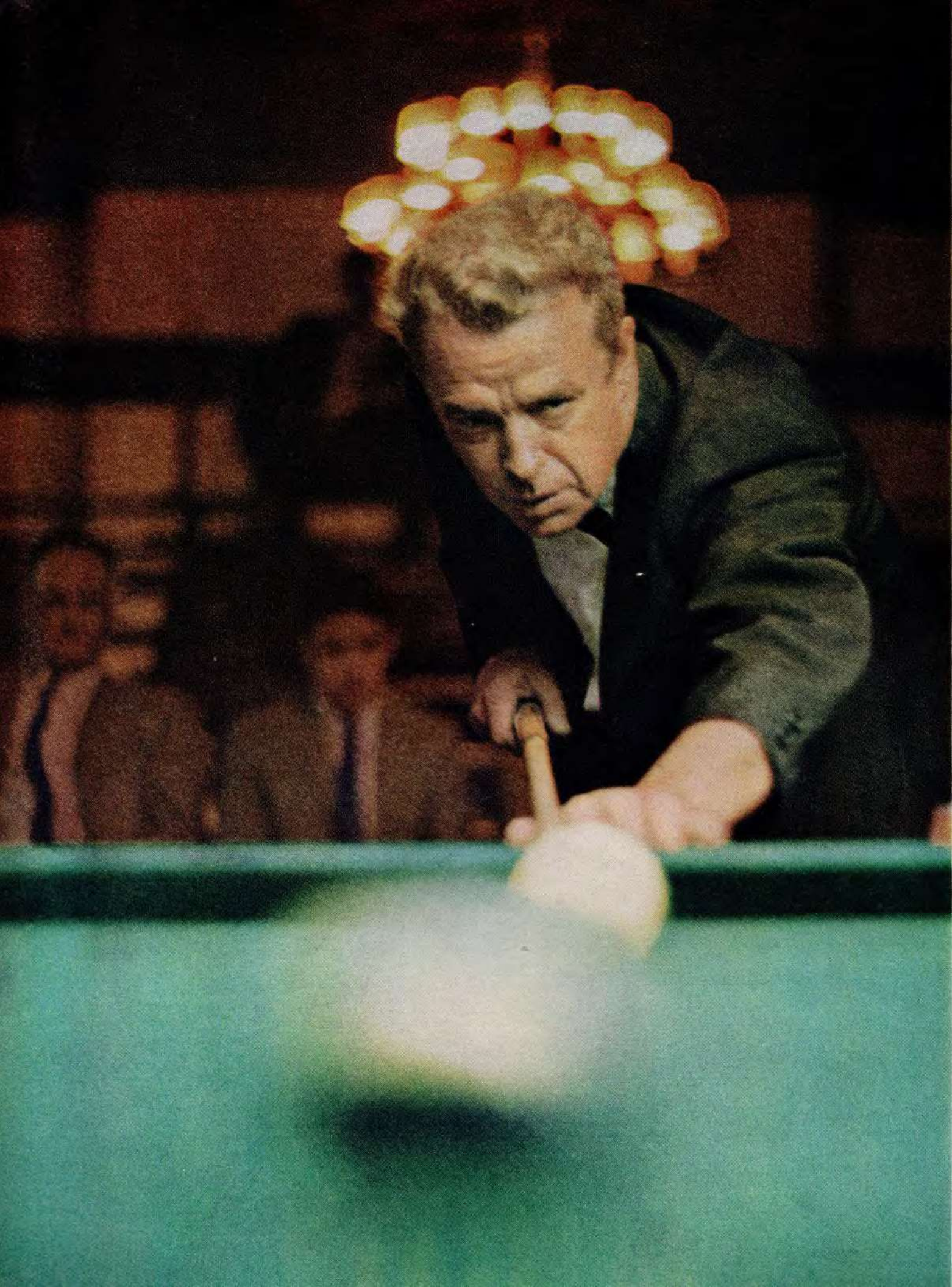
SCENIC SANDSCAPES

McGREGOR, IOWA

■ These bottles, upside-down or right-side-up, are tightly packed with minute grains of colored sand. The inventor and possibly sole practitioner of this unusual, 100-year-old art was Andrew Clemens, a small-town Iowa boy who lived on the Mississippi. Using more than 40 colors of sand he found along the river bank, Clemens rubbed dry sand on blotting paper with the bowl of a spoon to get tiny, uniform grains. He put the sand into bottles with a small tin

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE
BY BOB GRANT
AND JOHN BOYKIN

scoop. Clemens carved his tools from green hickory, shaped over a candle flame. With a 9-inch curved hickory wand like a crude hockey stick, he controlled the various colors while he packed grains down tightly with four hickory packers—of various lengths and weights. A straight wand on the outside measured perspective. He had to make pictures in the round-bottomed bottles upside-down as he worked from the mouth of the bottle. With these simple tools and without dye, glue or paste, Clemens made several hundred sand scenes like those above from the McGregor Historical Museum.



KING OF THE ULCER SPORT

With three-quarters of his stomach missing, his gall bladder throbbing with pain and his sinuses in open rebellion, Luther Lassiter took on the top players in the world of pool and beat them all. He's the new world champ of a newly booming game

BY DALE SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ALBERT FENN

■ Luther Lassiter is the new world's champion of pool. He is but 44, yet his hair is an ashy gray. While his face has a healthy ruddiness, it is as deeply furrowed as a freshly plowed field, and any intelligent observer might take him for 10 years older. Lassiter, moreover, has lost three quarters of his stomach to an ulcer patch job, and his gall bladder, while still his own, has a fresh-painted "dig we must" sign hanging on it. That sign was nailed on the throbbing organ a week before Lassiter crawled into New York's Commodore Hotel last April. The nailing was done by diagnosticians into whose hands Lassiter had collapsed while on his way to the Keys for some important rest.

"You stay right here in Ft. Myers," the surgeon told him, "and we'll have it out in no time."

"I gotta shoot me some poo'," Lassiter groaned, "and you boys want to shoot my gall bladder in the side pocket. No, suh!"

Luther Lassiter detrained in Penn Station ("Ah don't hardly fly, they *do* crash, you know.") confiding to all who would listen that while his gall had hushed somewhat, his sinuses were in open rebellion. His big gray-bright eyes gleamed with utter pessimism as he signed the register at the Commodore, in whose ballroom the first world's championship since 1955 was to be held. He could not possibly win, he said, sick as he was, but he might survive just long enough to compete in the championship if he could get his teeth into a hot, juicy corned beef sandwich.

Across the street in the Automat it was this reporter's pleasure to watch Lassiter engulf said sandwich, and to hear him remark, "Mah, that *was* good. Ah might just catch me some practice now. You know, before the *pain* starts. Ah am not supposed to eat those things, but ah do love them."

Luther Lassiter arrived in New York feared for a reputation in a game which is perhaps the toughest and the most ticklish of any ever devised by man. The cue ball must be stroked to a hair's breadth, and driven to the object ball with great accuracy to make it "pocket." The slightest uncontrolled spin deflects the angle of the shot. Having pocketed, the shooter must leave his cue ball right for the next shot, sometimes planning five, six or even 15 shots ahead. Too, he must *work* his cue ball, breaking up clusters of balls or a fresh rack of balls. To run out a match game of 125 or 150 he may keep himself in the clear and run the whole count and win, if he can keep his nerves from unbraiding. Sometimes a two- or three-ball combination shot is needed to explode out of a bad position. Scouting such a shot may require 10 or 15 minutes of fitful contemplation. Pool players are noted for unraveled nerves and psychosomatic syndromes. One fine player, within three balls of a world title, missed an easy shot and liberally moistened his britches. So great is the [*Continued on page* 85]

PASSAMAQUODDY BAY
BAY OF FUNDY
UPPER POOL
COBSCOOK BAY
LOWER POOL
The Dillons

A NEW DEAL FOR AN F.D.R. DREAM

FDR was the first of four Presidents to back the Passamaquoddy tidal power project. Now JFK has endorsed a new plan to give New England and neighboring Canada cheap power from the moon

BY RAPHAEL D. BLAU

ILLUSTRATED BY L. AND D. DILLON

EASTPORT, MAINE

■ If, in 1933, you had the good sense and gumption to tell your friends that the newly proposed tidal power project at a place called Passamaquoddy Bay sounded like far-sighted engineering and good economic policy, you were probably called a fuzzy-headed liberal, a damned New Dealer, a welfare-stater and a silly idealist. Make electrical power from the moon? Harness the tides? Haw!

Well, Fuzzy-Heads arise! Your day has arrived. Passamaquoddy — the daring piece of engineering which FDR couldn't sell to the Congress in the 30's — has risen from the dead and even in this atomic age it is now regarded as an achievement to rival the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Twice a day, with a regularity that can be clocked years in advance, the moon's gravitational pull on the earth shoves the oceans around like a stevedore heaving cargo. Along some shorelines, the tide raises the water level 20 feet. In the Bay of Fundy on the U.S.-Canadian border the tide rises to a 40-foot level. Everything that goes up must come back down. All that you need is a dam to store the ocean water that rushes into a bay at high tide; then the water is released through turbines to generate power.

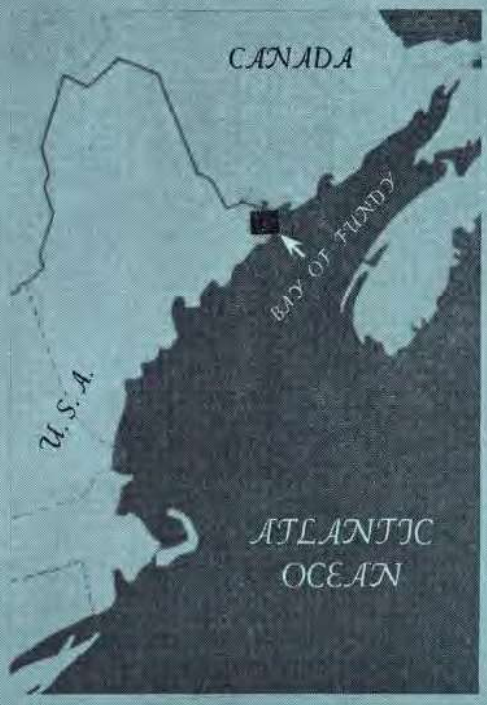
On Passamaquoddy Bay, a part of the Bay of Fundy, Americans and Canadians have been patiently working and waiting for 40 years for just this kind of power project.

This past summer President John F. Kennedy gave the go-ahead to a power project plan for Passamaquoddy Bay that will provide a daily peak output of 1 million kilowatts of electricity. The proposed project would cost over $1 billion. Engineers estimate that it would take 15 years to complete. Since the project would be undertaken jointly with Canada, President Kennedy ordered the opening of negotiations with the Canadian government. The proposed plan must be approved by Congress before work will begin.

The present Passamaquoddy project is not a new one. And President Kennedy is not the first President who backed the plan. President Eisenhower's administration provided $3 million to finance the engineering survey that is the basis for the present plan. President Truman sponsored a preliminary survey for the project. And President Franklin D. Roosevelt backed the project for 25 years, even seeing work begin on Passamaquoddy at one point.

Today, we could be lighting houses, operating industries, manufacturing aluminum and magnesium with power from the sea, if the first effort to build a tidal hydro-electric plant had not been killed by public ridicule rooted in ignorance.

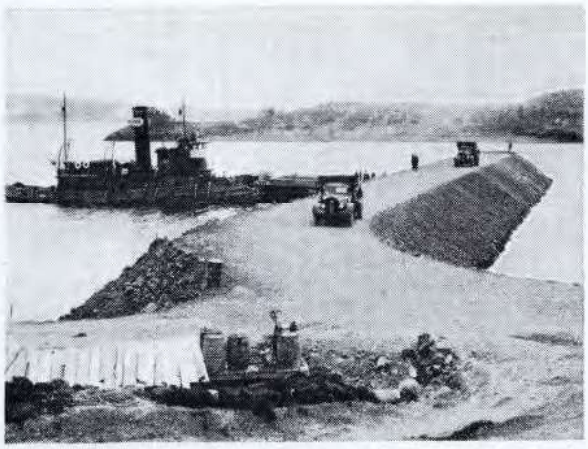
To most people, tide is a gentle oddity of nature. It creeps up a beach, silently, mysteriously and imperceptibly, making you retreat eventually with your picnic basket and suntan oil to warm, dry sand. Relatively few — and they live



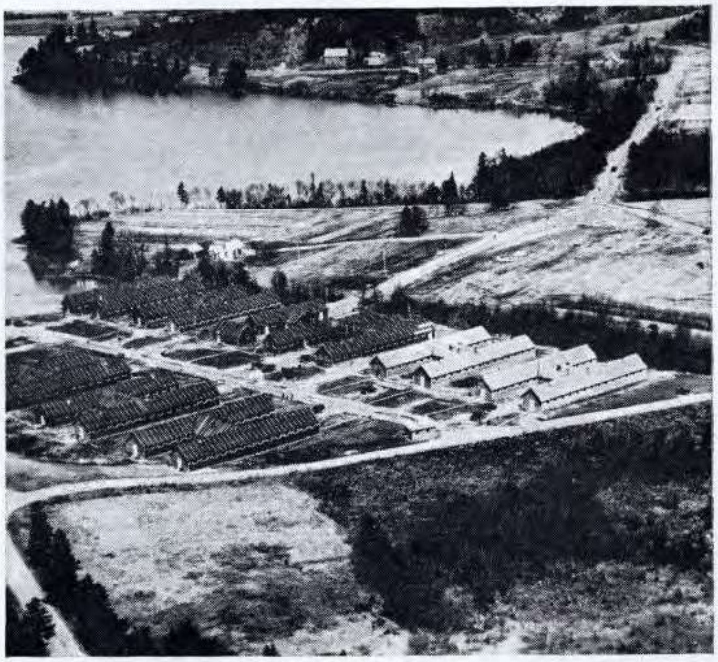
As seen at left, rising water from high tide is trapped in Passamaquoddy Bay (black square area of small inset map, above), by closing filling gates. Water is released, through power plant turbines, into Cobscook Bay, then back into the ocean at low tide.

A NEW DEAL FOR AN F.D.R. DREAM

During a visit to Quoddy Village in the summer of 1936, President Roosevelt was shown a model of the Passamaquoddy project.



Like this earth dike, work was well under way on the original Quoddy project when Congress cut off its funds.



Quoddy Village became the butt of ridicule. Built for workmen, the barracks were abandoned for a time when project was dropped.

mainly in the Northeast—have personal knowledge of the fantastic force of the gigantic tides of the Bay of Fundy.

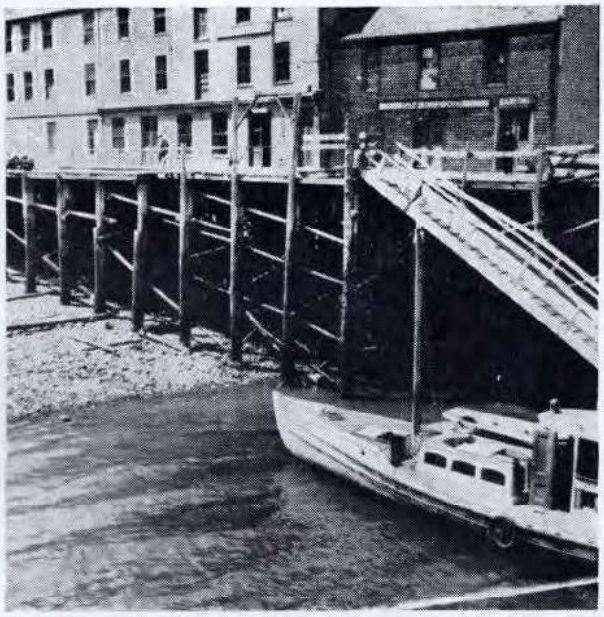
Tide is due to the attraction of the moon (and to a lesser extent, the sun) for a body of water, causing it to rise and fall in a cycle of about 12 hours and 50 minutes.

Though the force of this attraction varies only slightly for any particular region at any particular time, the height to which the water rises and falls may be quite different, depending on the shape of the shoreline. The tide of an almost landlocked body such as the Mediterranean Sea is almost negligible. Tides on headlands exposed to the ocean, such as at Newport, Rhode Island or Halifax, Nova Scotia, range around four feet.

The Bay of Fundy, which is an arm of the Atlantic Ocean, bounded by Maine and New Brunswick to the northwest and Nova Scotia to the east and southeast, is 87 miles wide at its mouth and 600 feet deep. It gets progressively narrower and shallower until it reaches the Minas Basin in Nova Scotia. One hundred billion tons of tidal water surge up the bay twice a day.

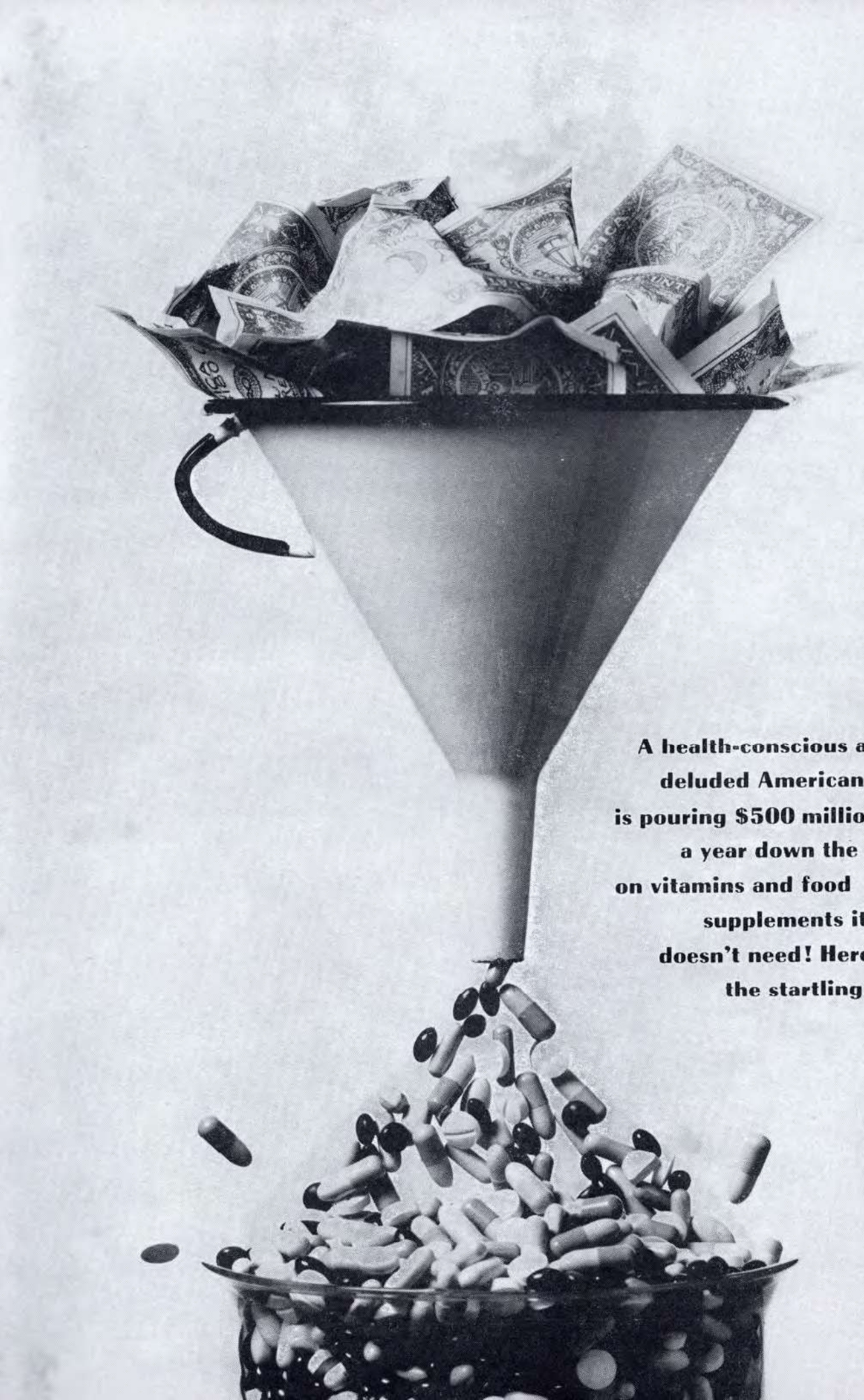
Due to the constriction of both shore and ocean bottom, the water rises to greater and greater heights. At Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, the harbor has tides averaging 16 feet. Twice a day, except for a few dredged channels, the mile wide harbor becomes a mud flat. Six hours and 10 minutes later, a boat with a sizable draft can sail anywhere. Yarmouth is only the beginning of Fundy. At Burntcoat Head in the Minas Basin, the average tidal range is 41 feet and tides of 50 feet and more are possible.

Maneuvering any kind of vessel under these extreme conditions calls for special and thorough knowledge. The immense quantities of water which pour into and out of Fundy twice a day to create such phenomenal tidal heights also build up tremendous water velocities. In a tidal current of eight knots, which is not at all uncommon in this region, one must run eight knots *against* the current just to stand still. Fishermen speak of "fishing one tide" or "two tides" because some operations can be done only at such times when the tidal current is not running full. At four knots, for instance, heavy wooden buoys marking the position of lobster [*Continued on page* 77]



Exposing the pilings of a wharf at Eastport, Maine, the low tides here sometimes drop water level over 25 feet.

Quoddy came back to life officially during White House ceremony at which the new plan was submitted to JFK.



A health-conscious and deluded American public is pouring $500 million a year down the drain on vitamins and food supplements it doesn't need! Here are the startling facts

By RALPH LEE SMITH
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD NONES

HOW YOU ARE HOAXED BY VITAMIN HUCKSTERS

● Jane W—— is a 19-year-old eyeful, a real knockout except for one thing. She limps. Jane limps because her mother crippled her for life by overdosing her with vitamins. Two operations and hundreds of dollars' worth of medical care could not correct the damage done by a well-meaning mother sucked into playing the great national game: vitamania. Heavily pushed by many drug companies and especially aimed at wives and mothers, the fantastic U.S. vitamin hoax picks the pockets of millions of men by promoting fairy tales about health and fostering notions that have led to illness, crippling, and even death.

Jane W—— was a bouncy, happy baby, but at age 3 she became irritable; her arms and legs hurt, and she refused to walk. Her body itched and her hair started to fall out; even her eyebrows and eyelashes were affected. Her frightened parents took young Jane to Stanford University Hospital.

The doctors were baffled. Jane's left forearm was swollen and tender and there was nothing phony about her pain. The examinations pointed to three possibilities: syphilis, scurvy or leukemia. But the symptoms did not fit exactly any of these diseases.

After seeing Jane, one of the doctors went about his business with something tugging vaguely at his memory. That night, in the middle of a bridge game, he remembered—Vitamin A poisoning!

Next morning at the hospital he went through a file of old medical journals, found the description of a case similar to Jane's and called her mother.

"Does Jane eat well?" he asked.

"Fairly well, but we've been giving her vitamins to be sure."

"What vitamins?"

"Concentrated A and D."

The doctor asked: "How much?"

"Well," said Mrs. W—— proudly, "the recommended dose is three drops a day, but just to be safe I've been giving her a teaspoonful before each meal . . ."

After a consultation among the doctors, Jane was put on a low-vitamin-A diet. The pain, itching and falling hair promptly began to clear up. Soon she was able to leave the hospital, and the doctors hoped there would be no permanent damage.

But the cruel damage had in fact been done. Jane returned to the hospital when she was 7. Her left leg was five [*Continued on page* 66]

The No-Surrender Japs...

The girl's discovery of a wrecked B-29 with all its fittings brought hope of relief.

BY WILBUR CROSS AND TADD FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY ED VEBELL

PETTY OFFICER FIRST CLASS JUNJI INOUE of the Imperial Japanese Navy pulled himself painfully up onto the rocky beach in the dawn light and stared around with salt-bleared eyes. He wondered if he was the only survivor from the three small ships the Americans had bombed off Anatahan Island that night of June 12, 1944. Fifty yards ahead of him was the jungle, like a green curtain, cutting off sight of everything beyond.

Out on the coral reefs, the foredeck of his cargo vessel, *Kaiho Maru*, projected awkwardly from the swelling Pacific. Farther out, *Hyosuku Maru* also hung on a reef. The third vessel, *Akabono Maru* had vanished altogether.

Inoue recalled seeing a chart of Anatahan and concluded he must be near Sonson, a copra station for the Japanese South Seas Development Company, and the only village on the five-mile by two-mile atoll. If any inhabitants were left, they would probably be friendly natives who worked the coconut plantation.

He located a gap in the jungle wall and followed a narrow path inland. After an hour's walk, he emerged in a clearing, and saw a cluster of ramshackle huts. Weakly, he surveyed them for a few moments. Then, somewhere near him suddenly a voice shouted: "Another survivor! Here comes another survivor!"

Out of the huts shuffled a number of Japanese and some native Chamorro men. They surrounded Inoue and welcomed him. The petty officer took a quick head count: there were six other Navy enlisted men, two army privates, and 20 *gunsokus*—merchant seamen—including the civilian ship captains of the *Kaiho* and *Akabono*.

Inoue discerned that he was the ranking military man. He inquired about weapons, and was told that the Army privates had reached shore with their carbines and about 70 rounds of ammunition.

"I don't think we will have to fight," Inoue told them. "Our position is well-known to our superiors and in a matter of days or weeks we will be evacuated by Japanese vessels." The others nodded agreement and dispersed to the huts.

Inoue could not have known that the largest American task force yet assembled was zeroing in on the Japanese base at Saipan, 63 miles to the south, and on Guam and other islands in the Marianas chain. Neither could he have guessed that his ordeal, and that of his companions, would not end in days or weeks—but in years. The story of Anatahan Island is one of the most curious and dramatic episodes of World War II. That day in June, 1944 was the merest beginning of the saga.

At 36, petty officer Junji Inoue was a well-seasoned naval veteran. Standing 5-foot-5, he was large-boned for a Japanese, tough-sinewed, with powerful arms and heavy muscles at his shoulders and neck. With a meticulously trimmed mustache and a miniature, pointed military goatee, he was a figure of disciplined authority even without his usual well-laundered uniform and high-peaked service cap.

His first official act as leader was to order several natives to carry two wounded men to a hut on higher ground. Then he led his detachment of five uninjured Navy seamen and two Army privates back to the beach, to salvage every possible item from the shore and the two ship hulks. Aboard *Kaiho Maru*, he had been a passenger with no duties or responsibilities, on travel orders to an engineering assignment with a naval battalion at Truk.

When the small salvage party gained the deck of *Kaiho Maru*, they saw little to salvage. Inoue's eye caught sight of a light machine gun atop the deckhouse. With half an

and Their One-Girl Harem

hour's work, he and the others managed to remove it from the mount and lash it to a crude raft of timbers, along with 200 rounds of ammunition.

The dangerous swim to *Hyosuku* bore little fruit. They salvaged a few tins of food, several sacks of rice, one bottle of iodine and several jars of pickles. The rice proved too badly water-soaked to be edible. The wrecks also furnished a few service knives and 50 packs of wet *Kinshi* cigarettes, 10 to a pack.

Taking stock back at the village, Inoue found that the 40 natives who existed on the island had little to offer their unwelcome visitors. The "village" consisted of seven tick-infested and badly overcrowded huts, topped with coconut leaves. The livestock population checked in at 40 sinewy pigs and 20 scrawny chickens.

There was no natural supply of water. Swamps in the interior existed, but, because of a semi-active volcano crowning the island, the water was hot, stagnant and diluted with sulphur. Some 500 bottles from a long-exhausted supply of beer were now being used, with palm-leaf funnels to collect rain water.

On the 15th of June, Inoue was surprised to be greeted by a Japanese he had never laid eyes on before. The man was Kikuichiro Higa, overseer of the small copra plantation, who lived in a cabin on the north coast. Heartened by this good fortune, Inoue began pumping him for information.

But the news was extremely discouraging. A few empty huts dotted the shore line. The regular supply ship from Japan would not return for five or six months. The terrain was formidable, with the inner jungles and mountains ringed by rocky beach, blocked by impasses where steep cliffs sliced directly into the sea. The center of the island was the Great Basin Jungle, a death-trap of sulphur swamps and sword-grass higher than a man's head.

"As for game," explained Higa apologetically, "there is none. Lizards, up to five feet long—but the meat is bitter and sickening. Land crabs—I have never cared to try one." The petty officer learned that fish would probably be his best bet for food. "Some snappers, plenty of eels, a few octopuses. Sharks, too, if you can make large hooks and get out deep enough."

But the Japanese were not to have time to reflect on their bad luck. American carrier-based aircraft began winging in over Sonson several times a day, knocking out every hut in sight and leveling the most valuable source of food, the coconut groves. After the first alarm, the men scattered to the hills of the northeast where they constructed crude shacks from ichibi branches.

Inoue instituted certain military practices. Near "Hospital Mountain," where the wounded men were recovering, he set up a mess where cigarettes were rationed out and servings of chicken and pig were dispensed in small portions. His "Headquarters" was a pass in the hills, guarded by the lone machine gun.

Inoue's actions were not without opposition. The *gunsokus*, terrified by the raids and weak from dysentery and fevers, groused that the petty officer was a rank-happy bully. Inoue ignored the protests. "We will at all times maintain a sea watch and a sky watch," he told them. "Every Japanese on this island will be responsible to me and to the garrison for fulfilling his duties as I proscribe. You will remember at all times that we are a military unit, the only troops in defense of this sacred ground that belongs to his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor."

He insisted, moreover, that all except the two ship captains salute him as the ranking officer. One day, after two seamen failed to comply, he ordered them to stand at stiff attention. Then, using the flat of his hand, he cuffed them four times, sharply on the cheek. "What will happen if the enemy lands, you fools!" he said. "We must preserve our military spirit."

On another occasion, he enforced a not-uncommon military penalty on six men whom he heard expressing doubt that any of them would ever leave the island alive. They were lined up in front of the others, ordered to face the East and bow low. Then, one by one, he administered spine-shaking whacks to their exposed buttocks.

Food became an increasing problem. The chickens and pigs were gone in less than two months. The expected supplies of fish did not materialize. The staple, but diminishing, food was coconut. Another staple was "pig-feed potatoes," which grew wild and were pulpy and tasteless.

Inoue soon learned that coconut crabs were not only edible, but if properly prepared could be quite tasty. He discovered how to track these nocturnal creatures by following trails of coconut husks to holes in the ground. Then, using a long stick with a wire hook at the end, he could yank them out and trap them. Extreme care had to be used, since the claws were designed by nature for ripping off husks by brute force.

Although the giant lizards had been described as too sickening for any civilized stomach, it was inevitable that

...For seven desperate years, a tough little Jap petty officer...

and his small band of shipwrecked Japanese defended their South Pacific island....

someone would grow hungry enough to try one. The reptiles, averaging three to four feet, were sluggish tree-climbers which could be caught by using a 10-foot pole with a noose at the end. Chopped in small chunks and simmered in coconut milk, the meat provided an oily stew. From here it was easy to proceed to the next delicacy: fried bats. Inoue perfected a recipe, then demonstrated it to his men. He would cut off the wings and skin, wash the eviscerated body in salt water and fry it in coconut oil. Since the bats lived on

...Long after the war with the U.S. was over, they fought against fear, famine, mutiny...

fruit, the flavor differed according to location and season.

Besides food, however, there was another problem, one that Inoue could not have predicted. Most of the men knew about it before their commander did. One day Captain Ishida of the *Akabono* approached the six-by-six hut occupied by Inoue as the latter was simmering lizard fat to produce oil for the machine gun.

"Did you know," he asked tentatively, "about the *girl?*"

"What girl?" Inoue's brow creased. "The natives have kept strictly apart. . . ."

"No, no. This is a *Japanese* girl. She is the mistress of Higa and has been on Anatahan for almost a year." The plantation manager had kept the girl hidden but one of the seamen named Chiba had found out about her and had even talked her into running off to a mountain retreat with him for several nights.

Inoue called on Higa the next day. The overseer was neither angry nor disturbed. His mistress, it appeared, had always evidenced these little spells of nymphomania. The girl, Kazuko, was back again, and not at all bashful about rolling her big brown eyes seductively at the stern-looking visitor. Inoue, who under other circumstances might have reacted more warmly, could easily see why she spelled trouble for his island command. She was short, two or three inches under 5 feet, with a voluptuous body that was hardly concealed under a dark dress of the thinnest cotton. Her long black hair brushed gently against bare shoulders. Her eyes were dark and inviting; she had a full, but innocent, child-like mouth. Her legs were smooth and bare, her tiny feet encased in leather sandals. She might have been 19 or 20.

Deciding that, for a number of reasons—the girl included—it would be better to move the garrison to another part of the island, Inoue set out with a small party on a reconnaissance mission early in October, 1944, to cross the Great Jungle Basin. The selection of the route almost proved to be a fatal error. It required almost three days to fight through the 6-foot-high sword grass, and skirt the volcanic sections that were heavy with sulphurous fumes, and where the rocks were hot enough to cook meat on. When they arrived at the other side, they still had a rugged range of hills to cross and their feet were badly burned and swollen.

It was a month before Inoue returned to his command post. When he did, he learned that chaos had set in. The two ship captains, Usui and Ishida, had been unable to maintain control and discipline. Morale was drained to the dregs. Food, what little was available, was being fought over. Clothing was disintegrating in the heat and humidity. Flies

...and the lure of a single female....

settled in clouds during the day, mosquitoes at night. Voracious rats were attacking by platoons. The lack of water for washing had caused outbreaks of skin sores.

Moreover, the first of what was to be a series of tragedies had struck the garrison. Two of the men had been drowned while trying to fish at night.

It took Inoue exactly two days to whip his garrison back

into shape. "Now," he announced, "we are moving southeastward to a position where there is more food and where natural defenses are better. We move at dawn tomorrow. If any man does not understand my orders, he may report to me personally." There were no appointments.

The new location was not much better. But it did provide

...Here, for the first time, the full chronicle of how they existed...

a change of outlook. Then, too, there was an innovation, "The Happy Cocktail Hour." The miserable representatives of the Emperor had suffered long and uniquely for their homeland. It was only right that they should sooner or later have discovered a welcome little social secret: if you drank fresh coconut milk, it was refreshing; if you let it sit around forever, it turned into vinegar and was useful for flavoring. But if you let it ferment for just the right amount of time, it could develop a formidable kick. In no time at all, almost every ichibi hut in the area had been transformed into a home brewery.

The monotonous existence of the garrison continued into January of 1945 and through most of February. Air raids were spotty, and usually aimed at Sonson. Inoue had seen to it that every hut and facility in the new headquarters' area was cleverly camouflaged.

But on February 21, 1945, there arose a sudden cry.

"*Oye! Oye!* Mr. Inoue, come quickly, please!" It was the sea lookout, emplaced on a high bluff. "An enemy ship, sir, approaching off the south coast!"

Inoue strode up the camouflaged trail to the spotter's post. He saw a battered LCI, clearly an American ship. "She probably will head west for Sonson beach," he said. He walked down to the machine gun position and called to the two Army privates.

"Kotaka! Tanaka! Take one carbine and make all speed toward Sonson. Then report immediately to me everything the Americans do."

The LCI disappeared along the coast and the two privates set out to follow it. It was three days before they returned.

From a cliff on the west coast they had seen the LCI anchored a few hundred yards off the beach. Later, it had moved in closer and three squads of Marines had waded ashore and disappeared into the jungle. After a full day of reconnoitering, the Marines returned to the LCI, pulled anchor, and sailed away.

"They will be back," Inoue said. "They will have found the natives and interrogated them. Our presence, our numbers, our strength is surely known."

He was right. On the morning of March 1st, the same LCI moved into a cove on the south shore, about two miles west of the Japanese position. By this time, Inoue had an assemblage of 24 men who were able-bodied enough to fight. The machine gun and the two carbines had been checked out carefully. Each man was armed with at least one knife or machete and some kind of heavy club.

The LCI moved in too close to be seen from the lookout post, but scouts who were sent out reported that the Americans had again made a landing. "More than 30 men, well armed," said one runner. "They headed straight inland. We

...and how they finally surrendered

followed them as far as the Great Basin Jungle, where they disappeared into the sword grass."

"Disappeared!" Inoue was furious. He dispatched more scouts, but the American patrol had indeed vanished.

On March 3rd, smoke was seen briefly in the interior. Then on the 4th, a PBY criss- [*Continued on page* 89]

I didn't mean to kill the cop, but the jury wouldn't believe me. Now I sit and think... waiting for appeals... waiting for the law to change... waiting for the chair...

I AM WAITING FOR ILLINOIS TO KILL ME

BY BILL WITHERSPOON

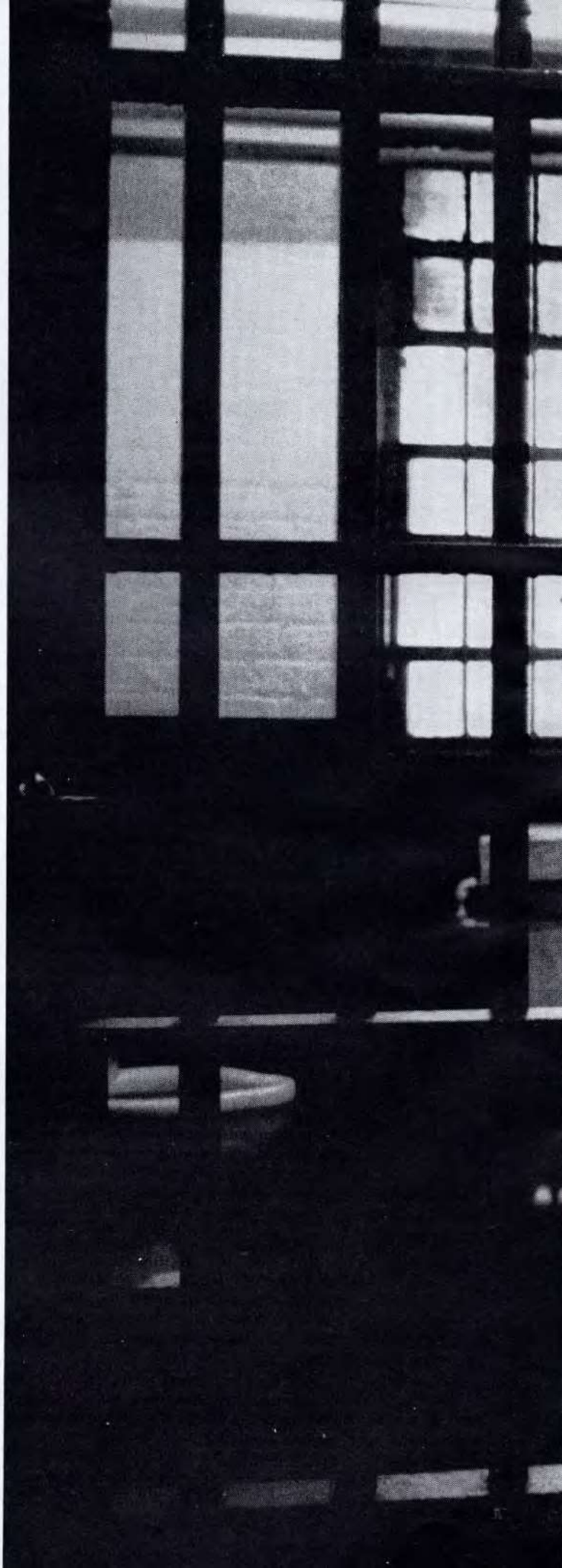
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENE LOVITZ

CHICAGO

■ Sleep crumbles. A fading dream finds me lying on my prison bed, watching the dawn streak the dirt-encrusted window of my cell. My gaze goes to where I normally keep a calendar. Then I remember, I've put it away. No need for it now. I know the date. Thursday, May 23. Unless the courts should interrupt the schedule again, this is to be the last day of my life.

Waking up on Death Row is never reasonable. Each time a man hopes that somehow the world has been put back in proper focus. But no. . . . This is not a dream to wake up from. It is a nightmare to awaken into. Sleep, no matter how peaceful, always ends with a harsh return to this grim 10-by-10 world of steel bars and constantly burning lights; to the morguelike silence and the knowledge that 25 feet away, lurking behind a locked metal door in this, the Cook County Jail, sits the deadly Monster—one of Illinois' three electric chairs.

In waking fantasy I see it crouched there, amid its tangled web of straps, wires and glittering electrodes, like an angry black spider waiting for its next victim. Tonight, I think, in just a few hours, it may grab me and inject 2,000 volts of hot venom through my body. I think of how the day will go, and of what has been. . . . [*Continued on page* 80]

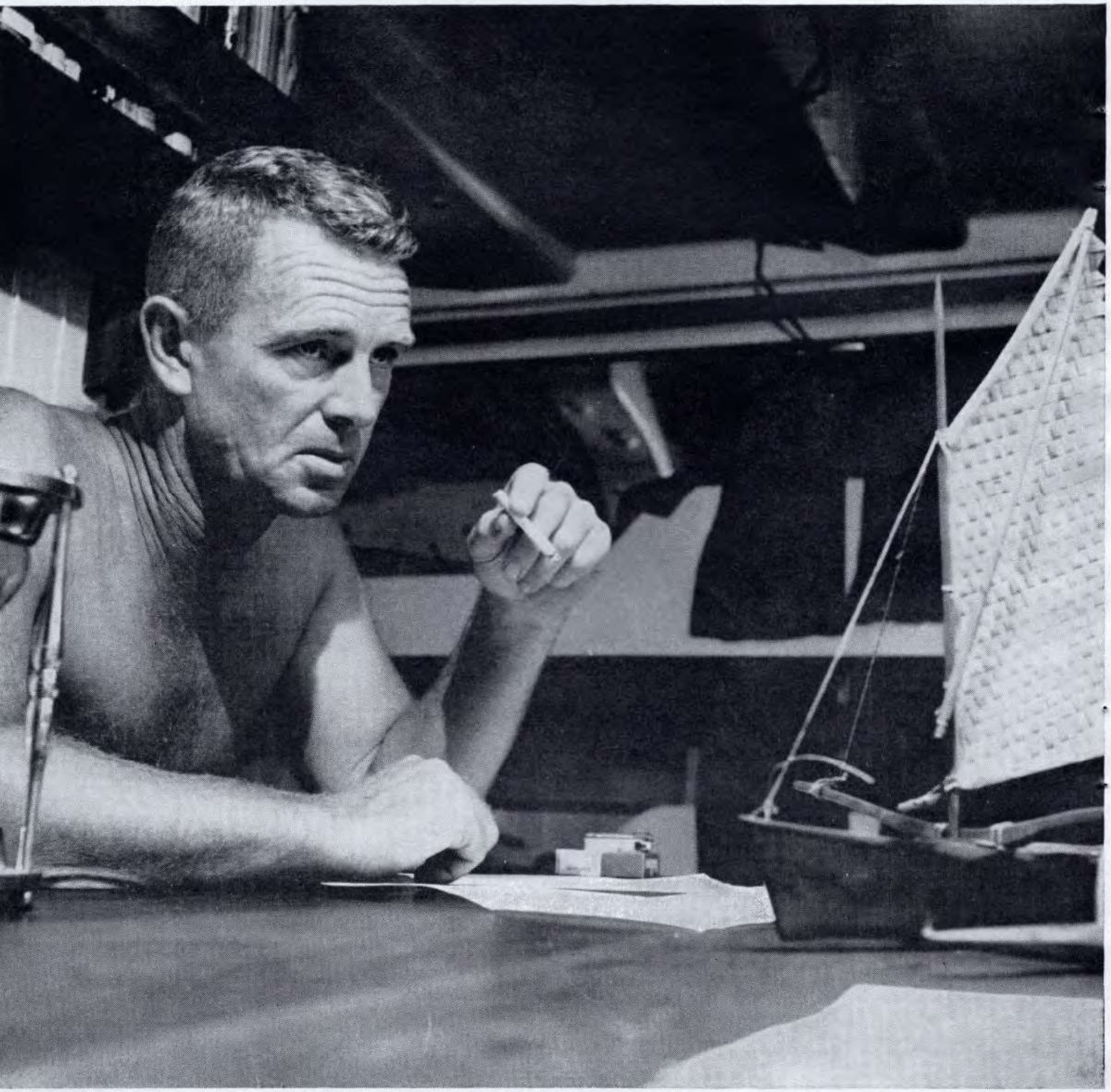


The author, photographed in Death Row.

STERLING HAYDEN'S "WANDERER" PART II

Copyright © 1963 by Sterling Hayden. Condensed from the book *Wanderer*, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARNABY CONRAD



In his cabin aboard the Wanderer *in Papeete harbor, Hayden had to make plans for the legal fight he'd face upon return to the U.S.*

High life in Hollywood... a tough guerrilla war... ...and escape to Tahiti...

Concluding the lusty autobiography of one of the most dedicated non-conformists of our time.

■ It was on the fourth day of March, 1959, that the schooner *Wanderer* raised the Island of Tahiti.

Shortly after midnight she came to the end of the road and, with Venus Point Light bearing due south, three miles distance, we hove her to till dawn. And the ship slept under a blanket of stars and so did most of her crew. But not the one in command.

He stares through the darkness at a cleft in the hills where a mountain stream runs down, and he hears a voice: "Yes, I will marry you . . . as soon as you return." The voice fades and he thinks of a letter written in Boston, a long time ago:

> My Dear Mano: Things aren't going well back here. Nothing seems to be working out as we planned. And what I have to tell you now isn't easy. The engagement is off. I really don't know why, but I do know I could never make you happy. I'm sorry. Good luck.

The mail received by the ship was little short of prodigious. They brought it on board in cartons. "Nevair," said the bow-legged Bardot at the post office, "has so tiny a sheep been get-ting so many letteurs." At last, I thought, they know who I am: not Hayden the cowboy, tall in the rented saddle, king of the non-frontier. But the guy with the boat and the kids who told ex-wife, lawyers, judges and courts: You can all go hump yourselves.

Sixteen hundred letters lay on the face of my bunk. Not a one that hadn't been read. If I never sailed again, if I never looked another squall in the eye; now I could go back home and find that (at least in the eyes of some) I was a man first, and an actor incidentally.

San Diego, Calif.
January 26, 1959

Dear Mr. Hayden:

I am a male nurse and I would like to tell you how much we who work here at Mrs. Asher's Rest Home laughed at something that happened yesterday. You see, we have had this elderly gentleman with us because for almost five months he refused to say a single word to a single soul. Yesterday he was reading in the papers about your wonderful trip to Haiti. And all of a sudden he slapped me on the tail with his paper and roared out: "By God that bastard Hayden has the right idea."

Louella Parsons says:

STERLING HAYDEN ALSO RUNS OUT ON PICTURE

Hollywood, Jan. 27. Before Sterling Hayden took the law in his own hands and sailed for the South Seas with his four children and 20-odd people in the crew, he had agreed to play a top role in *A Summer Place*. He left a message for Director Delmer Daves saying he was sorry to run out on him this way but. . .

HAYDEN IS OFF TO "SHANGRI-LA"

It is all but certain that actor Sterling Hayden is off on his long projected voyage of high adventure—leaving his angry ex-wife and the law jumping up and down on the end of the pier. Hayden, the *Chronicle* learned yesterday, chartered not one but two courses before leaving Sausalito. One was direct to Santa Barbara via Southeast Asia. This other was not only the long way around, it was highly illegal.

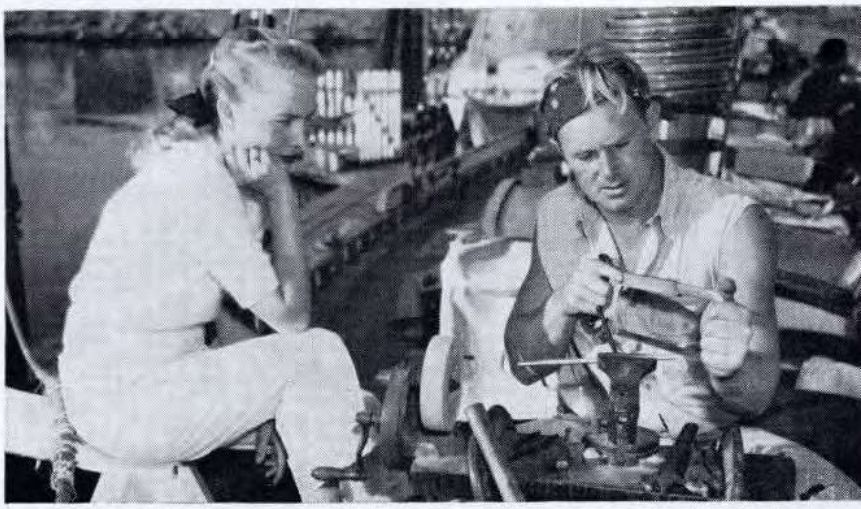
[*Continued on page* 53]

Hayden laboriously wrote his own story without help of "ghosts."

After first film, Bahama Passage, *he married his co-star, Madeleine Carroll.*

He won top role in 1950 film, Asphalt Jungle.

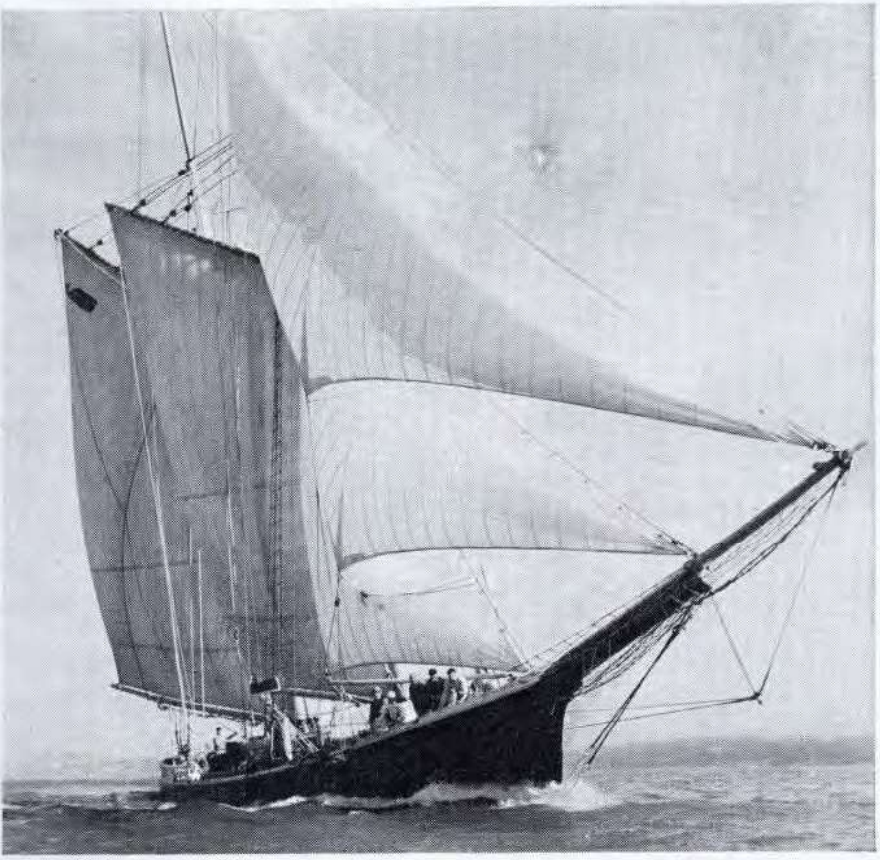
Hayden with Mrs. Roosevelt, Constance Moore.



Second wife, Betty, watches metalwork on board in Los Angeles harbor.

"I had been the golden boy, capturing the imagination of the crowd, born to the sea. I had been the man who thumbed his nose at all the proper things beloved of proper persons."

In Tahiti with children (l. to r.), Matt, Gretchen, Christian and Thor.



Hayden, at helm of the Wanderer, *eases schooner out of San Francisco Bay.*

[*Continued from page* 51]

Hayden's ex-wife seemed to have little doubt which course the WANDERER was on. Her attorney said he would go to court and "get a contempt order and intercept Hayden on the high seas." He didn't say exactly how he would serve the papers or how he would act when Hayden told him what he could do with them.

His agent said, "This man was born in the wrong century. He should have been a sea captain in the 1800's."

San Francisco *Chronicle*, Jan. 22, 1959

HAYDEN ON HIS WAY TO SOUTH SEAS

In Hollywood, Chester Smith, attorney for Hayden's former wife and mother of the children, charged that Hayden and crew were in dangerous legal waters. He issued this statement:

To All Members of the crew of the WANDERER: "You have even sailed without a radio transmitter for use in case of emergency—a matter which the court particularly commented on. You—and each of you—are subject to the criminal laws of the State of California for criminal conspiracy and kidnaping and for criminal contempt, in my opinion.

"In the event of the death of any one of these children, in view of the court's determination as to the ship's unseaworthiness . . . every member of the crew would be subject to a charge of murder or manslaughter."

On hearing the news Mrs. Hayden broke down and was placed under sedation.

United Press International, Jan. 24, 1959

AWAY IN THE WANDERER

By Harlan Trott

A small ship has stirred up a big wind by sailing very wide of her expected course.

Few people noticed when the schooner WANDERER slipped quietly out over the San Francisco bar. The assumption was Sterling Hayden was only bound to Los Angeles for what was to be the shakedown to a long heralded deep sea voyage by a company of adventuresome people who are dedicated to the solitude, the romance, and the elemental conflict that confront those who roam the oceans in small ships which shape their tracks by the trade winds.

. . . It sounds romantic. There's kind of a Conrad thread to [*Continued on page* 107]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY SID LATHAM

FORT GULICK, C. Z.

HOW TO KEEP CASTRO OUT OF CITY HALL

■ The billy clubs, guns and bodies strewn over these pages are not for real. Neither is the riot going on at the right. It is all part of a course in counter-insurgency training given by the U.S. Army School of the Americas in the Canal Zone. Here all the known, and currently used, techniques of guerrilla warfare and counter-warfare are taught to officers and enlisted men from the armed forces of 20 Latin American countries.

In spite of Castro's frequent verbal denials, Castro-led insurgent movements are stirring violently all over Latin America. To help our neighbors help themselves the Army set up a bilingual 26-course program. Courses are in Spanish and they cover every possible aspect of counter-insurgency operations. Also at hand for mutual training is the Inter-American Police Academy which was set up by a little-known Presidential task force called Special Group C. I. (for counter-insurgency).

At the heart of the Army training is a highly specialized counter-insurgency operation headed by Lt. Col. Caifson Johnson, a veteran of Merrill's Marauders. This course for company grade officers finishes up with a tactical exercise in dealing with a realistic insurrection. Guerrillas are provided by Panama's Guardia Nacional and Army Special Forces.

Operations begin with a series of riots in a town (right). Civil police action is not enough to cope with the situation so the mili-

Guerrillas attempt to take over radio-TV station during field operation of the counter-insurgency course. Well-schooled students beat off expected attack.

Civil riot police from Panama's Guardia Nacional (above) are ready to move on rioting crowd in simulated civil disturbance. Students from counter-insurgency school (below) come to aid of the police to bring mob under control and to impose temporary martial law.

Latin-American team moves into guerrilla area (above) to clean up in preparation for air drop of supplies. Below, captured students include some high-ranking officers from Latin-American armed forces who thought rope around their necks too real for mock warfare.

tary—the Latin American students—are called in to put down the riot. At the same time, guerrilla activity begins in the mountains where attempts are made to capture an airfield and a communications center at a point 200 miles from the town.

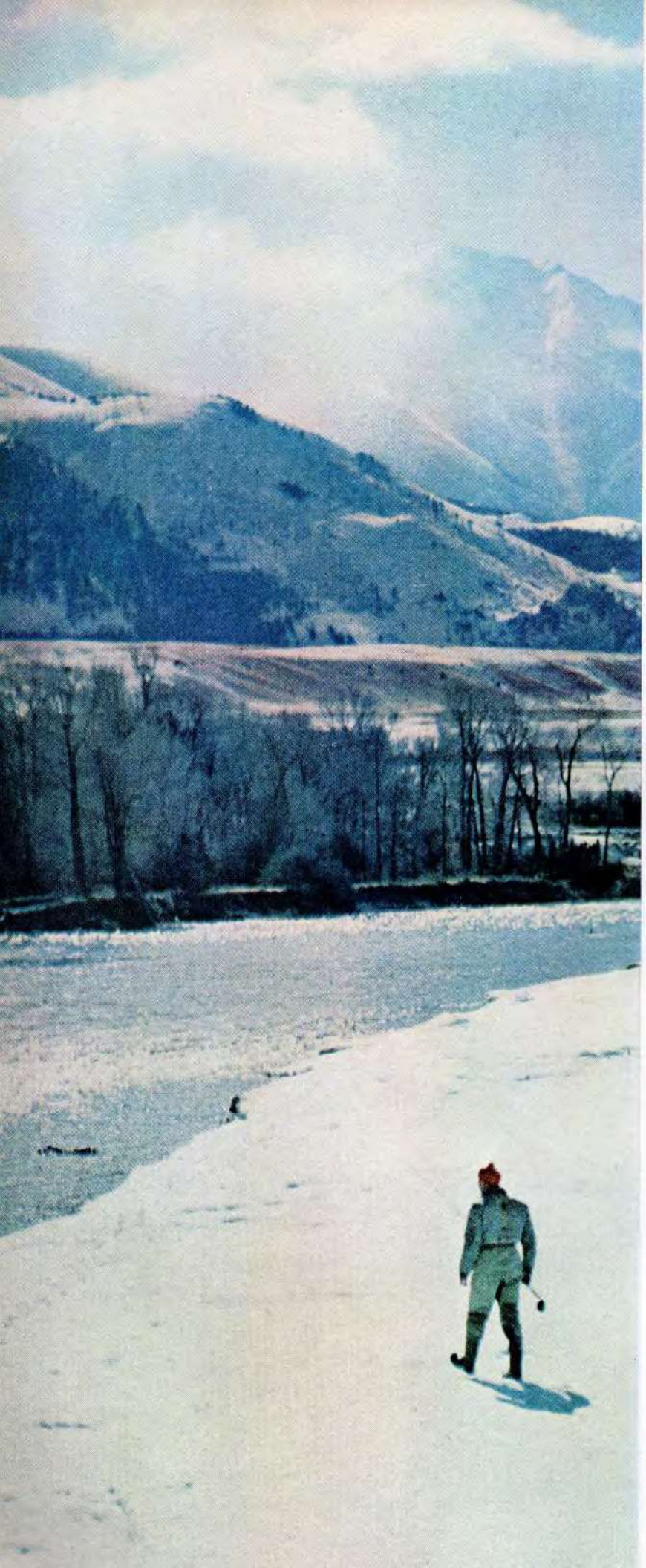
Students are kept jumping for 10 days and nights in the realistic portrayal of an actual civic uprising. Their supply air drops are ambushed and food is sometimes scarce; truck convoys are blown up; prisoners are taken by both sides and various techniques of control and interrogation are tried.

Army instructors watch the struggle but the students have to solve the problem and put down the uprising by themselves. Both sides test each other with the experience-tried techniques current in Vietnam, the Middle East and Latin America.

Graduates of the counter-insurgency training course have gone on to key positions—the commandant of Ecuador's military academy, the head of Colombia's Ranger School, the intelligence advisor to Argentina's president are all veterans of the training shown on these pages. **—Pat Graves**

Students learn where to look for hidden guerrillas and to clean them out quickly.

Guerrilla attempt to take airfield was repulsed by Latin-Americans who caused many "casualties."



abominable snow flies for deep-freeze trout

Fish for trout in February? With dry flies? In Montana? But of course— and it's lively fishing, too

BY ERWIN A. BAUER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

Icy Yellowstone beckons bold angler.

Snow has closed famous fishing area to all but a few.

■ You had to see this fishing on Montana's Yellowstone River last winter to believe it. There I stood chest deep in a strong current dodging icebergs as they drifted by. At the same time I was casting a dry fly for trout, a pastime which is normally reserved for a hot summer day.

Insane? Slightly. But so were Jim LaValley, John Griffith and Bill Browning who also wallowed in the near-freezing water close by. But though we may have *looked* nuts we were catching fish.

Nothing about this screwball situation was anywhere near normal. For one thing, it was February when all sensible trout fishermen stay home. For another, you couldn't even see the river in places because of ice jammed high along the bank. At times snow swirled so heavily the far shore was only a blur. I had to hold my rod in the water after every other cast to thaw the line which had frozen to the guides. A car full of people stopped on Emigrant Bridge and stared at us in disbelief.

To make the situation even more unlikely, we were using flies so small I could hardly tie one to my leader. In fact, it was hard to see these tiny bits of hook and hackle through snowflake-crusted glasses. I was trying to replace a fly I'd snapped off on shore ice when Jim came floundering downstream.

"Gangway!" he shouted, maneuvering around an ice floe as he followed a hooked trout. All he could do was hold on with hands almost too numb to function. Eventually the fish ran out of fuel and was led flopping onto a sheet of shore ice, a fine, fat 3½-pound rainbow trout.

We caught quite a few that frosty morning, despite the difficulties. Most of the time I couldn't see my tiny fly floating on the water so I'd raise the rod tip whenever a trout dimpled the surface in the area where I *thought* my fly was and sometimes I connected. After that, action!

The cause of all this excitement is a minute midge of the order of Diptera which includes mosquitoes, black gnats, deer flies and even houseflies. A little-known native of such western rivers as Missouri, Madison and Yellowstone, the snow fly—as it's called locally—hatches at intervals during the winter after chinooks (vagrant "warm" winds) blow and bring brief sunny spells. If the hatches are big enough both trout and whitefish feed avidly.

Jim LaValley had told me this in August while guiding me and later sank the hook deeper by mailing me a clipping from the Great Falls, Montana, *Tribune* that showed one Neil Larsen with a 12-pound 14-ounce brown trout he'd just taken from the Missouri on a small snow fly. The trout was surely one of the largest browns ever taken on a dry fly in North America.

It was perhaps appropriate that a blizzard raged when my plane tried to land near Livingston, Montana, and had to be diverted. When I finally got to Livingston it was still snowing, so I killed some time at Dan Bailey's fly-tying and tackle shop where a dozen or so tyers were busy at a long colorful bench. One gal specialized in tying No. 20 and 22 snow flies which were actually smaller than the snowflakes falling outside. I wondered how any trout could see them, they were so minute.

Later the chinook blew and we found the fantastic fishing mentioned earlier. Thanks to a big bonfire we kept going near the river, we managed to thaw out from time to time and stay with the trout till the rise ended and the river again lay in winter's grip. ■

Snow flies on ice. Match shows size.

Rough bank ice is hazard to casting, snaps off flies

Catch a fly, then match it.

Rousing action is reward. Who's cold now?

A RARE LOOK AT RARE PEOPLE

■ Nate Eagle, the old-time talker, or barker, for the famous Ringling Brothers—Barnum & Bailey sideshows, recently lamented, "You don't find freaks in sideshows any more. You find sword swallowers, tattooed people, strongmen, magicians and ventriloquists, but no freaks. Today if somebody is born with short arms, you don't put him in a sideshow and bill him as the Seal Boy; you put him in an institution." T. W. Kelly, who has operated sideshows for more than 40 years, has a grimmer opinion. He told me, "Nowadays doctors simply don't allow a freak to live. They deny it, but everybody knows it's the truth."

Certainly freaks, who were once the mainstay of circus and carnival sideshows have all but vanished. Most people would agree that that's a good thing. "Why capitalize on a deformity?" they argue. Yet freaks, by capitalizing on their deformities, have several times changed the course of history and often had a profound influence on human affairs. Freaks are abnormal, but there are many kinds of abnormalities. Those of which we approve we do not regard as abnormal. We see nothing wrong when a great beauty capitalizes on her looks, a great dancer achieves fame from his agility, a great singer uses his voice to make a fortune. Such people are as abnormal as those we call freaks. Why should one be admired, the other killed or imprisoned in an institution?

I once worked in a carnival with a hunchbacked dwarf whose face came to a point somewhat like a pig's snout. He was billed as "The Pig-Faced Boy," and was one of the best-natured, gentlest people I've ever known. Like most freaks, he had had a miserable childhood. His parents stubbornly refused to acknowledge the boy's deformity and kept insisting he'd grow out of it. His earliest memories were of a little girl who refused to sit next to him in school and of the gangs of local kids who used to torture him.

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL LAMBERT

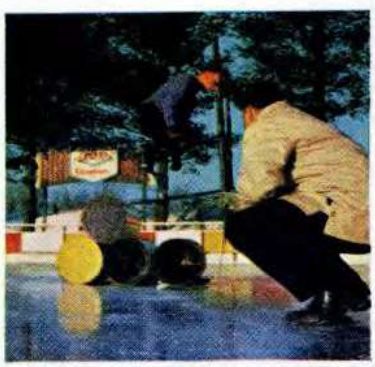
To this boy, carnival life seemed a paradise. In the show he was considered so important that he didn't appear in the pit with the rest of the acts; he was in the "blow-off," a section curtained from the rest of the tent, so that the crowd could be charged an extra fee to see him. On the lot he was accorded the respect due a great star—as well he was, for the blow-off receipts alone amounted to more than the regular admissions to the other nine acts. He received a salary of $500 a week and worked only during the summer months, spending the rest of the year fishing from his yacht off the Florida coast. He was extremely proud of his appearance, and the only time I ever knew him to be bitter was when he referred to imitators who had tried to duplicate his success with flesh-colored adhesive tape and plastic. "They are just ordinary people you know, but I really look like a pig," he told me and he said it proudly.

There are still a few great freaks in show business, all of them leading busy, successful lives: La Vonda, the 15-inch-tall "half-woman" with no legs, who is married to Alva L. Evans, the dwarf clown; Priscilla, the monkey girl, who is married to Emmett, the alligator skinned man, and has a handsome 4-year-old boy; Johann Petursson, the Icelandic giant who stands 8 feet 8 inches high; the three talented Del Rios midgets, whose combined height is 70 inches and who are excellent musicians. Several famous freaks have now retired to live on their very handsome savings. In Florida are Al Tomanini, the 8-foot 4-inch giant, who is married to Jeanie, the "half-girl," who does all the housework walking on her hands, and Francisco Lentini, the three-legged man. Al and Jeanie have a normal child. Jerry Austin, the dwarf motion-picture actor, is retired in California. Sealo, who has hands like a seal's flippers, is in semi-retirement, but takes a few dates in the summer.

Even freaks who are mentally deficient are often much happier in show business than in institutions. I once worked with a family of pinheads, a condition known medically as microcephalia, and characterized by a long, rather conical head with a little tuft of hair at the top. Microcephalia is the only type of freakishness that affects the brain, and most pinheads are imbeciles. With our show there were three pinheads, billed as "Members of the Savage Nairobi Tribe From Darkest Africa," who used to play together as happily as children. The one named Sally was the star. When the time came [*Continued on page* 92]

They may look grotesque but freaks are human. Through history they've earned riches, power and fame—and most have been proud to say *vive la différence!*

World barrel-jumping champion Kenneth LeBel (above) flies over camera in warm-up for his spectacular 16-barrel winning jump.



Radio-controlled camera in barrel took the picture of jump above.

GROSSINGER'S, N. Y.

■ A good rear shock absorber is as important as speed and guts for the new sport of barrel-jumping on the ice. At the 13th annual world barrel-jumping championship (seen on ABC-TV's Wide World of Sports), ambitious contestants from the U.S. and Canada hurled themselves as gracefully as possible over the most barrels they could, and tried to skate away on both feet for at least a yard at the other end. Kenneth LeBel of Lake Placid won with a leap of 28 feet, six inches. The other contestants, including accountants, bus drivers, firemen, salesmen and students, got a lot of good, clean exercise.

Jumpers skate maximum of 225 feet to speed for take-off and must land on both feet. Above right, LeBel wears padded practice clothes.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY MYLES ADLER

Helmets and inch-thick rubber help soften impact of hard ice on head and seat when jump fails.

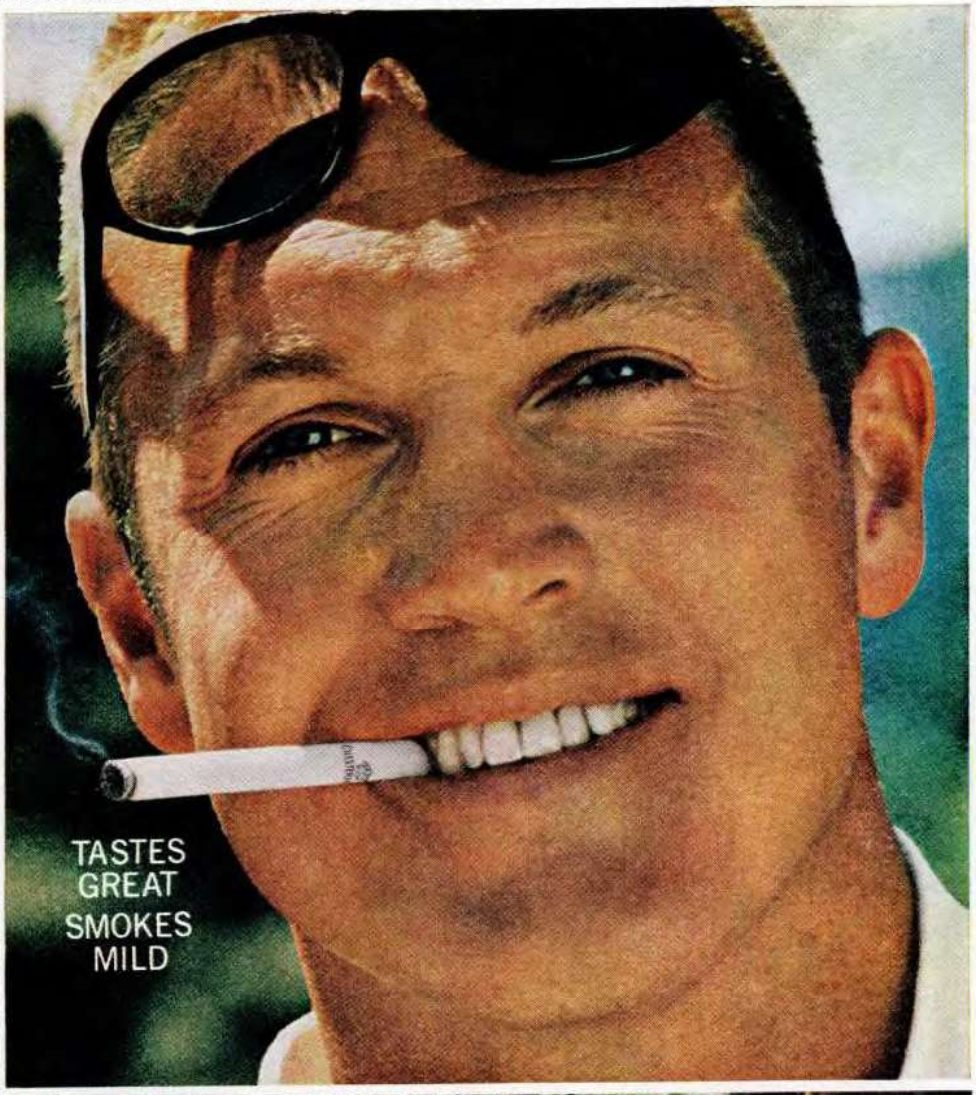
BROAD JUMP ON THE ROCKS

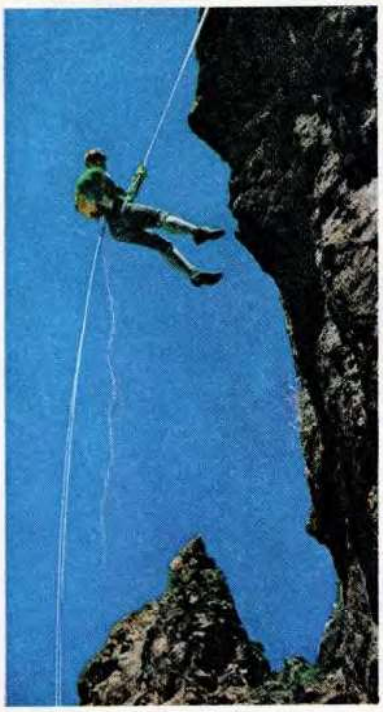
SOMOROFF

EXTRA GIFTS FOR THE SPORTSMAN

Sportsman's-Choice gifts begin, in foreground, with bow, the Tamerlane, customized in three handle sizes, $125; target, 48" plain marsh grass matt, $25; skirted four color target face, $3.50; Micro-Flite target arrows, $25.95 per dozen; all by Bear Archery. Hand-carved model goose, Abercrombie & Fitch, $125. Glenoit Swacket, combination jacket and sweater, by Robert Lewis Sportswear, about $33. Spalding Cardinal golf bag in red and gun metal gray ponyskin leather, extra large keystone top, contains clothing compartment and ball pocket, about $80. Spalding's Jones Poly-powered registered woods in cherry finish with natural face, set of four, $106. Coleman Sportster stove, complete with aluminum cooking utensil case and heat drum, less than $16. Porta-Sound predator call, features wide variety of animal and bird calls, operates on two standard 6-volt lantern batteries or from car lighter socket, by Lemco, $169.50. Ebonite Satellite bowling ball, $27.95. Honda Super Sports 50 lightweight motorcycle, Mark 110, distributed by American Honda Motor Co., Los Angeles, $275. Zebco rod and reel combination: reel, 870 Spinator, comes complete with line, has self-centering bail, $34.95; rod, Zebco 8600, pressurized tubular glass, two-piece design, $22.95. Zebco Sportsman's carrying case, $4.95.

TASTE OF ACTION: ROCK-CLIMBING IN CHEYENNE CAÑON, COLORADO. GREAT DAY, GREAT SMOKE!





TASTES GREAT because the tobaccos are!

21 great tobaccos make 20 wonderful Chesterfield Kings . . . vintage tobaccos grown mild, aged mild, blended mild and made to taste even milder through longer length. Tastes great, smokes mild.

CHESTERFIELD KING

How You Are Hoaxed by Vitamin Hucksters

[*Continued from page* 43]

centimeters shorter than her right. She underwent two delicate operations to stimulate the bone growth and to make up the deficiency, but both failed.

Dr. Charles N. Pease of Chicago, who described seven cases of vitamin poisoning in an article in the December 8, 1962 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* explained to me what happens in such cases. "The basic problem involved," he said, "is the upsetting of a delicate balance in the body. In order to give children's bones room to grow, there are openings in the joints called epiphyses, which are filled with cartilage. In due time, when there has been sufficient bone growth, the epiphyses close. The time of closing is regulated by a complex interrelationship of vitamins, hormones and nutrients in the body. Feeding excessive doses of vitamin A to a child can upset the balance of factors that control the closing of the epiphyses, and they begin to close far too soon. In several of the cases cited in my article, one leg was unable to overcome this impediment to growth, and permanent crippling resulted."

Jane's is a rare case—only a few dozen incidents of Vitamin A poisoning have been reported. But the backgrounds of such cases are important. Usually a mother, succumbing to vitamin promotion, operates on the theory that, if a little is good, a lot is better, and said gullible females can do irreparable harm. Fortunately, there's virtually no danger of overdosage from over-the-counter multivitamin pills since the Food and Drug Administration limits the amounts of ingredients in these products.

But Jane and a number of other children have become human sacrifices in the nation's most fantastic health huckstering operation—the sale of *unneeded* vitamins and food supplements. U.S. Commissioner of Food and Drugs, George P. Larrick told a 1963 Senate committee that it has been costing a naive public $500 million a year.

To get to the bottom of the great vitamin hoax, I interviewed Dr. Russell L. Cecil, co-editor of the world-famous *Textbook of Medicine by American Authors,* to learn all I could about vitamins and how they work.

"Vitamins," Dr. Cecil told me, "are chemical substances that are found in very small quantities in certain foods, and can also be made synthetically. They are essential nutrients for the human body, but the body has to be supplied with them as it cannot manufacture them. If you do not get these vitamins and minerals, you will eventually die."

"Is it true that the more of them you get, the better you will feel and the healthier you will be?" I asked.

Dr. Cecil smiled. "That's one of the great superstitions of our age. You require a certain amount of each vitamin and mineral to satisfy your bodily needs. When you have satisfied those needs, additional amounts won't bring you better health, won't give you more pep, and won't do you more good."

"But can't the body store excess vitamins?"

"The B-complex and C vitamins," Dr. Cecil replied, "are water soluble. Excess amounts are not stored—they are promptly excreted by the body. Excess amounts of the fat-soluble vitamins—A, D, E and K—end up in the liver without serving a useful purpose. In fact, overdoses have been known to cause harm."

So extra vitamins don't mean more pep or better health! But what if it's hard to get the recommended daily allowances of vitamins by eating an ordinary diet? Would that be a good reason for taking vitamin pills? To check this I interviewed U.S. Commissioner of Food and Drugs George P. Larrick.

"The simple truth," Commissioner Larrick said, "is that if you're basically healthy and if you pay any attention to the question of a proper diet, it's almost impossible to be undernourished in the United States." Commissioner Larrick handed me a Food and Drug Administration statement entitled *Food Facts vs. Food Fallacies.* The opening paragraph read in part, "The American food supply is unsurpassed in volume, variety and nutritional value. By patronizing all the departments of a modern food store we can easily supply all of our nutritional needs. In fact, Americans have to go out of their way, nutritionally speaking, to avoid being well nourished. Deficiency diseases which have plagued our nation in the past are now almost unknown."

There are six vitamins and four minerals, Commissioner Larrick told me, for which a daily requirement has been established by the Food and Drug Administration. (The FDA prefers to use the term "daily requirement" instead of the older "minimum daily requirement" because, says the FDA, the latter "has been frequently misunderstood by consumers and has encouraged some manufacturers to add needlessly large amounts of vitamins and minerals" to their pills). They are:

Vitamin A—4,000 USP Units
Thiamine (Vitamin B_1)—1 milligram
Ascorbic Acid (Vitamin C)—30 milligrams
Vitamin D—400 USP units
Riboflavin—1.2 milligrams
Niacin—10 milligrams
Calcium—750 milligrams
Phosphorous—750 milligrams
Iron—10 milligrams
Iodine—0.1 milligram

"A reasonable, balanced diet will easily provide these amounts," Commissioner Larrick said. He also noted that there are certain other ingredients for which a need in human nutrition is recognized but for which the daily requirement has not been established. They are vitamins B_6, B_{12}, E, K, folic acid, copper, magnesium, potassium, pantothenic acid, linoleic acid, manganese, zinc and sodium. "These elements and nutrients," said Commissioner Larrick, "are so widely distributed in both plant and animal foods that any reasonable diet will easily cover the nutritional need for them."

He suggested that I look over the de-

"What's so cruel about it? Two hundred yards is a helluva start."

TOUGHNESS AND COMFORT RIDE TOGETHER!

New ruggedness in an all-welded cab. All-welded construction means a solid cab, fewer rattles! New double-wall Styleside box, too!

New comfort in a Driverized Cab. Ford's Custom Cab cushions you on a 5-inch foam seat, seals out noise with 38 pounds of cab insulation!

If you want both comfort and toughness in a pickup, take a look at Ford! From axle to axle, you'll find the new '64 Fords solidly built like the big trucks for big-truck durability!

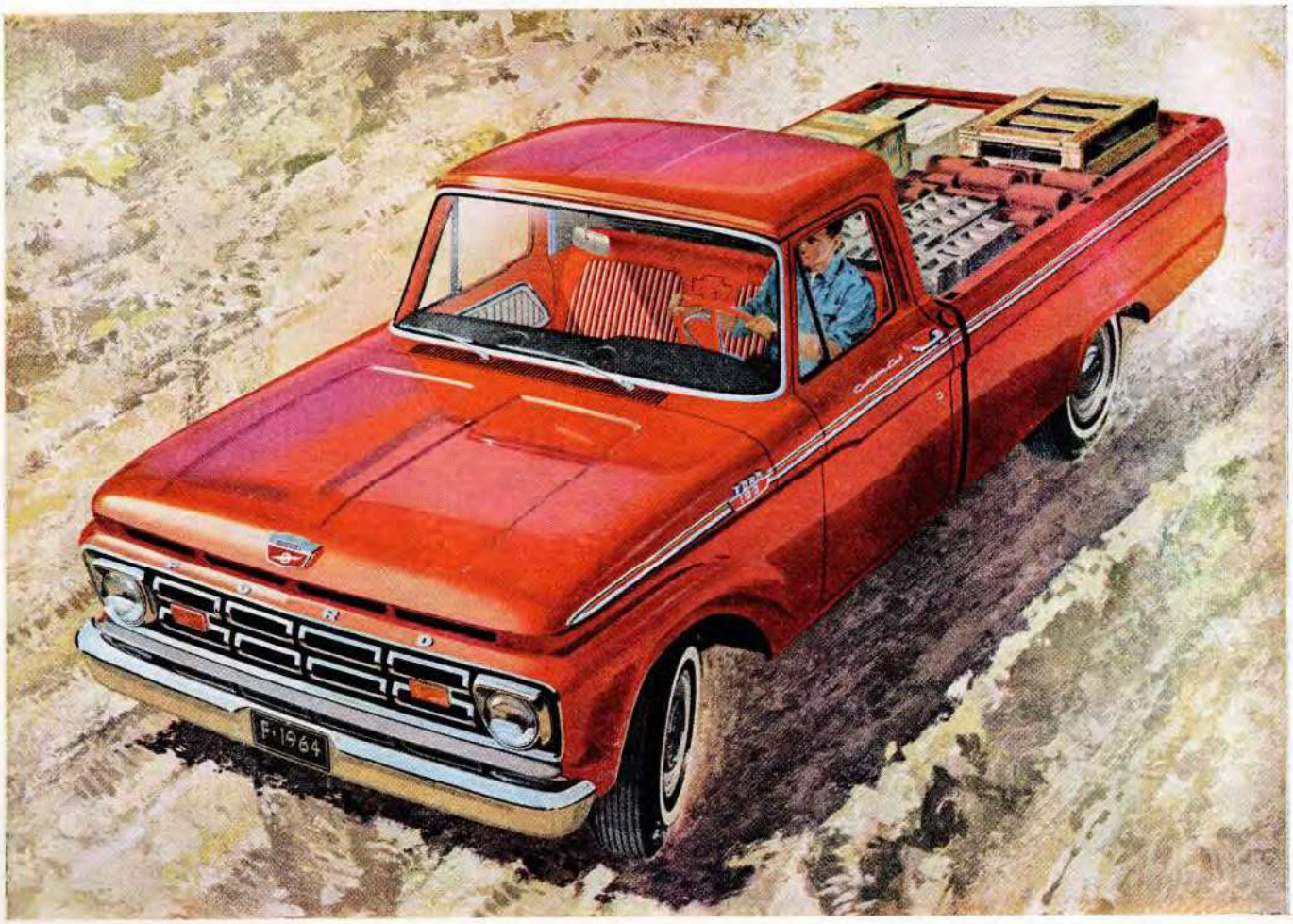
And you'll discover how easy a pickup can be on you! Take Ford's new Styleside tailgate. It will support a ton, yet one hand opens or closes it. New, long wheelbase makes riding smoother. Fully synchronized transmission makes driving easier. See for yourself! You'll agree a tough truck doesn't have to be tough on you!

100,000-mile demonstration of economy! Only 3.2 cents per mile for gas, oil, tires and repairs! That's the record averaged by five '63 Ford pickups—run 100,000 miles each on highways, gravel roads, city streets by an independent research firm. See the Certified Report at your Ford Dealer's!

'64 FORD PICKUPS

PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

BUILT LIKE THE BIG TRUCKS—WITH A BIG COMFORT BONUS!



VITAMIN	DOSAGE	PRICE PER 100 TABLETS			
		A	B	C	D
A	25,000 UNITS	$4.09	$3.65	$ .75	$ .75
B-1 (THIAMIN CHLORIDE)	50 MG. TABLETS	2.25	2.55	.65	.65
B-2 (RIBOFLAVIN)	5 MG. TABLETS	1.17	1.30	.35	.40
B-6 (PYRIDOXINE)	25 MG. TABLETS	3.00	5.67	1.35	.75
C (ASCORBIC ACID)	100 MG. TABLETS	1.20	1.40	.44	.45
E	100 INT. UNITS	6.00	6.50	1.95	1.95

Columns A and B: drug store prices for standard vitamin products. Columns C and D: identical products sold under private brand name.

tailed statement on vitamins released to physicians by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association. The council's statement, I found, was unequivocal: "Healthy adults receiving adequate diets have no need for supplementary vitamins except during pregnancy and lactation when 400 USP units of vitamin D daily are required if the intake of vitamin D-fortified milk is low." What about children? "Healthy children fed adequate amounts of wholesome foods," says the AMA Council, "need no supplemental vitamins except vitamin D which should be supplied throughout the growth period. An adequate intake of vitamin D-fortified homogenized milk or reconstituted evaporated milk (1½ to 2 pints daily) provides the vitamin D required." When should a physician prescribe vitamins? "During illness or deranged mode of life which may result in impairment of absorption of nutrients or deterioration of dietary quality." Even in these instances, the statement emphasizes, supplementation with vitamins is temporary: "The physician's primary responsibility is to remove these disturbing factors rather than merely to alleviate their results." If you aren't ill and if you aren't leading a deranged life, vitamin pills have nothing to offer you. "It is sound judgment," the statement concludes, "to emphasize repeatedly that properly selected diets are the primary basis for good nutrition."

It should be pointed out that there is a distinction between supplementary and therapeutic uses of vitamins. Doctors may give, by injection or otherwise, very large doses of specific vitamins for specific purposes, not necessarily related to nutrition —for example, nicotinic acid to reduce cholesterol levels.

Dr. E. Vincent Askey, past president of the American Medical Association, summed up the situation in a few salty words: "Good health is really quite cheap. It is not found in bottles or boxes. It can be had through a well balanced diet, sufficient exercise and moderate living. . . . From all sides, Americans are bombarded with nutritional hogwash. Misleading claims have helped to cram Americans full of vitamins that they don't need."

I started to look into vitamin ads, but before I got very far I noticed something about vitamin *prices*. Certain big drug firms charge *three or four times as much* for vitamins as various well-known cut-rate distributors. I got price quotations from drug stores for standard vitamin products distributed by two leading manufacturers. Then I got quotations for the identical products sold under a private brand name, available in the Metropolitan New York area. I also got quotations from a large chain that has its own retail stores in New York and sells by mail order throughout the U.S. The figures appear in the table on this page.

I asked Dr. Cecil if one got better or more powerful vitamins by paying three or four times as much. "You certainly do not," he replied. "They all meet the specifications of the U.S. Pharmacopoeia."

I had also noticed that some vitamins are available in either "natural" or "synthetic" form, and that in such instances the "natural" vitamins commanded a steep premium in price.

"Is there any difference in the nutritive value of natural and synthetic vitamins," I asked Dr. Cecil. "None whatever," he replied.

When I began to look at vitamin ads I found that many firms have been spending millions of dollars to make people believe that vitamins will help to overcome fatigue, and good for "that run-down feeling," and will provide new pep and vigor. Ads for a popular vitamin product assured readers that they should take it for "tiredness," "loss of a sense of well-being," "loss of happiness," or if you are feeling "older than you should." Most of the ads give a big play to the value of the iron in the product. Sit back, now, reader, and close your eyes. Can't you repeat the TV commercial almost word for word?

"DO YOU TAKE VITAMINS AND STILL FEEL TIRED, due to iron-deficiency anemia? . . . You may need *more* than vitamins to restore your normal strength and energy. Check with your doctor. He may tell you that your worn-out feeling can be due to a shortage of iron. Vitamins *alone* can't build up iron-poor blood." Then the product plug, and: "Feel stronger fast—in just 7 days—or your money back!"

Actually, what your doctor may tell you about this medicine may sound far different from the ads. "There is iron in it, an ammonium citrate," says the *Medical Letter on Drugs and Therapeutics*, a non-profit publication for physicians, "but the doses recommended on the label are far less than a quarter of those usually required for iron citrate to be effective in iron-deficiency anemias . . . if one suffers from beri beri or pellagra, the B-complex vitamins should be of some value, though the product would hardly be the medication of choice. As with so many such products, if a patient suffers from a genuine nutritional lack, his money would be much better spent on improving his diet, or on competent medical care."

The Medical Letter sheds some light on the claim "feel stronger fast": "Patients may report that they feel better after taking it. They probably do; suggestion is a powerful medicine—particularly when combined with the 12 percent alcohol present."

As for iron-deficiency anemia, a number of leading authorities queried by the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Division of the National Better Business Bureau stated that it is not usually caused by shortage of iron in the diet. The disease, said the experts, is usually caused by acute or chronic bleeding, either internal or external, chronic disease, cancer or kidney disease.

Like many other vitamin-mineral products, this one has hit the jackpot by combining hard sell with high price. A 12-ounce bottle costs $2.98. You can get a 12-ounce bottle of the same formula under a different name from the previously mentioned mail order chain for $1.39. In December 1962, the trade publication *Advertising Age* said that the company grosses more than $20 million a year, and that it spends about $6 million advertising.

In December 1962, the Federal Trade Commission issued a complaint against the company, charging it with false advertising. Contrary to the ads, says the FTC, the product won't do a thing for tiredness, loss of strength, run-down feeling, nervousness or irritability except in the rare cases of genuine vitamin deficiency. Furthermore, the complaint continues, the ads are deceptive for concealing that in the great majority of cases these symptoms have nothing to do with lack of vitamins or iron.

The company replied to the complaint in January 1963, denying any wrongdoing. Over 60 million bottles have been sold, the company said; these sales have "made a substantial contribution to the cause of good nutrition in the United States," and have "enabled countless persons to lead more active and happy lives." At the time of this writing proceedings were pending before the commission.

Dr. Fredrick J. Stare, Chairman of the Department of Nutrition of the School of Public Health of Harvard University gave me a little background on "that tired feeling."

"We all experience it from time to time," he said. "In most instances these symptoms are what we call self-limiting—that is, they arise from various minor causes difficult to pinpoint, and go away without specific treatment. In other instances we feel tired for the obvious reason that we have been working too hard

[*Continued on page* 72]

CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND - 6 YEARS OLD • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

For holiday giving on a grand scale

Imported

MacNAUGHTON

CANADIAN WHISKY

Grand to give . . . grand to get. Imported MacNaughton has everything: Taste, Age, Proof, Quality and Prestige. Magnificent in its exquisite "Jewel" Decanter and beautifully embossed gift carton.

No extra charge for Decanter and gift wrap

ST RÉMY
is the most preferred 3-Star French Brandy
only
France
gives you
fine Brandy
like this
By importing St. Remy in casks,
we are able to offer it at a popular price.

ST RÉMY
80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

When a machine takes over your job

be ready for promotion ... not retirement!

Electronic computers and data processing machines are running everything from payroll reports to production lines.

3-million trained specialists will be needed by 1970 to program, operate and supervise the machines of automation.

You can be ready for a key assignment in a matter of weeks. Start training *now* under EDP specialists at WARD.

IBM 1401 COMPUTER, ADVANCED PROGRAMMING, and DATA PROCESSING Courses

Day / Eve / Saturday a.m. Classes

Actual "hands-on" machine training

Free catalog (#T-1)–Write, phone or visit

WARD Schools

537 Central Ave. ALBANY, N. Y.
607 Boylston St. BOSTON, MASS.
584 Delaware Ave. BUFFALO, N. Y.
999 Asylum Ave. HARTFORD, CONN.
2500 Hampton Ave. ST. LOUIS, MO.
340 Main Street WORCESTER, MASS.

Fight BIRTH DEFECTS
THROUGH THE
MARCH OF DIMES!

man to man ANSWERS

A $7,500,000,000 nick out of the national billfold—that's what rust, the metal-eating enemy of cars, tools and machinery in general, costs U.S. citizens every year.

Carl Asplund of Rochester, New York, has a dark suspicion that he's paying more than his share of this hefty rake-off, what with being recently confronted with a rusted-out muffler, a ruined hot water tank at his summer cottage, and a no longer shiny saw the kids left outdoors. This prompts him to ply us with a query: Is there anything to a local theory that metal rusts faster in Rochester than in other cities?

It happens that the suspicions of dwellers in Rochester are well founded. Scientists have been figuring out rust ratings for all major U.S. cities and they put Rochester right up there. In fact, along with Buffalo, Miami and Erie, Pennsylvania, it's one of the four places where rust gets in its innings fastest.

The way the corrosion engineers dope that out is to leave a license-plate-size piece of uncoated steel out in the open and see how long it takes it to rust through. In those four cities, it takes just 36 months. Pittsburgh crowds that record with 37 months; Los Angeles with 38. In Chicago it's 41 and in New York 42. It's not hard to guess that in the southwest rust finds the going hardest. In Santa Fe and Roswell, New Mexico, and in Tucson, Arizona, it takes *15 years* for rust to get through that metal plate.

What makes the difference? Not just humidity, as you might think, but also wind, sunlight, and the amount and kinds of corrosive gases in the air.

While they're checking on where it causes trouble, the scientists are also working on what is still, surprisingly enough, a scientific puzzler. What the heck is rust, anyway? Of course they know it's "slow fire," the combining of metal with oxygen in the air. The electrochemical reaction is believed to be similar to that which occurs in an ordinary battery. With tiny local areas of the surface acting as plus and minus terminals, minute electric currents flowing through an invisible film of water corrode the metal.

Dr. Earl Gulbranson, a Westinghouse researcher, has refined that theory. He blames hydrogen ions present in water vapor for much of the trouble. His studies indicate that they penetrate the iron and enlarge the sites at which oxygen combines with the metal.

When water vapor is introduced into the atmosphere—even one part in 200—an iron surface erupts into thin, oxide crystals a millionth of an inch thick, 30 millionths of an inch wide and 300 millionths of an inch high. These tiny rust "whiskers" reach a density of a billion to the square inch!

When they figure out a way to shave them off or to keep them from growing in the first place, we'll have rust licked.

WHEN CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS

please notify us 6 weeks in advance. Supply us with both your old and new address, including address label from current issue if possible. Copies we mail to your old address will not be delivered by the Post Office unless you pay them extra postage. **Mail address changes to TRUE, Subscription Dept., Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Be sure to include your zip code number.**

Q: What is the famous Mauritius "post office" stamp? ***Lawrence Peterson, Newark, N. J.***

A: Mauritius, an island in the Indian Ocean, was the first British colony to issue adhesive postage stamps. When its first stamps were made, in 1847, the engraving said "post office" in error. It should have said "post paid." Only 500 each of the penny and two-penny stamps were printed and only 26 of the stamps are known today. At a recent auction a letter carrying one of each kind sold for $78,400.

Q: When slaughtering animals for human consumption why is it desirable to bleed the animal thoroughly? ***R. F. Morgan, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: From a strictly nutritional point of view bleeding is unimportant. Providing the blood was clean and disease free, no harm would come to anyone who consumed it. Bleeding is done for practical and aesthetic reasons. If the animals were not bled, blood dripping on floors and equipment would create additional cleaning and sanitation problems. In addition, the meat would be darker in color and less appetizing to look at.

Q: What is white chocolate? ***W. G. Whitson, Highland Park, Ill.***

A: White chocolate is a term used by candy manufacturers to describe a coating used in place of chocolate in the summer months. It is made with cocoa butter. This coating cannot legally be labeled as chocolate at all since there are minimum standards prescribed for the amount of chocolate liquor that must be present.

HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE will answer any reasonable questions you ask, free of charge. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-1, 67 West 44 St., New York, N. Y. 10036

Set 'em up

Mow 'em down

Whisk off those morning whiskers cleanly, comfortably. Remington Electric Pre/Shave does double duty. Sets up your beard, while it soothes your face. Also lubricates so cutters glide nice and easy. Save face... and money too. Only $1.00.

Who knows enough about electric shaving to make a great product like this? Remington. Who else?

[*Continued from page 68*]

and haven't been getting enough rest. With rest, proper diet, exercise and relaxation, the symptoms are likely to disappear. No person can go through even a small part of his life without experiencing 'that tired feeling.' A number of makers of vitamin-mineral supplements have turned this fact into a commercial bonanza by making many people believe that the symptoms are due to vitamin shortage."

"How often is 'that tired feeling' really caused by vitamin deficiency in this country?" I asked.

"Almost never," he replied. "In the vast majority of the cases in this country, feelings of fatigue have nothing to do with lack of vitamins."

Perhaps emboldened by the success of the "fatigue" pitch, many vitamin makers have been claiming that their technicolor pills will prevent or help to cure all kinds of illnesses and diseases. In its statement *Food Facts vs. Food Fallacies* the FDA says that it is becoming increasingly concerned about the promotion of vitamins and food supplements as "cure-alls for conditions which require medical attention." One of the big-selling pitches, says the FDA, is the "myth that all diseases are due to faulty diet. There are some diseases that are caused by dietary deficiency," says the statement, "but these are rarely found in the United States." Such diseases include beri beri, pellagra and scurvy, so rare in this country that doctors have trouble finding any cases for study. Ailments such as heart condition, cancer, arthritis, asthma, common cold, and any other illness mild or serious that *you* are ever likely to have, are *not* caused by vitamin deficiency and will not be cured or helped by taking vitamins.

I studied a set of documents issued by the Food and Drug Administration entitled *Recent Enforcement Actions in Federal Courts Involving Food Supplements*, covering the period from April 15, 1960 through December 31, 1962. I was absolutely astounded to find that, during this relatively brief period the FDA hailed no fewer than 82 makers and sellers of vitamin-mineral supplements into court for violation of the Pure Food and Drug Act. Many of the cases involved false claims that vitamins and minerals will cure or help to cure disease.

The list of sinners included some big firms. One had a shipment of its Vitamin B_{12} capsules seized by FDA inspectors. "The leaflets accompanying the product," said the FDA, "falsely suggested that the article was effective in the treatment of diabetic and other forms of neuritis and neuralgia, neuritis pain associated with peripheral vascular disorders, osteoarthritis, chronic contact dermatitis and urticaria." The firm failed to show up in court on the appointed day, and the court issued a default decree of condemnation authorizing the FDA to destroy the seized product, which it did.

Another company's shipment of a well-known vitamin product was also seized. "Accompanying leaflets," said FDA's report, stated that "anyone suffering from swollen, bleeding gums, gingivitis, lip and skin lesions, skin hemorrhages, seborrheic dermatitis, optical disturbances, gastro-intestinal disturbances, nerve disorders, and others, is suffering from a vitamin deficiency which can be eliminated by adding a vitamin supplement to their diet." That drug manufacturer didn't show up in court, either, and a default decree of condemnation was entered. Other firms and distributors have been following the same lucrative path, hawking vitamins as useful for treating polio, muscular dystrophy, heart disease, cancer, diabetes, and just about every other known disease.

The ads and literature of vitamin companies are supplemented, while you are at work, by the activities of various hucksters on day-time TV and radio programs aimed at your wife. A well-known commentator is Carlton Fredericks, whose 45-minute, five-day-a-week program "Living Should Be Fun" originates on New York radio station WOR and is taped and rebroadcast on other stations throughout the country. The program is followed by legions of housewives who hang breathlessly on his every word—and untold numbers of women spend your hard-earned money on vitamin pills.

I spent a week listening to Carlton Fredericks. Here are a few brief highlights from the many things he told his vast audience of female worshipers.

On Monday he made a scathing attack on the "effrontery" and "arrogance" of doctors who "follow the line of the Food and Drug Administration" on matters relating to nutrition. He wondered why no "full study" had been made of B-complex vitamins as therapeutic agents in the treatment of diabetes, and told the ladies that B-complex vitamins are a "treatment of choice" for fatty accumulation of the liver. He added that a diet supplemented with B-complex vitamins had cured a man of fainting spells so severe that they were thought to be epileptic fits.

On Tuesday he answered questions sent in by listeners. Several had been sent in by high school students, describing standard information on vitamins and nutrition given to them in their classrooms, of the kind presented in this article, and asking Fredericks if the information were correct. Fredericks said that many high school and college teachers are "just a chapter ahead of their students" and that this is why they give out misinformation on health. Fredericks took the queries one by one, and in each case said that the nutritional information supplied by the children's teachers was incomplete or false.

In response to another query Fredericks smoothly assured anxious women that 'blue lines' and easy bruising in the area of the thighs may be due to lack of vitamins B and K.

On Wednesday Fredericks said that people who believe that a well balanced diet makes the taking of vitamins unnecessary are wrong.

On Thursday Fredericks recommended that well persons should take bioflavanoids, compounds which are included in certain vitamin-mineral supplements, but are not on FDA's list of necessary nutrients cited earlier in this article.

On Friday Fredericks recommended vitamin E to protect the brain tissue against oxygen deprivation. B-complex vitamins might also help fight oxygen deficiency in the brain, he said. Next, he told his listeners that alcoholic seizures, known as "rum fits," are symptoms of vitamin deficiency. He said he had seen alcoholics suffering from delerium tremens who exhibited instant recovery when given vitamin B-6. "Before the doctor had withdrawn the needle the patients were lying quietly," Fredericks said.

When I was writing my book *The Health Hucksters* I checked into Carlton Fredericks. I found that he has no known educational background or qualification in the field of nutrition. He received a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Alabama in 1931. His major was English; his minor, political science. His

"It's lucky we had seat belts!"

Here's a car built to support any population explosion. It's a 1964 Ford Country Squire looking young all over.

There's more life built into cars by Ford Motor Company

More brawn in the body puts more life in today's Ford Motor Company cars.

Young bodies grow strong with exercise. But a car body has to be born rugged. Especially with husky youngsters in the family.

How long a life your car body has depends on how solidly it's built. If it's not strong—wear and tear, squeaks and rattles. That's why all Ford Motor Company cars give you so much extra reinforcing.

Take the roof those youngsters are perched on. Three separate steel braces make it super-solid to sit on (or ride under). And those doors are built like a safe. They're steel inside and out. That means stronger, safer, quieter doors. Underneath, too, extra heavy construction keeps the body more solid and silent, even over twisting washboard roads.

And more life is built into Ford Motor Company cars wherever you look. It's all part of a plan to give you today's best-built cars. A plan where engineering designs the quality for the car. Manufacturing precision puts it there. And severe testing sees that it stays there. (Last year alone durability tests at Ford Motor Company added up to 14 million miles).

See the 1964 models at your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer's. Take a test ride.

FORD · MERCURY
THUNDERBIRD
LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Ford
MOTOR COMPANY

IN CASE
OF RAID
BREAK
GLASS
DON
OREHEK

only science courses consisted of two credit hours in physiology and eight credit hours in elementary chemistry to fulfill graduation requirements. William F. Adams, Dean of Admissions and Records at the university, said, "There are no courses listed on his record which relate to the field of nutrition."

Fredericks got an M.A. in 1949 and a Ph.D. in 1955, both from New York University. The courses were given by the Department of Physical Education, Health and Recreation. Regarding his Ph.D. Carlton Fredericks wrote in a letter to me, "The dissertation was entirely in the field of nutrition." Actually, his dissertation is entitled *A Study of the Responses of a Group of Adult Female Listeners to a Series of Educational Programs.* It involved no research in the chemistry or pharmacology of nutrition, but simply describes what the listeners to his radio program had retained of what he had told them. Dr. George D. Stoddard, formerly executive vice-president of N.Y.U., said, "In looking over the Fredericks' record I see no course in the Science or Home Economics Department and none whose title contains the word chemistry or the word nutrition."

Digging a little further, I discovered that in 1945 Carlton Fredericks was convicted of the illegal practice of medicine in the State of New York. He was sentenced to pay a $500 fine or serve three months in City Prison. The prison sentence was suspended and the fine paid on October 4, 1945.

"Good Lord, Frazier—this machine will replace *us*!"

Fredericks' views on vitamins took on a new dimension for me when I discovered that he was associated with Foods Plus, Inc., a large vitamin distributor. Foods Plus literature states that its vitamin and mineral products have been "scientifically formulated by Carlton Fredericks, Ph.D., internationally prominent nutritionist who is our chief consultant." Checking with the Food and Drug Administration, I found that in April 1960 the FDA seized a number of vitamin products in the New York warehouse of Foods Plus, together with 370,850 pieces of literature. The vitamins, the FDA charged, were misbranded because the literature said that vitamin deficiency is the cause of a number of illnesses and that vitamins would help such conditions. In May 1960, Foods Plus signed a consent decree, and the products were relabeled in July 1960.

When your wife turns off her radio, there may be a knock at the door. Standing on the threshhold may be one of the nation's newer types of door-to-door salesmen, the vitamin vendor. Door-to-door selling of vitamins has become a major industry. Much of the selling effort is aimed at women and many of the "salesmen" are saleswomen. An article in the magazine *Specialty Salesman* says that there are 125,000 salesmen in the field, of whom 87,500 are women. Part-time salesmen, the article states, can expect to earn $1,800 to $6,000 a year for only a few hours a week. Full timers earn $15,000 to $50,000 per year. "Few products in direct selling offer more income for the time and effort spent," the article says cheerfully, and adds, "the market has hardly been touched." The article is illustrated with pictures, including one showing housewives sitting around at a coffee clatch. The caption reads, "Housewives can get started (as salesmen) by introducing food supplements to their neighbors during the morning coffee clatch or at similar purely social get-togethers."

One vitamin-mineral supplement widely sold on a door-to-door basis is Nutrilite. A month's supply for one person costs $19.50. It consists of a bottle of vitamin-mineral pills and a bottle of "Nutrilite Concentrate" containing alfalfa, parsley, water-cress, and yeast. Figures on sales are hard to come by. The most recent figures I could find were in a 1960 Federal Trade Commission action against Nutrilite, which said that in 1958 the firm's gross was about $20 million.

The Food and Drug Administration looked into the Nutrilite operation soon after it was launched in 1947 and found that salesmen were claiming that it could cure just about every known disease. In 1951 Nutrilite entered into a consent decree of injunction, agreeing not to claim that the product will help to cure cancer, diabetes, deafness, impotence, heart disease, and scores of other illnesses. However, the firm of Mytinger & Casselberry, distributors of Nutrilite, then spread the word throughout its sales force—who in turn passed it on to Nutrilite users—that the decree was really a vindication and endorsement of Nutrilite by the Federal government, giving it an official status enjoyed by no other vitamin product! In October 1960 the Federal Trade Commission ordered Nutrilite to stop making this claim.

Such vitamin promotions can easily be launched by men with no credentials in pharmacy or medicine. Key figures in setting up the Nutrilite bonanza were Lee S. Mytinger, a former salesman, and William S. Casselberry, a former psychologist, both of whom found a gold-plated new outlet for their respective skills. Another big door-to-door vitamin operation, Nutri-Bio, was set up in 1957. Its president, J. Earl Shoaff, once ran a dry-cleaning establishment. Vice-president F. Richard Schnackenberg ran an automatic laundry. Another vice-president, J. Harry Ebbert, was formerly associated with a company called Rocket Pictures. All three were formerly involved in another vitamin promotion called Abundavita.

Schnackenberg did a hitch in the Air Force somewhere along the line, and this may have provided the inspiration for the Nutri-Bio "army." Under this system a new distributor joined up as a "private" by purchasing a minimum of $23 worth of Nutri-Bio, less the minimum discount of 35 percent. The more he sold the more he bought from the firm and the higher went his rank. When his purchases reached $25,000 in one calendar month he became a Nutri-Bio general. From then on he received a discount of 62 percent on all his purchases. In 1961 the firm had more than 75,000 salesmen of less-than-general rank, plus 740 generals. A former leading Nutri-Bio distributor in Los Angeles told a reporter for *Advertising Age*, "I knew a minister who was making more than $50,000 a year as a distributor."

In addition to the salesmen, big winners in Nutri-Bio have included the movie star Robert Cummings, who was "vice-president in charge of nutritional research." His 1961 salary was $76,641, plus $7,453 set aside under the company's profit-sharing plan. The company seemed to have an equally high opinion of Mrs. Cummings' abilities; it paid her $76,141 during the same period. And, apparently to be sure that none of the Cummings' talent was wasted, each of the five Cum-

mings children was on the payroll at $166 per month.

A 1962 release from the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Division of the National Better Business Bureau says, "Of the 37 ingredients in the Nutri-Bio formula, there are 21 for which no need in human nutrition has been established." The product proudly wears the Seal of Commendation of *Parents Magazine*, a potent aid in making sales to women. President Shoaff says that Nutri-Bio's sales have been running more than $30 million annually. Advertising manager Russell K. Crenshaw says that Nutri-Bio's advertising bill for 1963 will be more than $2 million. A big new push was begun with a full-page ad in *Life*, November 30, 1962. Late in 1962 the company reorganized its selling apparatus, scrapping the "army" and turning it into a more conventional franchise system. President Shoaff believes that this will help Nutri-Bio to corner an even bigger chunk of the nation's vitamin business. At about this time Cummings resigned as a director of the firm and disposed of his stock, reportedly because he was being given no voice in management.

As for what door-to-door vitamin salesmen say once they are in the family living room—in some instances the sky seems to be the limit to their doorbell doctoring. At the FDA's Washington office I listened to tape recordings secretly made by FDA inspectors, of living room spiels that resulted in Federal court convictions for the spielers. Nutri-Bio salesman Frank Wiggs of Atlanta, Georgia, told his supposedly gullible customers (who were really FDA Inspector James B. Griffin and Mrs. Griffin) about a salesman who had allegedly lost his job for drinking, and had then been cured by Nutri-Bio:

Wiggs: "He was drinking between a pint and a half and a quart of whisky every night. He said, women don't bother me and gambling don't bother me, but I'd be in those hotels by myself after a day's work, and I'd sit down and take a drink, and then I was off. So he started taking Nutri-Bio and he has never taken one drink since then."

Griffin: "You mean it cured him of alcoholism?"

Wiggs: "Absolutely."

Mrs. Jean Kalin of Detroit, a salesman for the vitamin-mineral supplement Vi-San, said (while an FDA tape recorder under the couch picked up every word) that Vi-San had cured people of asthma, arthritis, hardening of the arteries, fatigue, frayed nerves, sinus, high blood pressure and heart conditions. As for "that tired feeling," Mrs. Kalin made a big pitch to the wife, who had said that she worked during the day. "You're working," Mrs. Kalin said sympathetically, "and you'll notice that (if you take Vi-San) you'll never be tired. You'll work all day and you'll come home and you'll feel like doing anything around the house you want to do. And you'll feel like going out, where before everything was just such an effort."

"Some doctors," she added, "aren't happy about our selling this product, because we keep a lot of people out of their office!"

Unfortunately, gobbling vitamins, far from keeping you out of doctors' offices, may well land you, your wife, or your children *in* a doctor's office. Vitamin-makers have strongly fostered the casual assumption that popular vitamin preparations may be used by anyone at any time, to their benefit. One consequence of this is to encourage the great national sport of pill-taking by people who may have genuine medical problems. In some types of conditions self-treatment, coupled with postponement or foregoing of a proper medical checkup, can involve terrific risks. In other instances a person may in fact be undernourished *but not because there is anything wrong with his diet*. He may have a serious disorder that diminishes his ability to assimilate the full food value of what he eats. If he tries to make up the deficiency with vitamin pills instead of getting proper medical care for his condition he is flirting with major illness. The tragedy here, says former AMA president Dr. E. Vincent Askey in a *Journal of the American Medical Association* article, is that "masked organic disease may be the basic cause of the symptoms that are being erroneously treated with vitamins." A *Consumers Bulletin* report provides grim verification: doctors have been horrified to find that persons who have been keeping themselves going with vitamins have been suffering from such conditions as gastric ulcers and cancer of the stomach and intestines.

As we have seen, heavy overdosing with vitamins can also involve direct risks of its own. Jane W—'s case of vitamin A poisoning is by no means unique. In another case an Indianapolis mother began to give her little girl a teaspoonful a day of a vitamin concentrate, starting when she was 1 year old. At 18 months the little girl developed symptoms similar to Jane's. She was taken to James Whitcomb Riley Hospital in Indianapolis, where she was fed a normal diet with no vitamin supplements while her case was being studied. In 10 days she was so much better that she was discharged, although the doctors had been unable to diagnose her condition. To ensure that no further ills would befall her adored, the doting mother immediately stepped up the vitamin dosage to two teaspoonsful a day!

Within three weeks the child was back in the hospital, and this time a correct diagnosis was made. The mother was parted from the vitamins in which she believed as medieval mothers believed in charms and amulets. But, as in the case of Jane W—, the damage was permanent. The girl is now 8; one leg is shorter than the other and her left hip joint is partially deformed.

Vitamin D is also potentially dangerous. Two doctors, Richard H. Freyberg and Jere M. Bauer, described in the *Proceedings of the American Federation for Clinical Research* a case in which a man killed himself by taking too much vitamin D. Theoretically, the toxic level of vitamin D for humans is 20,000 units per kilogram of body weight, but this fellow managed to do himself in by taking as little as 2,200 units per kilo of body weight. "The intoxicating dose," said the two doctors, "depends upon several factors and varies in different individuals and at different times in the same person. Concentrated vitamin D preparations should be considered as potentially toxic drugs."

Federal agencies and private medical groups are doing their best to protect the public against the vitamin hucksters, but they are up against a rich and powerful industry. The FDA issued its statement *Food Facts vs Food Fallacies* as far back as 1957. In 1958 the ultra-conservative American Medical Association stood up to be counted. It charged that 10 million Americans were being cheated out of $500 million a year by vitamin producers who were persuading people to buy pills they didn't need.

The vitamin industry decided to take counter-measures. Twenty-three leading vitamin manufacturers set up the National Vitamin Foundation. The Foundation promptly went to work to counter the public impact of the FDA and AMA statements. Most Americans, the foundation stated, ought to take vitamin pills. "The average person has no way of knowing how good his diet is," the foundation explained dolefully. The proper solution, said the foundation, is to take vitamin pills.

"The cost of this form of insurance is very modest," the foundation said soothingly.

In 1961 Dr. Robert S. Goodhart, executive vice-president of National Vitamin Foundation, told *New York Times* advertising columnist Peter Bart, "This is basically not a scientific battle but an economic one." At that point the foundation, in addition to its own program, had just retained a public relations firm and had allocated $100,000 to develop a program to "educate" people to take vitamin pills.

At the heart of this entire unbelievable pageant lies a cold economic fact. Some U.S. drug makers have been unable to resist the temptation of making a tremendous killing at the expense of ordinary families. They have based a good part of the vitamin industry squarely on selling a large percentage of the output to people who have absolutely no need for it. Having set it up this way, they are doing everything they can to keep the unnecessary buying going and to expand it. In the long run such an objective can succeed only if the public does not know the truth. **—Ralph Lee Smith**

COMING . . .

Writer Daniel Mannix is "foster father" to a pair of skunks, and tells about their hilarious escapades in

MY LIFE WITH THE LITTLE STINKERS

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

A New Deal for an F.D.R. Dream

[*Continued from page* 41]

traps are pulled so far under the water that they vanish from sight.

It is impossible for man to live daily with such forceful manifestations of nature without trying to devise ways of capturing some of this power and putting it to his own use. A thousand years ago, tide mills existed in Europe in areas around the English Channel where constrictive land formations, similar to that of the Bay of Fundy, create tides of moderate height. When upper New England was settled, millers, spice grinders and others who needed power for their work, established tide mills in locations where sufficient river water power was not available. One such mill was on Passamaquoddy Bay.

Here's how they worked: water was allowed to flow up an inlet until the peak of high tide. Then it was trapped by a wooden dike. When the level of the ocean went down, the dammed water was released through a sluice against a water wheel to which machinery was connected: millstones, saws or lathes. Of course, the operator's working hours were governed strictly by the schedule of the tides. This was a great inconvenience because high tide can come any hour of the day or night. Thus, as soon as steam and electric power became available, the tide mills began to lose favor. However, one mill, built in Chelsea, Massachusetts, in 1734 to grind spices, still exists.

In the 18th and 19th centuries, several queer tide power contraptions were invented. One was an open-bottomed tank in which the rising water forced compressed air against a turbine to create rotary movement. In another, cogwheels were turned by floats as they went up and down with the tide. A third took advantage of the velocity of tidal currents by setting out water wheels in the ocean itself. None of these inventions was ever put to any practical test.

In the summer of 1920, there occurred a fortuitous meeting between a rising young politician and one of the world's foremost hydro-electric engineers which was to add a new and exciting chapter to the story of tidal power.

The meeting place was Campobello Island at the entrance to Passamaquoddy Bay. The politician's name was Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Having served as assistant secretary of the Navy during World War I, he had just been nominated by the Democratic Party for the vice-presidency of the United States. Roosevelt was vacationing at his family's summer home on Campobello, where he had spent practically every summer of his life.

A sailing enthusiast, he had learned as a youth how to navigate from Eastport, Maine, to Campobello Island without raising sail—just by slipping into the tidal current at the right time. Roosevelt knew Passamaquoddy and its tides as few other people in his position did.

The hydro-electric engineer at Campobello was Dexter P. Cooper. Together with his brother, Col. Hugh L. Cooper, he had worked on several gigantic power projects: Niagara, the Keokuk Dam across the Mississippi, and Muscle Shoals which became the nucleus of the TVA system. Later he was to work on Soviet Russia's famed Dnieperstroy. Cooper came to Campobello to recuperate after an illness. Wandering on the shore, his trained, imaginative mind could not help but be challenged by one formidable fact: twice each day an estimated 70 billion cubic feet of water surge into Passamaquoddy, and adjoining Cobscook Bay. That amount is more than flows down the Mississippi in two weeks. If only a fraction of this water would be captured and put to use, Cooper reasoned, it would transform the economy of the entire region.

He met Roosevelt and told him that he was working on the problem. Roosevelt's enthusiasm was kindled by the spark of Cooper's genius. When a delegation came from neighboring Eastport to Campobello, asking that the vice-presidential candidate open his campaign in their town, he agreed. In his speech, Roosevelt prophesied that some day the tides of Passamaquoddy would generate electricity and regenerate prosperity in the town. In making this first public prediction of the tidal project, Roosevelt inspired his listeners, as he himself had been inspired in his conversations with Cooper. Forty years later, some of those in his audience are still directing a large portion of their energies toward making a reality of the vision Roosevelt transmitted to them on that day.

As Roosevelt went off to campaign for an office he did not achieve, Dexter Cooper began to attack the problem in earnest. His job was to overcome the inherent disadvantage of all previous efforts to produce power from the tides: the fact that production was sporadic and often at inconvenient hours. Although areas farther up the Bay of Fundy had higher tides than Eastport, where the average range is 19 feet, the region in which he found himself was uniquely suitable for solving that problem.

Looking north from Campobello Island, Dexter Cooper could see Passamaquoddy Bay, 100 square miles, almost all of which was Canadian territory. To his west was Cobscook Bay, 40 square miles, all within the borders of Maine. Between these two bays—and in between the bays and the ocean—he saw a complex system of islands. By joining the islands with dams, Cooper realized that he could create two pools, separate both from each other, and from the ocean as well. Both pools would be equipped with gates on the seaward side.

One pool could be kept at the level of high tide by opening the filling gate at high tide only; the other would be kept at low tide level by emptying it out at low tide, keeping the gates shut the rest of the time. In this way, there would always be a difference in water level—or head, as hydraulic engineers call it. A powerhouse between the high pool (Passamaquoddy) and the low pool (Cobscook) would use the flow of water to generate electricity.

Cooper made a few preliminary surveys and then started to round up the financial backing. Roosevelt helped him in this by persuading Owen D. Young, president of General Electric to put up some corporation funds. Westinghouse and Alcoa chipped in the rest.

With this money, Cooper formed a company and proceeded to get charters from both the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick. It took a statewide popular vote in Maine to get him the rights he needed. As for New Brunswick, his charter required that he start actual construction within five years or lose all rights. This was in 1924. By 1929, he had drawn up detailed plans and was ready to go to work when the stockmarket crashed. The corporations supporting him pulled out. Because he

TRUE

"Now, you drive four miles down range, and just stand there."

could not start the project, his New Brunswick charter was revoked and Cooper's 10 years of dreaming, planning and struggling had come to nothing.

The depression deepened. Eastern Maine, which had suffered from declining industry and population even during the booming 1920's, was particularly hard hit. But the promise of a brighter future sparked by electrical power from the tides was never forgotten there. When Roosevelt became President in 1933, hopes for immediate action on Passamaquoddy rose to new heights.

Left without financial backing, Dexter Cooper applied for a government loan of $43 million to build Passamaquoddy. Despite his continuous close friendship with Roosevelt, his application was rejected. In those lean days of 1934, Cooper could not prove to the satisfaction of the board of inquiry that he would have any customers for the electricity he produced. Moreover, he was told that a steam plant producing the same amount would cost less than half as much and would be much less risky as an investment. The decision was protested by Maine representatives, but Roosevelt regretfully endorsed it. No customers, no loan.

But the pressure on Roosevelt never let up. His uncle, Frederic A. Delano, whom he had appointed chairman of the National Resources Committee, kept after him. Delano thought that the unfavorable report on Quoddy was ridiculously shortsighted. He preached to his nephew that cheap power finds its own market. When tidal power provided electricity, new industries would be attracted to eastern Maine. And, after all, the primary purpose was not to provide electricity for the profit of shareholders and coupon clippers, but to salvage an entire region by creating a new economy based on aluminum, chemicals and light manufacturing. Naturally, Delano pointed out, such a pioneering project would be risky; but if America's pioneers of earlier times hadn't taken risks, we would still be a small nation, clinging to the rim of the eastern seaboard.

The Quoddy project wasn't entirely without precedent, from either the engineering or the economic standpoint. England was considering a tidal power project on the Severn River Estuary, and France was investigating the Rance River Estuary in Brittany. In the U.S. we were already spending millions of dollars on TVA hydro-electric dams, and on reclamation projects in the West. Quoddy would be a powerful economic shot in the arm for Maine.

Undoubtedly eastern Maine needed help. The unemployment situation there was desperate. Town after town in Washington County exhausted its local relief funds. Telegrams poured into the White House from the local Chamber of Commerce, from congressmen pleading for action. A break finally came when a $2 billion relief fund was put at the disposal of the President, giving him the right to spend it anywhere and anyhow in the interests of recovery. For the first time, Roosevelt felt that he had the legal power to follow his own inclinations.

In March 1935, FDR directed that $20 million (later reduced to $10 million) be set aside for the construction of the first tidal hydro-electric generating plant in history. It was to be built by relief labor under the supervision of the Army Corps of Engineers. When completed, Quoddy was to be owned and operated by the State of Maine.

The Army engineers moved quickly, starting what work they could even before they had bought Cooper's rights and plans. Work began even before the State of Maine formally passed the law setting up the State Authority to which the Federal Government technically was loaning the money. They built a planned community called Quoddy Village to house the engineering and administrative force. They started work on three of the smaller dams and conducted intensified underwater surveys of the sites of the other necessary dams.

As soon as Roosevelt's action was announced, all political hell broke loose. The privately owned power companies of Maine, whose high power rates had kept per capita consumption of electricity among the lowest in the nation, howled about the competition of a publicly owned power project. They mounted a huge propaganda offensive through the many small-town papers of Maine which they controlled by means of advertising subsidies.

COMING . . .

You've never been to a dinner dance like this one, where seduction is the main course.

TAHITIAN TAMARRAA PARTY

Described by best-selling author Eugene Burdick. . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The campaign, echoed through the entire anti-Roosevelt press, was designed —not to meet the issue of public versus private power squarely—but to heap ridicule and scorn on Quoddy. The very idea of generating electricity from tides was, in their view, a lunatic notion which could only have come from the addled head of "that man in the White House." Farmers were told that they'd have to use their milking machines according to the dictates of the moon. Nowhere was it acknowledged that the plan was backed originally by America's largest and most conservative companies with a half-million dollars of corporate funds.

And Quoddy Village! How they piled into it! It was pictured as the height of New Dealism—a lavish resort pampering the unemployed, luxuriously furnished with love seats, antique grandfather clocks and old masters. The facts, it turned out, were not quite so lurid. Quoddy Village was built because Eastport didn't have sufficient accommodations. The "old masters" cost 25 cents apiece. The "love seats" were the most ordinary motel maple. And the "grandfather clocks" were, as one commentator remarked, "such as you wouldn't suffer to own one." In any case, $100,000 had already been paid in rents. The entire cost of the village was scheduled to be paid off by the time the tidal project was completed.

The idiocy of the whole crazy experiment was continually dinned into the ears of the American public. It was going to be the New Deal's greatest failure, they were told, because electricity could not be generated from tides. Then, with complete disregard of logic, the power propagandists worked the other side of the street, claiming that there was no market for the power which was going to be produced.

Busy as he was with the affairs of the nation, Roosevelt demonstrated his special interest in the details of Quoddy. When he noticed that the Army advertised for a 45-foot boat, he dashed off a memo suggesting that the Coast Guard might have some in surplus.

Although Roosevelt never once lost his faith in the soundness of Quoddy, he apparently saw that he was taking a political shellacking on the issue far out of proportion to its importance in the whole administration program.

So he began to retreat. First, he cut the Relief Fund allotments to Quoddy by several million dollars. Then, carefully avoiding any comment, he put the whole question of its continuation up to Congress. A hearing was held during which nothing new was added to the discussion by either side. Congress refused to appropriate more money and, in 1936, the Passamaquoddy Tidal Project was abandoned.

Quoddy's opponents were neither magnanimous nor logical in their triumph. When Roosevelt did what they had been demanding, they proclaimed that his action was a breach of trust practiced on the people of Maine, the workers who were stranded away from home and the tradesmen who had invested in new equipment in anticipation of increased business!

Quoddy Village was used for many years to house federal activities and was finally sold to a Maine manufacturing company. Two of the small dams which were completed by relief labor under Army supervision serve as the foundation of the principal road to Eastport. Within two years, just 19 years after Dexter Cooper originally conceived the notion of Quoddy, he died. Some say he never recovered from the disappointment of his unfulfilled vision.

Cooper died—but his idea did not.

As long as Roosevelt was alive, he continued to predict that the time would come when Quoddy would be an accomplished fact. As late as 1941, he directed the State Department to take steps which would lead to a joint Canadian-American enterprise. As America armed for war, an editorial in a Portland newspaper, which earlier had opposed Quoddy as a political bribe to the voters of Maine, admitted that the tidal project was not so wild a dream. Perhaps, the editorial confessed, Maine would then be produc-

ing aluminum for the national defense if Quoddy had been pursued.

The passing of both Cooper and Roosevelt threw the whole burden for keeping the project alive on the shoulders of a dedicated group—the officers and members of Maine's Washington County Chamber of Commerce. With fantastic zeal and tenacity, never once giving up hope for the attainment of their ultimate objective, these men nagged at officials, both federal and state, so that Passamaquoddy would not be forgotten.

Typical in his dedication is Roscoe C. Emery, a real estate and insurance broker of Eastport. Emery is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Colby College, and a Progressive Republican. Emery was in the delegation which called on Franklin Roosevelt in 1920. As the editor and publisher of the now defunct *Eastport Sentinel,* he wrote the first editorial endorsing the tidal power project in 1924.

With incredible persistence, Emery and his colleagues worked year in and year out to breathe new life into the tidal power project, cannily changing their tactics to meet new conditions, but never losing sight of their goal. After World War II, they began to campaign for a study to determine once and for all the engineering feasibility of an international project. By this means, they hoped to remove the last traces of "welfarism" and eccentricity which had clung to the idea because of the smearing tactics of the opposition during the New Deal period.

Through the good offices of President Truman, the matter was referred to the International Joint Commission, which appointed a four-man American-Canadian engineering board. The engineers reported back that there was no question in their minds. From an engineering point of view, it was absolutely feasible to build and operate Passamaquoddy to generate electricity but that it would take a $3 million study to determine the cost of construction.

The Chamber of Commerce then went to work to see that the money for the full scale study was appropriated by the Eisenhower Administration. In the three years, from 1956 to 1959, the engineering board investigated all the possible aspects of the project, redesigning it along the general principles laid down by Dexter Cooper, tackling all the unsolved engineering problems, right down to the fine points of creating a construction schedule. Their 260-page report, full of maps and engineering details is a blueprint for the future.

In this report, they set forth the unique advantages of tidal water power. Like ordinary river power, it has no fuel costs; a steam-electric plant of the same capacity as Quoddy would burn 1,280,000 tons of coal or 5,700,000 barrels of oil a year, a fact which may be of increasing importance in the future. Unlike a river hydro-electric installation, however, Quoddy's source of power is as inexhaustible as the ocean itself; it is not subject to drought, floods or ice jams. Nor do the dams run the danger of being silted up. Moreover, it is possible to *predict* minutely the height of the tide at any hour 10, 50 or 100 years ahead. This last fact, particularly, impressed the people of Maine, who suffered from a power shortage in 1947 when drought dried up the rivers on which they depended for hydro-electric power.

"Happy birthday . . . it's a Lady Godiva riding habit."

However, the engineers point out that tide does vary. It varies by day, month and season in a pattern which is shaped by so many complicated astronomical factors that it takes almost 19 years before the cycle repeats itself in any single location. For all practical purposes, however, the most important fact is that the tides follow the lunar day of 24 hours and 50 minutes, rather than the solar day of 24 hours.

This means that low tide, for instance, is 50 minutes later each day. In a two-pool system, the greatest amount of electricity is produced shortly after low tide, when the difference in water level between the two pools is at a maximum.

The demand for electricity, however, varies with the solar day. It is greatest at 6 p.m., and least at 5:30 a.m. It is therefore hard to match production to consumption economically with the use of tidal electric power alone.

One way to provide the necessary reserve power is by utilizing surplus power to pump water into a storage basin where it is used to meet any demand above the current capacity of the tidal plant. This was Cooper's device. Another way is to build auxiliary generating capacity such as river hydro-electric or steam-electric plants to take up the slack. Since a steam-electric plant does not operate efficiently with constant changes of output, an auxiliary hydro-electric installation works out better. The engineering board recommended that such a plant be built at Rankin Rapids on the upper St. John River.

The Quoddy project as it was approved by President Kennedy includes the plant at Rankin Rapids. The combined peak output capacity of the two plants would be 1,250,000 kilowatts. In order to meet the 5-6 p.m. peak demand period of the New England-Maritime Provinces area, the present plan calls for holding the highest possible water level for the peak each day.

Tidal water power has another characteristic which is different from that of most river power. It operates on an extremely low head of water, ranging from 5½ to 16½ feet, compared to the hundreds of feet in such large projects as Boulder Dam.

Though the supply of water is inexhaustible, storage capacity is limited by the factor of time. Whenever the level of the ocean on the approach to high tide reaches the level of the water in the high pool, the filling gates are opened. In a sense, the unused water remaining in the pool (which has not been used to generate electricity) can be said to be wasted.

Because of the complex geography of Passamaquoddy, there were many possible different arrangements of islands, dams, power house, filling and emptying gates. Each arrangement would have a different potential electric output and a different cost based on dozens of variables. The engineers selected five of the most promising arrangements. They then

fed pertinent information concerning those arrangements to digital computers, because the manual calculation of all these factors would have taken months. The final selection of the most efficient system of dams, gates and so forth, based on the relation of electrical output to cost, was made by the digital computer.

The selected design calls for 13 dams to join up the islands so as to create two pools. The dams, whose total length would be about seven miles, are to be built of dumped rock and earth fill. Besides the dams, there would be concrete structures for the power house, filling and emptying gates, navigation locks and fishways.

Although 90 percent of the linear feet of the dams would be constructed in relatively shallow water, the remainder would have to be built in water depth varying from 125 to 300 feet. The builders would have to cope with tidal currents flowing at the rate of 10 feet per second. Such currents are strong enough to cause all but big rocks to drift away from where they are supposed to be emplaced, if they were merely dumped on the surface of the ocean. To avoid this drift, the engineers prescribed the use of underwater dump buckets and bottom-dump scows.

As more and more of the bay was closed off, the velocity of the tidal currents encountered in the remaining openings would double. For this reason, the gate structures would be scheduled for early completion so that they could be operated to relieve the water pressure. To complete the closure, as much work as possible would have to be done at low tide, and at those periods of the month and year when the general level of tide is at a minimum.

Despite the abundance of natural channels, the engineers designed the navigation locks to be built on dry land on the shores of islands. Only when they were completed would they be opened out to the sea. This method is easier and cheaper than building the concrete structures in the water where large cofferdams would be needed for their foundations.

Since sea water is much more corrosive than fresh water, special measures were devised to protect all the metal parts of the generators, gates and locks which are exposed to salt water. For some elements, such as turbine blades, expensive stainless steel must be used. Elsewhere, since corrosion is an electrochemical process, the structural carbon steel would have voltage cathodic protection which reverses the natural electrochemical flow and cancels out the tendency to rust. Such parts would also need many coats of vinyl enamel or coal tar coating to withstand the extremely corrosive conditions.

The tidal hydro-electric plant at Passamaquoddy would have half a dozen other benefits besides the production of electricity. For instance, roads across the dams would cut 40 miles from the principal Maine-to-New Brunswick highway —a cash saving to every motorist of at least 60 cents. It is estimated conservatively that the project would attract at least one million tourists a year, based on the number of visitors to other large federal developments. Think what this means to the widow who rents rooms, to the motel operators throughout New Brunswick and Maine, to the store which sells souvenirs or the restaurant which sells lobster dinners.

Stabilizing Passamaquoddy Bay at a high level would make it a port capable of handling ocean going vessels at all times in a safe harbor behind locks. With abundant electric power, this would be an ideal site to bring in bauxite by ship to make aluminum. What value can you put on the introduction of a new industry to a town such as Eastport which is dying for lack of a dynamic factor in its economy? What value do you put on families staying together? In Eastport, the young people clear out as soon as they can in search of opportunity. The construction of Passamaquoddy would forge a new link of cooperation between the U.S. and Canada. How much is that worth in dollars and cents? What value do you place on the mere fact of accomplishing something new and adding to the sum total of human technology?

Eastport, a once thriving town, has lost 25 percent of its population. Walk through its streets and you will see a panorama of despair: houses for rent, houses for sale, houses desperately needing repair, houses crumbling to dust—their plaster-whitened laths indecently exposed like the bleached ribs of drought-killed cattle.

Walk on Water Street. Through the spaces between the buildings you will see the harbor bursting with the eternal energy of the surging tides—power from the moon. Trillions of tons of water have pushed their way past these weather-beaten pilings since that day when Dexter Cooper had a vision which he shared with his neighbor Franklin Roosevelt. The water is still there, rising and falling twice a day, waiting patiently to be put to the service of man.

France's tidal power project on the Rance River Estuary is advancing. The Soviet Union is known to have plans for a gigantic tidal power project on the Arctic Sea—one with a capacity of 5 million kilowatts or more. It will be up to Congress to pass the legislation authorizing construction at Passamaquoddy. This is a different kind of moon race, and it will be Congress that decides if the U.S. even has an entry.

—Raphael D. Blau

I Am Waiting for Illinois to Kill Me

[*Continued from page* 48]

"Cop-Killer to Die on Friday." Newspapers make me feel more like a "thing" than a man. They by-pass telling of the tragic event that put me here three years ago and set, with brutal precision, the place and manner of my death.

Every day, at some time, I relive that scene. I watch a young, nervous cop cross a trailer-rental lot on Chicago's cruddy South Side. Each time he demands the gun I carry in my belt. And every time, as I surrender this weapon to him, he fires the same unexpected shot to attract his partner. I tense and the gun slams viciously back against my palm. There is always a hideous grunt of pained surprise as the cop spins into a grotesque tangle of blue at my feet. His .38 is torn from his hand, but he finds and brings it up, snapping off four shots that brush close to my face. Still, I drop to my side the gun I hold. It is a 9mm. Polish Radom automatic, borrowed from a friend who neglected to explain about a trick firing mechanism which, if touched a certain way, caused the weapon to fire.

I told the story to the jury. They did not accept it. I couldn't expect them to. I was an ex-con, who had been in twice for robbery and car theft. Even now I was wanted for a Detroit jewel robbery. They thought I had crushed this symbol of law and order because he threatened to end my career in crime.

No, they determined, the shooting of Officer Mitchell Stone was not an accident. We sentence the defendant to death!

The Cook County jail rises from Chicago's swarming streets like a giant clenched fist. I'd been warned long before of this brutal place, controlled by starvation diets and goon squads who loved to break heads. For a price, I was told, privileges were available—but I had no money to pay for favors.

The jail isn't all that bad. A progressive warden has changed many of the inequities. Men are treated as men. Most of the corrupt guards of the previous era have been fired. Goon squads and brutal punishments are out. Usually a county jail is to house the criminal who has no money for a bail bond. As he waits for trial, he has nothing to do other than to plan escape—or future crimes. But this place is different. There are games, movies, even a yard during the summer months. School courses are available. Books and magazines are brought around each week. The inmates with money look out for those who have none, buying them writing materials and tobacco. To help break the monotony further, television sets have been put in each ward.

I was assigned first to a "heavy drama" tier, where 34 of its 40 men were held on murder charges. Two of these had been sentenced to death and were appealing their cases. Yet it was not the infamous Death Row. Warden Jack Johnson had already broken that up by scattering the doomed throughout the jail.

Still, I am now living in the Death Row of old—by choice. It is a three-celled separate section, a kind of mausoleum, tucked away in the deepest part of the jail. It is not even identified as Death Row any more. "Maximum Isolation," they call it today. And because it is isolated, because it offers a mote of

privacy, because its quiet allows me to think, I petitioned to be transferred to it. But the new name has not really changed its grim purpose. It is a strange, eerie world all its own, feeding upon its own routine. . . .

At 6 a.m. this Friday, the machinery in the elevator room near the cells begins to hum. Breakfast is being hoisted to the wards stacked like pancakes atop this death house.

Later, one of the cooks brings coffee and rolls to us. Behind him, a jail sergeant arrives with the items we have ordered from the commissary. Three times a day the death watch changes: midnight, 8 a.m., 4 p.m. An officer sits constantly before the cells, getting up from his desk every 15 minutes to punch a time clock. He is relieved for meals, and occasionally for a break from the solitude.

When, today, only the regular officer, rather than a pair of them—or one of the jail brass—comes on duty, I nod to him. His being there, and alone, is a good sign. Yet, from his melancholy expression, I know he has heard nothing about a stay. The coin is still in the air. In hours, in time, I'll learn how it lands. I know the routine that precedes its falling. Like a pagan dance of death, it never changes much. . . .

First the preachers converge in an attempt to anesthetize the condemned against his fear of death. Upstairs, the officers are tense. Warden Johnson's phone calls are screened, and he accepts only the official ones which might pertain to the case. Down comes the offer of a last meal. Refused, usually. No matter how well prepared, food tastes like sawdust at a time like this. There is a hunger, but it is a hunger only for life—and that is not on the menu.

The day boils on. At 4 p.m. there is no change of shifts; instead, another guard is added to the watch.

Should the play go this far today, I know, the two men living with me will be taken to another area of the jail. One, Charley Townsend, is held here for "safekeeping"; the other is twice-condemned Roosevelt Scott, a confirmed Black Muslim who blames the white man for bringing him here to be killed. "To be butchered!" he shouts, "for breakin' laws mah people had no hand in makin'. If they hadn't stole the Black Man from his country, Ah wouldn' be hyah!"

Strange man this, hating even the blacks who seek equal rights without violence, but hating most of all those who now hold him in this cage. Scotty seldom speaks to whites, but he will talk about them to every black brother, guard or inmate, who will listen. Many simply shake their heads and walk away. Racial hatred is a deadly, two-headed cobra doing its best to bite itself to death.

If my two fellow tenants are taken from the death house today, I will know the countdown has begun in earnest. No! A stay *has* to come through. And I must stop worrying.

All this while I have been lying in bed watching the weary light struggle in. Now I tell myself, get up, straighten out your mind. Wash, dress, shave—maybe stand at the window long enough to feel some part of the filtered daylight . . . and wish, as always, you could open the window. There are times when I'd sell my mortgaged soul for a breath of fresh, clean air.

"Don't worry about this thing. They have to give you a stay to file the case in the federal courts," Warden Johnson told me last week. I was in his office for a visit from my daughter, who'd brought her children to see me. Picking those babies up into my arms for the first time erased, for the moment, the thought of death. Reporters seemed to pop out of the woodwork, begging to take pictures, but I sent them away. This side of the man is none of their business. A grandfather has no place on Death Row.

Later, back in the cell, I thought of how worried the huge, wide-faced warden had looked. Yet he wouldn't lie about a thing like a stay, not even to make me feel good. Strange that I'd come to trust this gargantuan guy—my potential executioner. Sure he hated his job of dealing the death blow—but he would do it, just as he'd done it three times before.

Yesterday there was another hint. Ken Buck, Warden Johnson's right-hand man, brought the new grand jury through the death house on a tour of the jail. As always, they stopped at my cell.

"And here's our writer, Bill Witherspoon," Buck said. "He lives down here because he requested it to write a book. Now, if there are any questions you'd like to ask him. . . ."

As always, the questions came—about the writing, mostly. But that wasn't the real point of the curiosity I saw in those eyes. The jurors had just come from the execution chamber—and wanted to ask how it felt to live with the idea.

Just before they left, Ken Buck stepped close. "Don't worry about that date tomorra," he said softly. "Your lawyer phoned and left a message. I'll send it down here to you."

But the message hadn't come. Perhaps he was mistaken. Maybe the news was bad . . . good or bad, they would let me know today. Soon, I hoped.

Maybe the call to Buck hadn't come from the lawyer. From some crank, instead, with a dime and nothing better to do—like the nut who'd written the widow in the Paul Crump case, threatening her unless she helped save Crump. That might have destroyed him.

Something else could go wrong, too, as on my first execution date in 1960. This was before I knew that it might take years for the case to inch through the high courts. A clerk in the Criminal Court had mislaid the order to stay my death. Warden Johnson wasn't informed of the stay until, worried, he phoned the judge late in the afternoon. The stay came then, but someone else slipped and forgot to notify me about it.

All that night I sat waiting, expecting to die, thinking of how it would happen, trying not to think. I was like Buddha staring at his navel: contemplating something other than my death—or trying to—wondering if I'd be able to die like a man. I concentrated upon tiny bits of lint and found adventure in the creases of my hands, in the tattooes on my long fingers. Steadily my world shrank to the size of the cell. A hair fell on the paper of the novel I was writing. In examining it, I found whole new vistas—complete new worlds in the study of a fingernail. Sounds of the night were magnified as I awaited the step of my executioners.

A cellophane bag of cookies lay on my table. From it there suddenly came a fierce, electric buzzing . . . a bee had trapped itself. I picked up the package and held it shut. Now I was the jailor.

It was not a pleasant feeling. I opened the package. The bee came out and into my hand. Briefly it faced me, then lifted into the air and was gone.

I went back to my writing, trying not to count the times the guard got up to

"Alston leads his life and I lead mine."

make the punches on his clock, trying not to listen to the muttered prayers of Charley Townsend, who had lived in the first cell four years, studying the Bible. He had memorized the Scriptures as they were read to him, then related the words in his head with the words on paper, and thus learned to read and write.

There was a new sound—the rap of a key on the metal door. It was opened.

The new shift. Midnight had come . . . and no one was here to kill me. I was alive and couldn't believe it. I didn't know why, nor did I care. I stayed up writing, and, as the new day brightened my dirty window with the most magnificent dawn ever, I felt the tension drain away as if someone had pulled a plug.

A week later I read in the paper about the lost court order and the warden's phone call.

But today is another date. Maybe this time he'll be unable to reach the judges by phone. The case is now in the Supreme Court.

A knock brings the old tension welling back. I go to the bars and watch the door being opened. It is only the clean-up crew pushing their wheeled cart, filled with mop water, into the death house.

One of them stops in front of my cell. "I wantcha to know the guys upstairs are all prayin' and pullin' for you," he says.

About 10 a.m. the mailman comes. Hurriedly I sort through the dozen or so letters he hands me. Half are from people I don't know—well-wishers, the faithful seeking a death-row convert. Nothing from the lawyer. No note from the warden's office . . . nothing. There is a curious look from the officer at the desk, so I tell him what he seems afraid to ask.

The mail from the family is warm and filled with love: a picture of the kids, a lipstick smear. I am still reading it when another knock comes. Again I look up.

It is the chaplain, Father Wolfe—a nice little guy but the last person, right now, I want to see.

"How's it going?" he asks.

"Who knows?" I answer. "There's been no word yet, unless—well, unless they sent you down to. . . ."

"Uh-uh. I just stopped by to tell you I'll be in my office all day. Maybe you want me to call your lawyer?"

I smile. "I'm sure he's doing all he can. I'll let you know."

Father Wolfe does not return the smile. He hasn't worked at the jail very long and has never sat through an execution.

When he leaves I turn on my transistor radio.

Nothing on the 10:30 news. Fifteen and a half hours left. A condensed lifetime. Hell, I think, a lot can happen in that time; yet each minute will grow more important than the last. I shut the radio off and lie down with my fingers laced behind my head. As much as I try to throw my thoughts into a corner of the cell, they bounce back to the way it may happen tonight. . . .

At about 11:15 p.m. the barber will bring his clippers in to shave me bald—this to insure good contact. Physical measurements are taken to make final adjustments on the chair, for no time is to be wasted once the doomed has been taken into the chamber. I'll be dressed in short pants and wear a shirt with a flap that buttons over the heart, so the trio of doctors can check for a latent heartbeat before they pronounce.

Warden and sheriff arrive, so nervously tense that the skin is stretched taut across their faces. Sweat pours from them, and from me.

An escort of four burly guards moves into the opened cell door. It is a minute past midnight as I flip my last cigarette away and stand to join them. A hood is draped over my face, so perhaps I am forced to lean upon them as we pass through the doorway and by the silent telephone—the direct link between here and the governor's mansion. If it rings, the march will stop. It does not ring. We go into the inner room, where the chair waits.

As I sit down and back in it, the escort moves swiftly. Each man has his tasks. They secure arm and leg clamps, pull straps tight around my waist and chest. A dripping sponge is squeezed under the leg electrode; another is placed on my bald head so that when the cap is brought down, much like a hair drier, the copper pin inside will make contact. A strap under the chin draws the cap down snug.

COMING . . .

All the fun and glamor of night life in a fabulous gambling spa—told in pictures. . .

GIRL-WATCHING IN VEGAS

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The escort steps back. The stage has been set. We are all now ready to play our roles in this one-night stand. There will be no encore for the grim-faced witnesses who stand on the other side of the thick plate-glass window. Some stare greedily; others don't even look into the chamber, fearing they will be forced to watch the scene over and over in their nightmares.

Concealed behind a one-way window, four nervous men wait to press a row of black buttons. Blue-green brine from the sponges mingles with my sweat, and the air in this tiny brick and plaster room seems sour. A whisper announces that the chief guard has backed into the doorway. His arm is raised as his smoky eyes fasten on the electric clock.

Here, in my dreams of it, the phone always rings, the show is canceled. But this is only the spark of hope a man sits with into those final seconds. Seldom has the phone broken the ritual.

When the guard's arm falls, the four buttons are pushed simultaneously. One starts the dynamo of death, transforming the current brought into the jail from a source outside. One of the other three—and only God and the electrician know which—sends the first shot of 2,000 volts streaking through the chair.

Positive meets negative. The cadaver—for it is that now, and no longer my body—leaps up from the brutal impact. But the straps hold, pulling it back into that hot embrace.

The 2,000-volt blow snaps the jaw open wide in a silent scream. The eyes pop—or maybe even melt from the intense heat. Body temperature zooms as the blood begins a fast boil. This shot lasts five long seconds.

Then, keening the dirge of all the dead who have perished here, the dynamo breaks pace and the voltage drops to 900 volts. This lesser charge is fired through the body for 55 seconds while the brain cooks hard, like an egg dropped into a pan of hot grease. Muscles swell. Veins triple in size. A few break, splotching the skin with red streaks. Once again the voltage mounts to 2,000 for another five seconds, then is held at 900 for the rest of two full minutes.

Abruptly, the sound ends. The silence is terrible, and the acrid stench of cooked flesh hangs in the air.

The three doctors move in for examination of the hot corpse. Sweat has soaked its clothing, but their fingers lift the shirt flap over the heart, and they listen, and nod. Other hands move, unloosening straps and shackles. The body is lifted and placed on a four-wheeled cart, to rest until officials from the city morgue call for it in the morning.

The chair *is* a spider, a black widow already awaiting its next victim.

I snap back to life. It is nearing 11 a.m. when another knock comes to the door. I tense and wait. Even as the warden's man Ken Buck approaches the cell, I know he is bringing good news.

"The date for tonight is canceled," he says softly. "The Supreme Court has re-set it for the 21st of next month. Your lawyer says that will give you time to go into the federal courts."

For a moment my head seems to expand. Then a kind of bodily ecstasy takes over, and I am, almost literally, on cloud nine. I am sure, in the end, everything will be all right.

I am not sure at all, of course, and although this day I will feel a sense of elation, I know that tomorrow I will slip back into the routine of prison boredom, because I have been through it all again, and again. Eventually the tension will start building once more.

Still, I am now relaxed, as well as alive, and I think of some of the other men here I've seen go through the same exquisite cycle of torture.

Vince Ciucci suffered this countdown 12 times before March 23, 1962 came along. That was the end of the road, and there was no stay. Then, for the murder of his wife and three children, he was put to death. Yet many people thought things had happened the way he said, that his wife had shot the youngsters and he had jerked the gun from her and killed her in his rage at the sight.

The evening before Ciucci's execution I was moved to the A.B.O.—a hospital out-patient ward—for the night. The ward was bossed by Paul Crump, who had existed as a condemned man in the jail longer than anyone else. "Man," Paul

CIVIC LEADER

He applies himself to all projects equally...
...completely:

At the office... at home.

To his contemporaries and friends, his dedication is self-evident. He's ever seeking the stimulation that sparks his enthusiasm for *everything.*

Within these pages he finds information that provokes his imagination... products that satisfy it.

He's progressive... practical... perceptive...

...and he reads this magazine, just as you do.

MPA **MAGAZINES/YOUR WORLD OF IDEAS AND PRODUCTS!**

"All we have to do—and it should be easy—is to convince the jury that you couldn't possibly premeditate."

once told me, "I didn't know nothin' about the law. But I filed motions in every court I could think of." Paul had spent nine years fighting for his life. He was still condemned then, still fighting.

While Ciucci was going through the ordeal of dying, Paul and I talked of the jail and how it had been back in the old days. Death Row was a prison institution, then, and 17 men were on it, waiting to die.

"We was only allowed out of the cells for two hours a day," Paul said. "The food would've gagged a maggot and, if you raised your voice against it, the goons came at you with lead-weighted flash lights and beat your head in."

As he spoke, his fingers touched a scar on his ebony neck. This was nervous talk. I knew his thoughts, like my own, were on what was happening now in the death house.

"We set fires in the vents, went on hunger strikes and even tried a couple escapes," he went on. "We did all the things they expect condemned guys to do. Twice they brought in the Chicago cops with tear gas and machine guns to put down a riot. This was the Row back before you was here.

"Then Jack Johnson come along as warden. An' we started bein' let out of our cells in the daytime like ever'body else. We even left the tier to go to the doctor, and no longer had to wear chains or walk in the middle of a goon squad. The food was improved and we was treated like human bein's. Then the Row was busted up and most of us was given jobs. I got this hospital ward to look after and it's run smooth ever since."

Paul talked on and on, far into the night. Death had struck long since and the jail had grown quiet. At last I went to bed. Until dawn I lay there and thought. As revolting as Ciucci's crime had been, it was as if Paul and I had lost part of ourselves. The doomed are joined by a bond stronger than family blood. . . .

In the morning I was moved back into Maximum Isolation. The warm air was thick with the stench of death, and the churning fan did very little to carry the smell away. The death sentence was suddenly far more real than it had been.

Then Paul Crump was denied a stay, and he became another imminent candidate for the chair, with but a few weeks of life left and no more avenues open to him in the courts. Only Gov. Otto Kerner could save him now—Kerner and the record Paul had set while in the jail: the years of caring for the sick, the gradual change in the man.

Crump's long struggle on Death Row caught the imagination. "Paul Crump is a completely rehabilitated inmate," said Warden Johnson and others in command. *The Courier,* a small South-Side Chicago newspaper, swung in behind Paul, printing petitions for people to sign and mail in to the governor. Big magazines took up the chant. Letters poured in from all over the world. Religious organizations got onto the bandwagon. Gospel singer Mahalia Jackson came to the jail with 100 ministers, all campaigning to save Paul. Photographer Gene Lovitz took a series of photos for the defense. Louis Nizer, one of America's best criminal lawyers, came to Chicago to present the case to the Parole Board and then to the governor.

Paul had been convicted of killing a plant guard during the holdup of a South-Side packing plant. Then he had struck three other employees on the head with a piece of pipe. But people didn't think of the crime; they were concerned with the punishment—those nine long years of waiting for the chair.

Those of us close to Crump had a clearer picture. I had lived in Paul's ward for a while. We'd been given the use of a typewriter, and I was there to teach him to type and maybe help him set up a book he was writing. I'd got a good look at this "man behind the headlines," and almost wished I hadn't.

Solitary Confinement was a part of Paul's responsibility, and he ruled the ward with an iron fist, often beating lesser men into bloody pulp for breaking his rules, like talking from cell to cell or smuggling in cigarettes.

"Crump is savage," one guard told me. "He says he's changed, but that's a damned lie. All he did was stop revealing his vicious nature to the officials up front. One night I saw him beat a man until I wanted to vomit. Him and Ciucci. I made them stop and get out of the man's cell. Crump's hated me ever since."

Governor Kerner, himself against the death sentence, heeded the appeals. He commuted Paul Crump's punishment to 199 years—without parole. Paul became a symbol, the only doomed man to be spared in Illinois because he was "rehabilitated."

Three weeks after Crump's commutation the countdown began again. This time it was for cop-killer James Dukes. Like Crump, Dukes was a spawn of Chicago's Black Ghetto. His crime had mitigating circumstances. It was argued that Dukes' bullet was not the one that killed Detective John Blyth, that the fatal shot had instead been fired by Blyth's partner.

The campaigners for Crump did not this time step forward. They assumed Dukes would be spared, since the precedent had been set. Rehabilitation was the modern way of thinking. No one else would ever die in Illinois' electric chairs.

But in the grim early morning of August 24, Chief Guard Makowski raised his arm and backed away from the man who had been strapped into the black throne. The arm fell, and fire surged through the body of James Dukes.

Spare one, kill the other.

But today is today. It is mine and I am alive. Supper comes at 4:30, and the other guys begin watching TV. I can't keep my thoughts on that now. I am in no mood to sit through another re-run. I go to the window and gaze outside, watching it grow dark. Lights flood the yard, outlining the high wall between me and the horizon.

Finally I turn back to the bed. A few letters lie there to answer, a manuscript to write. It is time to push the thought of death away for a while, to exhaust myself with work, so sleep will come easier. I return the calendar to its shelf, feeling that something good will happen before June 21.

Thirty days. A million thoughts. Infinite hope. Hope is the main thing. If a man does not have it, he is already partly dead. **—Bill Witherspoon**

As this article goes to press, Bill Witherspoon is still alive. From month to month, to permit decisions on appeals, the date for his execution has been postponed. It will be postponed until he has exhausted all legal resorts—or until some judge says, in effect, this man will live.—The Editors

King of the Ulcer Sport

[*Continued from page* 37]

tension that a miss during a run of 80 or 90 balls for a title or big money has caused many a cue stick to be hurled across the table or the hall. One big loser unfolded a penknife and slit the cloth end to end in a neat running motion. Other losers have hurled the cue at the balls, sending them flying toward the spectators.

Luther Lassiter has been obsessed by poolish perfection for nearly 30 years. He has made runs of over 200 balls. But his suffering has always been of the internal variety. He is known for his quiet, his dignity and his aplomb, and his appetite.

Lassiter eased into the swank Commodore ballroom remarking, "Ah do not play well on a empty stomach. Shore did enjoy that coned beef." Pool seemed farthest from his mind.

No sooner had he entered the room than he was recognized by an old friend, Eddie Taylor, a top stakes player who had not been invited to play.

"Hi, Wimp," said Taylor. Wimp, Wimpy or The Wimp is Lassiter's *nom de guerre* and derives from his fondness for food.

"Anythin' doing in here?" said Lassiter.

"Oh, they going to play some poo'," said Taylor, who is out of Knoxville, Tennessee. "You going to play, Wimp?"

"Guess ah might."

"What's in it?"

"Twenty-five hundred, if ah win, and the world's championship."

"Oh, I seeeee," said Taylor. His round face rubied up nice. "Then I would like for you to win. Then you could put up some real cash and play me, and I could say I beat the world champion."

"Gee, I never would play you, Eddie," said Lassiter. "Ah think too much of you to beat you."

"You beat me in Johnson City."

"Did ah do that?"

"Shore."

"Slipped my mind."

Lassiter moved on into the ballroom, which had been turned into what top shooters call a bull ring. That is, a pair of tables under powerful lights surrounded by rising tiers of bleachers. This gives an intense aura of concentration to the miniature arena and throws the full pressure of every kibitz and catcall, every tongue *cluck* and cigarette lighter *clack,* into the nervous system of an already nervous breed of competitor. In a salon adjacent to the bull ring, a practice table had been set up where the players were taking turns when Lassiter walked in. A muted hurrah went up among the assembled worrywarts; they furrowed their brows as their minds unlimbered their fiercest alibis in recognition of The Wimp.

Lassiter said his hellos. Armed with his scrap of stomach, his throbbing gall bladder and his sinusitis, he fended off George Chenier, the aging Canadian champion, who made obscure references to being a sick man himself. Irving Crane, a towering, angular man with the peculiar grace of his namesake bird, could do no better than affect a chippered sadness and refer to himself as a has-been, his eyes turned inward on the good old days when he beat the unbeatable Mosconi in 1942, '46 and '55.

Lassiter clapped Verne Peterson on the back. Peterson, the best player on the West Coast, wheezed. They compared anti-histamine dispensers and sniffed companionably, but Peterson passed in the gall bladder department.

Frank McGown said hello to Lassiter. At 29, New York state champion, he looked haggard and drawn, but as a protégé in the worrywart sport to Onofrio Lauri he let the old master do the alibiing for the two of them.

"Oh, hullo, Mister Lassiter," Lauri said glumly. "What do you want to watch me for? It'll ruin your game." He was ticking them off effortlessly on the practice table. "I'm an old man, practically in a wheel chair. They had to carry me in here."

Jimmy Moore clapped Lassiter's shoulder, a barrel-chested giant of a man. With his silver brush haircut, he looked like a walrus rolling Easter eggs when he took the table. "I don't like this game," he grumbled to Lassiter. "I just took it up and it's too hard." Moore ran 130 and quit, stomping off in cowboy boots. They said he had all the action in his hometown of Albuquerque, New Mexico, but wouldn't say what the action was.

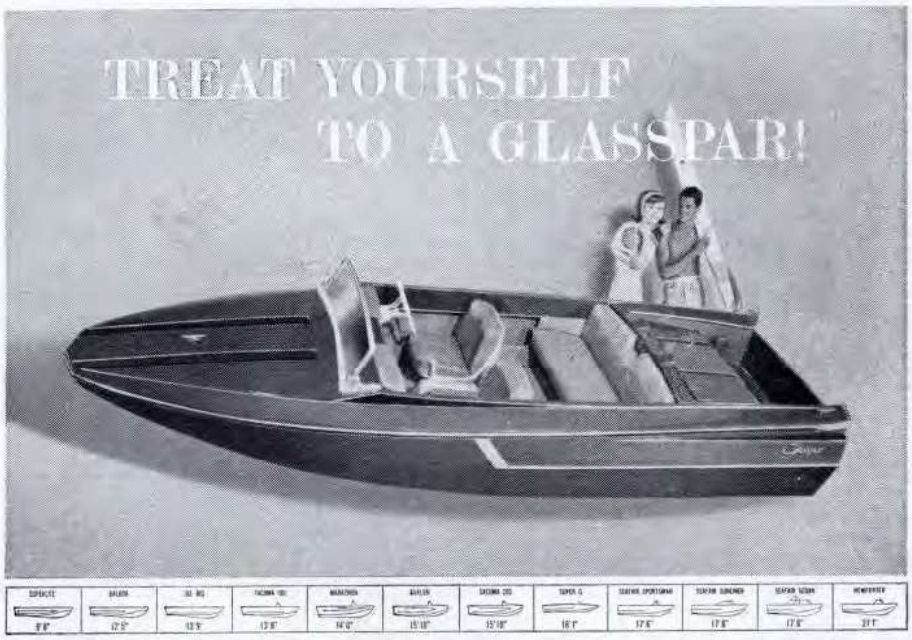
Lassiter eyed Jimmy Cattrano, the Brooklyn boy wonder, reading a comic book in a corner. When they met, Cattrano stopped biting his nails long enough to confide that at 25 he was over the hill. But you could see that Lassiter knew the boy had been running 150's when he was 18, and the tournament would be fought in blocks of 150.

"The balls are racked, 15 of 'em," Lassiter explained to a youngster who wandered over to him after losing his pool-fan father. "You make 14 of 'em, you get 14 more racked up for you and you break off the 15th ball and keep a goin'. You just keep agoin' until you miss. That's straight poo', what we're playing here."

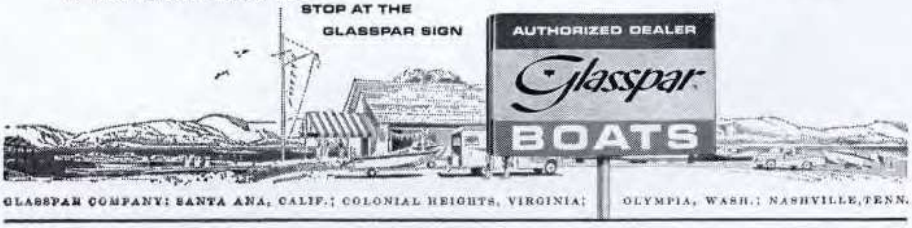
"I thought we was going to a swimming contest," the kid said bewildered.

The ballroom had filled up. The pool fans were circulating around the practice table, young hustlers and old-timers who remembered when the great Ralph Greenleaf packed them into the Palace Theater for an exhibition and they had to use huge mirrors so the people in the orchestra could see his immaculate cue ball roll.

Al Gassner, a veteran contestant, said hello to Lassiter, mentioning in passing that he hadn't had a decent night's sleep in weeks. To a doubting eavesdropper, he said, "You don't believe me, come over to my house and stay up a couple of weeks with me."



Brand-new Super-G! Years of research! Now, here is America's finest fiber glass skiboat... 16 feet of speed and nimble performance, elegantly outfitted. Big, beautiful cockpit... impeccably-upholstered seating for five... two forward bucket seats... full rear seat ...padded dash... upholstered side panels. Chock full of custom-built comforts. This super-skiboat performs superbly with 75 to 160 h.p. — outboard or inboard/outboard. See Super-G and 17 other Glasspar models now.



GLASSPAR COMPANY: SANTA ANA, CALIF.; COLONIAL HEIGHTS, VIRGINIA; OLYMPIA, WASH.; NASHVILLE, TENN.

"Will the *real* Patrick J. O'Hoolahan please stand up!"

Joe Canton went to the practice table, a nervous little man who jumped sideways around the table like a fiddler crab with one claw stuck in a light socket. Canton wore a green visor. "I'm losing my vision," he said. "I can hardly see. I tried tinted glasses, rose color glasses, now I'm trying this visor. I really shouldn't be playing this game."

Perhaps such strong alibiing would rock Lassiter to the roots, I thought. But no. Shortly after, a fan held up a program for an autograph and Lassiter gripped it at arm's length to sign it. "Y'know, if I hold it up to write, I can't see," he drawled. "Why, close range, ah'm bat-blind!"

So Luther Lassiter, a corned beef sandwich festering in his innards, stood above them, an Everest of Agony.

But he arrived feared for more than his alibis. Six months earlier he had beaten a standup field of stakes players in Johnson City, Illinois, in a tournament complete with enough side bets to make a World Bank loan look like a coffee handout.

Finally, the cueman eased up to the practice table. He pursed his lips and wrinkled his brow. He chattered in an amiable, deep and yet quaking voice. Then he began worrying the balls in.

Seven days later, he was still worrying them in. He had a high run of 113, but he made every shot look hard. He lost only one game, to fellow stakes player Jimmy Moore, but when it was over, and they handed him a huge tin and plastic trophy, he staggered under it and said, "I don't feel too strong, I need to get to bed. In my own heart and mind, I haven't yet made a single ball, not one ball."

A troup of young hustlers followed Lassiter out toward his room. "You don't mess with those quiet men," one of them said. "They got the stick that roars."

"I'd rather sandpaper a tiger's behind than mess with that shooter," said another, "—in a phone booth."

"I'd sooner French kiss a cobra," said another.

Lassiter kidded with them as he went. He loved anybody who loved the game, but he was clearly tired. Finally he shook them off and went up to bed to rest his ailing organs, his clogged sinus passages and his bat-blind eyes.

It was interesting to speculate on the factors which brought together such a collection of ill people. Willie Hoppe, the all-time great three-cushion billiards player, said he'd never beaten a well man in his life, and it is well known that because championship-grade billiards and pocket billiards (pool) is such a finicky sport, it brings out the baby in the perfectionists who devote their lives to making the stubborn spheres behave in a corral made of live-live rubber.

But there is more to it.

The men who matched cues in the Commodore are more or less the shakedown crew that has taken pool on a cruise through the roughest seas in the history of the game. Billiards rose steadily in popularity from the 1500's when French royalty decided it was a damn shame croquet couldn't be played on rainy days. On a table, indoors, with rails to keep the balls off the floor, billiards rose in popularity steadily with the perfection of more sensible equipment. By the 1890's it had been standardized in America to tables 5 by 10 or 4½ by 9, six-pocketed, rubber cushioned and slate bedded, and when the 1920's roared around the game was so popular that 40,000 halls were doing a land-office business.

Dapper Ralph Greenleaf was the billiards darling of the 20's and perhaps the greatest pool player who ever lived. He dominated an era when both his name and Babe Ruth's were household words. He dominated an era of billiard hall elegance, too, when even the common academy was in fact a spitoonless sparkling male sanctuary finely carpeted and expensively paneled.

The Crash of '29 brought billiards down, and by 1941 instead of 40,000 halls finely furnished there were 8,000 smoky dens struggling for existence on a clientele with a decided Damon Runyon flavor.

In 1941, Willie Mosconi won his first world championship. Willie looked like an extremely fine player. In addition, he had the makings of a showman, so the leading billiards equipment manufacturer, Brunswick, retained him to give exhibitions to promote the lagging game.

Mosconi's faultless play dominated the world's championships through 1955, when the last was held. He stumped the nation boosting the game, but it was no use.

Apparently pool had slumped so low that no organization could dig up the dollars to finance a championship or a challenge match, and in 1961 Mosconi announced that he had retired his title. The decision was backed by his doctor; the pressures of the game had already given him gray hair at 50 and two fairly serious cerebral strokes.

The groundswell for pool began almost as though Mosconi's retirement had been a signal. A public, hankering for something new to do, perhaps tired of the bang and bustle of bowling, grabbed at pool. A movie called *The Hustler*, with Paul Newman as Fast Eddie and Jackie Gleason as Minnesota Fats, pointed the way from the escapism of the movies to the nearest poolroom, where there was some "action," and the old rooms couldn't handle the crowds.

To meet the rising demand, Brunswick produced the ultramodern Gold Crown table with cloths in four colors. No longer forced to work with a landscape of green cloth, architects and interior designers sank their teeth into the problem of producing modern billiard halls so clean and luxurious that the hoodlum stigma would be erased forever. The first of these rooms brought old-time players and learners in a rush; young men and their dates enjoyed an evening of pool in a smokeless air-conditioned atmosphere. Fast Eddie and Minnesota Fats and the dust-bowl days of pool that produced their kind were forgotten. Builders and bankers leaped into the boom, and they're still there.

Then out of the smoky past staggered Luther Lassiter. How did it happen?

The lapsing of Billiard Congress of America world tournaments in 1956, and Mosconi's retirement of a title undefended in open competition in five years, meant that as of last spring a sport was booming that had no champion and no promise of one. To fill the breach, the new Billiard Room Proprietors Association of America, organized in 1961, prepared the Commodore Hotel tournament, inviting all outstanding players including Willie Mosconi and Jimmy Caras, both under contract to Brunswick for exhibitions. Both men declined, but Irving Crane did not. Crane, one of the most distinguished and respected ex-champions (1942, '46, and '55, later defeated by Mosconi) gave real meaning to the tournament, and it is understood on good account that an official of the Billiard Congress gave the BRPAA the nod to go ahead and play pool. However,

there were signs that interorganizational rivalries would develop, and one of them was Mosconi's failure to put in an appearance, even a social appearance.

The day after the tournament, I went up to the Commodore to talk with Wimpy Lassiter. I found him cheerful and refreshed, lying abed, his Dristan inhaler in one hand and his beloved inlaid cue in the other. He smiled whimsically and bemused the miracle that had given him the championship, $2,500 first-prize money and a crack at a possible five figure income derived from exhibitions if he could hold onto the crown.

"Ah did fear Crane," Lassiter said slowly, "but ah whupped him."

Many had considered Crane a favorite, but the Canadian Chenier tossed him a run of 150 balls and out. The loss was irreparable, and while he fought hard to recover, the Chenier shutout broke his spirit. Subsequently, he lost to Eufemia, Jimmy Moore, the young McGown and finally to Lassiter.

"It is that way with the fun players," Lassiter put it. "Now, they are fine players, for fun, but it is the money that nerves you up. Ah been playin' for the money some time."

Luther Lassiter endured pool's dog days in the shadow of Willie Mosconi, Irving Crane, Jimmy Caras and several other "fun" or strictly tournament players. Mosconi and Caras survived financially and kept in stroke giving exhibitions. Crane sold Cadillacs in Rochester.

"Ah loved my poo', I had to play me some poo'," Lassiter explained, "but I had to eat my coned beef, too. Hustle poo'? Shoot, no. A hustler, he don't necessarily have to love poo' the way I do. He just loves money, and he misrepresents himself to get it. Myself, I was a stakes player. They knew who I was and how I shot at all times. Ah give 'em balls, course you try not to give too much handicap. Idea is, you let him know how good you are, but try to give the other fellow the idea he's better than *he* is. Then you don't have to give away so many balls, you beat him."

Like almost every fine poo' player in the history of the game, Luther Lassiter became phenomenally good phenomenally young. Unlike Mosconi who made money giving exhibitions as a child, Lassiter made game for money to support his addiction to the pastime.

"Ah was jus' a kid in Elizabeth City, Nohth Cahlina," drawls Lassiter. "Ah sho did love to eat. Ah went to a football game. Ah ate 16 hamburgers and they called me Wimpy after that. Ah guess it stuck, didn't it? Well, say, they had a poo' table in town, it was in the Confectionery, now you guess—did ah find it? Ah did."

Luther Lassiter managed to let go his cue long enough to get out of bed and get dressed. He scratched the abdominal scar which marked his stomach operation, pulled on his shirt, and then proceeded to tell how the life of a pool shooter leads to ulcers.

"Elizabeth City is a pretty town on the ocean. I done well in school, made the honor roll once. But when I fell in love with poo', I started playing poo' hookey. Mr. Bundy, the principal, he called me in his office, he laughed. He said, why shucks, he was a baseball bum when he was a kid. 'Now Luther,' he said. 'I understand. It's just the other kids. Don't *spread* it!' "

Lassiter laughed a deep laugh. He told how Bundy punished him by making him plant shrubbery around the school. "There was no more shrubbery, shoot, ah had to quit school," he remembered. "Ah had beat the best in the Confectionery, and south in Edenton. I was but 15, ah went nohth to Norfolk, Virginia, the big Navy town, they had a mess of poo' halls there. Soon was few could beat me."

Wimpy played his way into adulthood. His life was poo', he did love it. Dawn invariably found him driving wearily home from Norfolk to Elizabeth City along the narrow highway through the famous Dismal Swamp, his personal cue in the back seat.

"Ah drove nice and slow to circle them snakes come out to sun," Lassiter smiled. "Ah never hustled in ma life, not even a snake. They played me in Norfolk, they played to see if they were as good as me. They wasn't. I went up to Washington, D.C., and most of them wasn't. But some, they hustled *me*. Shore, I would play them, how did I know who they was? They hustled Atlantic City Red in on me, his backers did. Ah was just a sucker. But mostly I won. Then come the war. I was four years in the Coast Guard in the North Atlantic, and no poo'. I get home to Norfolk, was a week reorienting to a poo' table, but I did quick. Norfolk was boomin' poo'. All that Navy money going round and round. The Norfolk boom lasted through 1948, and there was few that touched me."

The Norfolk boom is a legend in the history of American gambling. Titanic Thompson was there backing pool games and playing. Sometimes $5,000 rode on a single game of 9-ball rotation. Rudolph Wanderone, who was then Norfolk Fats and became later New York Fats and is today Chicago Fats, was there, and taught Lassiter many of the tricks of successful stakes playing. Like Lassiter, Fats always played under his own colors. But while Lassiter drew them in with his skill as a challenge, Fats drew them with his comic patter and colorful style—qualities which later set him up as the dead ringer prototype for Minnesota Fats in the movie *Hustler*.

"When Fats finished with me," Lassiter revealed, "I was unquestionably a polished stakes player. But what he could not teach himself he could not teach me. We were both hooked on craps, say Fats was some craps shooting man. What we won in poo' games, we lost on the dice. One night he come into this club, seven miles outside Norfolk, and showed a roll $10,000 thick. He bet it all. He lost it. Ah passed him drivin' to town, he was walking along in the snow, he wouldn't take a ride, just cussin' everything in sight, even the snowflakes.

"The Norfolk bubble finally busted.

TIME: 8:45 AM...TEMPERATURE: 12 BELOW!

GUESS WHOSE CAR STARTED?

THE MAN WITH RISLONE® IN HIS OIL! He didn't run down *his* battery trying to start a stiff engine. Actually, engines don't "freeze". It's the oil. Sub-zero temperatures thicken oil . . . like molasses in January. Engines barely turn over . . . and that's what runs down your battery. **RISLONE** lowers the pour-point and increases the lubricating efficiency of all motor oils, including the new, long-life types. **RISLONE**-reinforced oil flows freely at lowest temperatures. You can count on fast, battery-saving starts every morning, all Winter long. Winter *or* Summer, **RISLONE** cleans out gum and sludge in your engine to guarantee improved engine performance or your money back. Add **RISLONE** at every oil change or when you're down a quart. At your service station or garage.

Ah went on the road, playing some of the top players that had formerly come to Norfolk to play me. Ah won big stakes and ah rolled bad dice. Finally ah learned how they do it, why, the feller asks to see the dice, he is the one that switches them. And they got other tricks. How I had been so *trustin'*! But come to lick that dice habit, bottom dropped out of poo', why I was so well known, had to give impossible odds. Sit in a hotel room waitin' for a call back, hotel bill eat you to death."

In 1953, at age 34, Luther Lassiter found his life dragging. In desperation he made a renegade appearance at the national pocket billiards tournament in San Francisco. "I never saw so many fun players in mah life," Wimpy recalls. "Come to play, I start out fine, then I start staggering around the table. Something was wrong."

In the process of struggling to 20th place in the Frisco contest, Lassiter had been bleeding to death from a perforated ulcer brought on by years of lonely living dedicated to his all-demanding perfectionist sport.

"To see that money ball creep off and hang on the edge of the blame pocket, when you need but one, that gets you after some years," Lassiter explained. "Take Mosconi, even for the fun and glory it got him, tension, pressure, to be the greatest, and he had them strokes, why, the great Greenleaf took to drink."

Lassiter responded to nonsurgical treatment back in North Carolina, then entered a national championship in Allinger's in Philadelphia. He romped through a star-studded field of fun players, but was not permitted to step over the prostrate form of Willie Mosconi, who had declined to appear. No sooner had the contest ended than his stomach rebelled. "Ah could hear them sharpening up those knives in the other room, ah swear I could," Lassiter laughs.

"Spring of '55," he says. "I thought I could try me some poo'. I wouldn't do too good with hardly no stomach, but ah'd try. They was to play the world championships in Kinston, Nohth Cahlina, I wouldn't have far to trot. I was 35 pounds under my weight, I'm six foot, I should be 185. Nahthin' to me. But I heard Mister Mosconi would be there and I would go see him.

"Ah could see right off they were scared of him, but ah didn't care, I never could be scared of any fun player, sick as ah was. And I was the only one come close to beat him. Ah played him twice, and lost 144 to 150 and 146 to 150. Didn't have the strength for them few extra points, sick as I was. Next time ah would, Mister Mosconi he knew that. In 1956 he had an invitation no-title match in Philadelphia. Mister Crane was invited, and Jimmy Caras. I wasn't asked, so I didn't go. Gee, that made me feel bad. I was feeling better, physically, living home, taking care. I was off stakes playing for good, I was a high class tournament fun player. Ah went over to Judas' room in Brooklyn late in 1956 in the nationals and met all them nice fun players, and they were nice to me and I won. I looked but Mister Mosconi wasn't there.'

Lassiter's 1956 wins, plus his old stakes-play reputation, put him at the forefront of American pooldom. Thereafter, during a hiatus in national and world tournament play, Wimpy made some very high-class personal match games on his own, and then in June, 1962, turned up in Johnson City, Illinois, for a three-game tournament specially for money players, organized by George Jansco who was promoting pool in that town.

Even the side betting there was like a World Bank loan; the pressure mounted as Lassiter dominated his flight in the eliminations and Eddie Taylor of Knoxville, Tennessee, dominated the other flight. Finally Lassiter found himself in a playoff with one of the most colorful and deadly hustlers who ever drew a cue. Somehow he squeaked out the winner.

If ability was to be respected, it was inevitable that Lassiter be invited to the world championships in New York. "Ah consider it an honor," says Lassiter, "that they called me. Ah do. It was right nice to socialize with all those fun players, some very fine shooters, fun players, except for Jimmy Moore. Now Jimmy I know well, a stakes player. Now you see who almost whupped me for the title? Jimmy! He finished second, and in our game I got but 95. It was the only game I lost, only one.

"When I was a kid, gee, they said I misspent my time, playin' poo'. Ah don't know. My folks wanted me to be a doctor. Shoot, what am I now, but a doctor of poo'?"

Luther Lassiter hung around New York after the spring championships to make some exhibitions and to appear on "To Tell the Truth" as the new world champion. Only one contestant guessed him. "Shoot," said Wimp. "They all thought Mosconi was."

Departing for North Carolina and some rest, Wimpy said, "Ah do have to practice now. Got me an new English bike, too."

"Going to do some roadwork, get in shape?" we asked.

"Naw, just roll along, thinking. Got a lot on my mind. A poo' player, he's always got a lot on his mind."

Wimpy Lassiter took the train home to Elizabeth City. His bucolic hometown offered him no parade or reception. He walked through town, past the Confectionery where the pool bug bit him, past the school where some of his pool-punishment-planted bushes are still growing. He was a quiet man on a quiet walk, glad to be home.

But in the wake of his victory, the man with the stick that roars has left pooldom in a clamor.

Rumors are flying.

The Mighty Mosconi will spring out of retirement to challenge.

The great Eddie Taylor will knuckle down and trounce him in Johnson City.

Jimmy Moore, playing in cowboy boots no less, will beat him at the New York Athletic Club.

And there is an unknown young shooter in Philly, or in Frisco or in Detroit, who can run 400 balls at the drop of a hint. He is another Mosconi. Just wait until they hold a full scale world championship on an elimination basis. There is talent around the corner nobody's seen, nobody.

"It is true," Luther Lassiter confides. "This poo' boom will bring it out, tremendous fun players. It is going to be a boom like the 1920's when Greenleaf was a star. Ah guess I won't rightly stand a chance, sick as I am, bad as I play."

But if Luther Lassiter has left an impression of premature grayness, self-crippling modesty and enfeebled health, he has left a few other impressions, too. In the recent world championships, he had second highest run, the only big run of the best players, a 113 that he stacked against Irving Crane.

And he was the only player who con-

TRUE

"Don't be silly, Mother, of course you're welcome. Why, Frank has spent all day tidying up a room for you."

sistently showed the nerve to bank a ball out of a tight spot—that is, to take the supreme risk of bouncing it off a cushion, across the table and into a pocket. He did not miss his banks, either.

And he made that 10 ball in the side pocket.

They are still talking about that 10. The cue ball was locked up in a scatter of balls mid-table, blocking a long run in the McGown game. Lassiter frowned and scratched, scouting around the table.

"No shot, no possible shot," the *aficionados* hushed to themselves.

But he elevated his cue, and he shot, and the 10 ball pocketed, despite the fact that two balls lay between the cue ball and the 10.

The men in the stands had risen to their feet as a body, purely amazed. Only a few pool artists among them observed that Lassiter had stroked sharply down on the cue ball causing it to hop and pass through a narrow space between the two balls which barely blocked the shot on the blue and white 10 ball.

A clutch move in a key game. The fans nodded. This was no fun player, a fun player would have played safe.

The career of Luther Lassiter will be followed closely henceforth. Those who know the game state frankly that he will be in contention for some time to come. They are in equal agreement that the pool boom has a long way to go before it levels off.

Interested both in the boom and in Mister Lassiter is Frank Paradise of Paradise Custom Cues. These $50 wands with their fruit salad of fancy inlay draw a big crowd of young players at every exhibition or new-hall opening when they are shown. Paradise passes the lovely sticks around tenderly for all to see.

The young shooter grins. "With this stick I can run 100 balls," he says.

"This stick will help you," says Paradise carefully.

From under a ring of clear plastic halfway down the stick, smiles the confident face of Willie Mosconi.

"I'll take the stick," says the young shooter, "but I don't want Mosconi, I want Lassiter."

"I could slip in a picture of Lassiter, sure," says Paradise happily. "I could slip in a picture of your girl friend, anybody you want."

"I'll take Lassiter," says the shooter. "Man. Tenball in the side." He gives Paradise $10 on account.

A friend says, "I'll play you some 8-ball, two dollars a rack." They are in one of the plush new academies that mark the pool room boom.

"They don't allow no gambling in these new joints," he says.

"So then we'll *wager* a deuce."

"You gotta game."

Luther Lassiter is no fun player, and the chances are that not all the talent that jumps from the pool boom to threaten him will consist of fun players. Let's face it, men, pocket billiards may be a wonderful pastime, but it is a scientific game of incredible precision requiring great skill. You just have to do something to prove you shoot as good as you talk.

"Ah just can't understand," expounds Luther Lassiter, "how come they knock us serious players. How come they don't knock those serious minded gamblers down on Wall Street?"

The Bernard Baruch of pool had spoken.

—Dale Shaw

The No-Surrender Japs and Their One-Girl Harem

[*Continued from page* 47]

crossed the island several times. On its final pass, it swooped low over a 2,500-foot mountain at the northern edge of the Great Basin Jungle and completed an air drop. Although it was obvious that the supplies had zeroed in on the American patrol, no further contact was made until three days later when the entire force again was reported on the beach, re-embarking on the LCI.

Inoue was puzzled. "If they were looking for us," he said to Captain Ishida, "why did they go in that direction? If they were not looking for us, then *what were they searching for?*"

One fact did become clear, however. The LCI had moved up to Sonson at dusk and evacuated every last Chamorro on Anatahan. The evacuation was followed by five months of intensive bombing, with serious damage to the coconut groves, causing not only renewed food shortage, but a devastating setback for the Happy Cocktail Hour.

Then suddenly, overnight, the bombings ceased.

On September 15, 1945, the Americans changed their tactics. "They have failed to bomb us out," said Inoue to his men with overtones of pride, "so now they are trying to *lure* us out."

The lure he referred to was another American ship, a patrol vessel, which circled the island several times, blasting the jungles with a high-pitched amplifying system that could be heard half a mile inland:

> "To all Japanese troops! To all Japanese troops! On August 15th the Emperor of Japan proclaimed his complete surrender. The war is over. All can now board American ships and go back to Japan. I am Lieutenant Commander Sato Shyo of Pagan Headquarters. . . ."

The Japanese listened in stolid disbelief. The patrol vessel steamed slowly along the coastline and soon was out of sight.

A seaman named Nakagawa voiced what the others were thinking: "Do they think we're fools?" he asked quietly. The small band dispersed to their tasks.

Twice in succeeding months, American ships came to broadcast their message from offshore. Each time, they landed small parties on Sonson beach and left packages of food for the garrison.

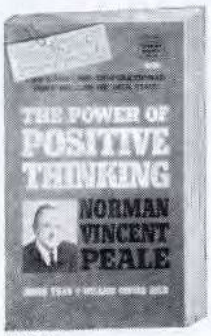
The months passed with ever-growing monotony; Inoue watched morale sink

NOW IN PAPERBACK

THESE FAMOUS BESTSELLERS BY THE MAN WHO HAS HELPED MILLIONS

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING

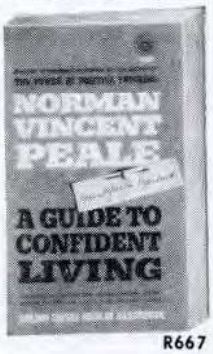


R608

The greatest inspirational bestseller of our time—dramatic proof that faith in yourself *can* work miracles. "This book has furnished me great spiritual strength and peace of mind."
—J. Edgar Hoover

A GUIDE TO CONFIDENT LIVING

This amazing book will show you, step-by-step, in clear readable language, how to use the power of your mind to achieve success and happiness. "It is more than a formula. It is a dramatic picture that may become your portrait for life."
—Dr. Daniel A. Poling in the Christian Herald



R667

Norman Vincent Peale is nationally known through his newspaper columns, radio and TV programs, magazine articles and bestselling books. He has been hailed as "the most widely read inspirational writer of our generation."

CREST BOOKS Only 60c Each Wherever Paperbacks Are Sold

Buy these Crest Books from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of books plus 10¢ each for postage and handling to Crest Books, P.O. Box 1014, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

"Wow—did you scare the hell out of 'em today!"

and resentment build up. Even the air raids were missed, as the garrison battled its worst enemy, boredom, during most of 1946. Another death was recorded when a man named Ishimori died from eating a poisonous fish.

Then, in September, 1946, there occurred an event of profound significance to the lost men of Anatahan. In the northern mountains of the island, they discovered—or rather Kazuko discovered—the wreck of an American B-29. For almost three years, the garrison had suffered the most severe privations. Now they had the enlivening hope of some relief.

In the wreck they found six huge parachutes, seven large tanks for holding liquids, cans of oil, tinned rations, a broken sword, shell casings, leather pouches, aluminum sheeting, Plexiglas, engine parts, and other treasures.

Each man was allotted several yards of parachute cloth with which to fashion clothing to replace the banana-leaf attire they had been reduced to wearing. Parachute cord was meticulously unraveled, then rewoven into various strengths of fishing line. There was suddenly plenty of metal for fish hooks, including the steel springs from the machine-gun mountings, which were later filed into shark hooks. Engine bolts were fashioned into chisels and other cutting and drilling tools. Plexiglas and strips of rubber found their way into pairs of underwater goggles, and aluminum ribbing into fish spears.

One of the most ingenious users of material was Michiro Murayama who, having been a musician in civilian life, eventually fashioned not one, but *five* complete samisens—traditional three-stringed Japanese instruments—from aluminum, wood and thin wire.

But while the discovery provided improved tools for living, it also introduced weapons for dying. A seaman named Nishino salvaged two automatic pistols and about 80 rounds of ammunition. One of these he gave to his friend, seaman Yanagabashi.

"Who has authority around here now?" seaman Nishino asked his shipmates with a meaningful grin. "*This* has." Then he would tap the automatic lovingly, which he wore thrust into his belt.

Months later, Nishino killed a man, and was himself killed by his friend Yanagabashi in the course of an argument. There were no witnesses to the shootings and Inoue found himself powerless to hold court-martial. During 1947, four other violent deaths grew out of small power struggles among the weary and embittered Japanese.

1948, however, started off well. Human ingenuity had progressed so far that the survivors were able to celebrate with an astonishing feast. The menu consisted of Tempura, with various fish; a form of squash; fresh-picked kidney beans; a dressing similar to tapioca made from taro root; boiled coconut crabs; lizard filets, and roast fish.

The fresh vegetables were made possible through the courtesy of "The Robinson Crusoe Plan." This was a procedure launched by Inoue around the end of 1946, whereby all vegetables found near the native sites at Sonson were carefully de-seeded, or otherwise processed, so that they could be carefully planted. By late 1947, because of the rapid growth of plant-life in the tropics, some crops had flourished remarkably.

After the meal the musician, Marayuma, and others he had trained, led the survivors in singing *Kimigayo,* the Japanese National Anthem, accompanied by their home-made samisens. Captain Usui offered a lengthy prayer. Petty Officer Inoue delivered a pep talk, a pronouncement that 1948 would see the tide turning in their favor, with the arrival of a ship from the homeland and a chance to join other forces of the Emperor in the continued fight against the enemy.

But little of consequence occurred that year, or even until well through 1949.

In the fall of 1949, the cycle of the lotus-eating existence was altered abruptly. The planter Kikuichiro Higa had long ago lost control of his rambunctious mistress Kazuko, and the girl was dispensing her sexual favors in a rotation system among a select few. More than once, her suitors had set at each other with murderous intent. One of the suitors, the sailor Chiba, killed another man in a rage of jealousy, and Inoue was unable to prosecute the case for lack of witnesses.

In order to halt Kazuko's promiscuous round-robin, Inoue ordered her to pick a "husband" and be married in a ceremony which Captain Ishida would perform. The girl selected Chiba.

They lived together peacefully for a time, but later it became apparent that Chiba was a brutal wife-beater. Thus it was that Kazuko, frightened that she might one day be killed, began a vigilant watch seaward in the hope that a ship—even an American ship—might come close enough for her to signal.

In the middle of June, 1950, Inoue received word that Kazuko was missing, and had not been seen for more than two weeks. The petty officer suspected that Chiba finally had over-extended his brutality, killed the girl, and hidden her body.

A lookout, however, emerged from his encampment on a northern cliff and made a disturbing report to Inoue: "Three days ago," he said, "an enemy cutter came in toward shore. I saw Kazuko run out of the jungle and wave to the Americans. They landed a small boat and took her away. When they were gone, I crept down to the beach and found this packet." He handed a small box to Inoue.

Inside were two letters, one addressed to private Tanaka, the other to Inoue himself. Tanaka, when summoned, read his letter, then flung it vigorously to the ground. "This looks like a real message from my family, but it is a fake! There is no way the Americans could get to my wife to have her write such a letter!"

Inoue studied his own letter intently, reading the lines over and over again. ". . . we are all very well. Our children have grown up during these six years. Isao is now in the sixth year class of primary school, and Michiko just entered school this spring. Your brother died on the 20th of December. . . ."

Inoue's hand shook as he folded the letter and placed it inside his shirt. As the ranking officer, he was not forced to say "These are genuine," or "These are fakes." So he simply took them back to his hut.

Careful though Inoue was to conceal his feelings, there was one man at least who perceived the petty officer's emotion. He was Ichiro Nakagawa, a sailor from the *Akabono,* who had felt the sting of Inoue's authority many times on Anatahan and who harbored a festering

hatred for the commander. He talked Captain Ishida into making a declaration that the garrison must not succumb to the tricks of the enemy, and that anyone who did was a traitor.

With the disrupting influence of the woman no longer a burden, the Japanese garrison—now numbering 20 survivors—was in a position to consolidate. Inoue and his men had established numerous gardens. The coconut trees had come back after the final bombings almost five years before. The lizard, crab and bat diets had become well supplemented with fresh fish.

Inoue had carefully kept track of every single date since their arrival, using a series of more and more elaborate calendars as he found new materials. On a sheet of aluminum from the *B-29* he would etch the year, month, dates and days of the week with a sharp stylus. His daily log was kept on crude paper made from pounded fibers, marked by a pencil stick of hard charcoal, or with a quill and ink made from a purplish berry that grew in the interior.

Even medical problems had been minimized. The men had perfected a healing ointment from refined lizard oil mixed with an extract from a plant the natives had once told them about. Bruises or stiff muscles were treated with hot water bottles made from the skin of several pigs that had been captured wild in the interior. For stomach disorders, the men drank a potion made largely from papayas, which had at first been rare but had been successfully cultivated.

Fire never had been a problem. Shortly after the survivors landed in 1944, the natives had shown them how to construct a "firemaker." Dried coconut fibers were placed in a coconut shell with wisps of dry grass. While one man held the shell steady, another spun a straight wooden spindle, using a bow-like object. The resultant friction sparked the fibers which were fanned into flame.

But from that day in June, 1950, when the letters had arrived Inoue's thoughts were less and less concerned with Robinson Crusoe methods of survival. He found himself wanting to believe the letters were real, that his wife, Hisako, was waiting for him with his sturdy young son and pretty daughter. Yet he was afraid of American deception. It would be a sad thing for the garrison to surrender after all these years and find it had been tricked.

Weeks passed. Late in December, 1950, another ship put into the beach with more letters, this time addressed to half the men on the island, including several no longer living. There was another for Inoue, too, with snapshots of his children. His reaction was one of great joy. *Now there could be no doubt!* The other men would be convinced, too, and they could immediately make plans for leaving their island prison.

But the wiry little petty officer was in for a shock. After reading his letters in the privacy of his hut, he walked quickly to the headquarters compound to rally his men in making evacuation plans. He found not joy, but anger and defiance.

Nakagawa was haranguing a dozen of the men, who nodded bitterly as he spoke. "It is that bitch Kazuko who has done it. She has given the Americans our names. She has told them about us from what we have talked about many times—about our relatives, where we lived, what we did before the war. Now the Americans have used the information to forge letters. . . ."

Inoue kept silence: he did not show himself, and returned quietly to his hut.

A few days later, Nakagawa and eight of the dissidents seized the machine gun position and all other weapons within reach. Inoue now had nothing to back up his authority with, and realized his life was in danger every minute.

Nakagawa, knowing that some of the men still had respect for Inoue, decided to put his authority to the test early in January, 1951. While he, Inoue and others were gathering for the still habitual Happy Cocktail Hour, he made it a point to insult the petty officer openly, referring to "weaklings who want to give up and go home."

As the men watched, silent and tense, Inoue rose calmly and walked over to the big seaman. Nakagawa stood there defiantly, hands crossed over his chest, a smirk on his thick lips.

"Seaman Nakagawa, your words indicate disrespect to an officer, to the Imperial Navy and to the Emperor."

Standing with his body a five-foot, five-inch ramrod, and using the flat of his hand, Inoue slapped Nakagawa five times across the mouth with brutal force. Then he turned and strode back across the clearing in the direction of his own hut. Thereafter, Nakagawa's claim to leadership was an empty one—in spite of his custody of the machine gun and carbines.

Now Junji Inoue retreated almost completely from the group, except for individual talks with men who had remained completely loyal to him. Gradually he brought about half of the garrison around to his belief that the war really was ended. He moved his quarters to the hills, just above the beach where the Americans had last landed. Winter and spring passed. In the interim, he suffered one more loss, that of Captain Ishida, who crushed his hand and suffered blood poisoning, and died in agony and delirium.

As the months passed, even Inoue's followers began to lose hope. "They have given up," said Captain Usui one day. "If the war is really over, the Americans have gone back to their own families. Why would they waste time trying to repatriate men like us—their longtime enemy?"

"They will come," replied Inoue

COMING . . .

Alan Hynd describes in chilling detail THE CASE OF THE CLUES THAT DEFIED GRAVITY—an amazing crime story. . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Mental Poisoning!

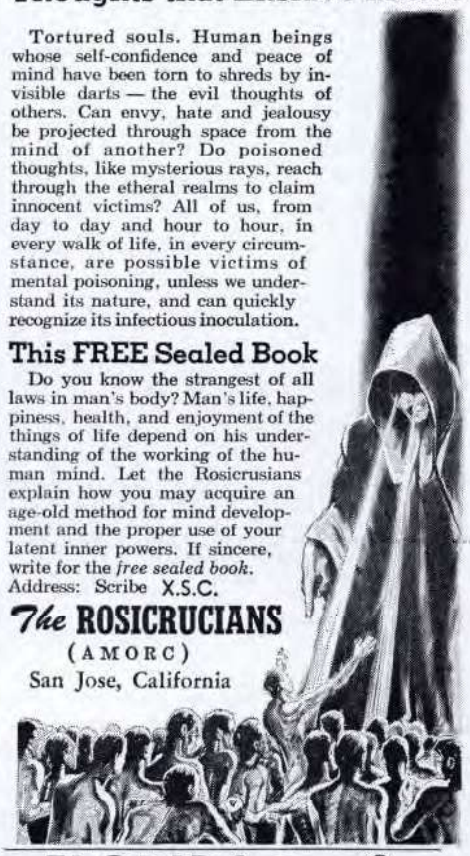
Thoughts that Enslave Minds

Tortured souls. Human beings whose self-confidence and peace of mind have been torn to shreds by invisible darts — the evil thoughts of others. Can envy, hate and jealousy be projected through space from the mind of another? Do poisoned thoughts, like mysterious rays, reach through the etheral realms to claim innocent victims? All of us, from day to day and hour to hour, in every walk of life, in every circumstance, are possible victims of mental poisoning, unless we understand its nature, and can quickly recognize its infectious inoculation.

This FREE Sealed Book

Do you know the strangest of all laws in man's body? Man's life, happiness, health, and enjoyment of the things of life depend on his understanding of the working of the human mind. Let the Rosicrusians explain how you may acquire an age-old method for mind development and the proper use of your latent inner powers. If sincere, write for the *free sealed book.* Address: Scribe X.S.C.

The **ROSICRUCIANS**
(AMORC)
San Jose, California



FLORIDA

CAMPSITES—deep in the heart of the great (440,000 acre) Ocala National Forest. Isolated, yet accessible. Electricity. Best fishing, hunting. Warranty deed.
FREE maps and photos.
H. VERNOR, DeLand, Florida
AD 63052

PART TIME INCOME!

Sell Advertising Matchbooks to Businesses in Your Area!
Fast, easy "order from the catalog" selling, with big cash commissions and steady repeat orders. Free sales kit shows you where and how to get orders. Part or full time. No experience needed. No investment, no risk. Every business a prospect! Write today for details!
MATCH CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Dept. TR14, 3433-43 W. 48th Place, Chicago 32, Ill.

Graphoanalysis

LEARN TO ANALYZE HANDWRITING—THE PROVED, SCIENTIFIC WAY!
YOU can learn to analyze character from handwriting. Clinically proved principles of Graphoanalysis help you understand people—including yourself. Fascinating home-study training. Many career opportunities for both men and women, full or spare time. Send for FREE catalog and sample lesson. No salesman will call. (State age.)
Free! TRIAL LESSON
INTERNATIONAL GRAPHOANALYSIS SOCIETY, INC.
325 West Jackson Blvd., Dept. AX-9, Chicago 6, Illinois

$6.44 AN HOUR IN YOUR OWN BUSINESS

STEP INTO THIS BOOMING $19 BILLION A YEAR INDUSTRY

Hundreds of accidents and losses will happen this year in *your* community. We'll show you how to investigate and adjust these losses for insurance companies, railroads, government offices. You buy NO tools or equipment. You do NO selling. You need NO prior experience or higher education. And you can operate out of your own home. *Right now independent Accident Investigators average $6.44 an hour.* We'll train you quickly to do the same. Start part-time if now employed. Fill the need for an Accident Investigation specialist in your area. Colorful booklet explains everything. Absolutely no obligation on your part. No salesman will call. Write TODAY for FREE Booklet.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOLS, A-1, 6801 Hillcrest, Dallas 5, Texas

firmly. Then, on June 6, 1951, an American plane of a type never seen by them before flew in low and scattered leaflets. The message, in Japanese, said that an American ship with more letters would arrive at the beach within three days.

"It is up to me to take the first step," Inoue said to Usui. "I shall go down to the beach alone when the ship arrives. Keep a lookout from my cabin. After I have gone aboard the ship, I shall be able to size up the situation. When—and if—I am convinced peace is a reality, I shall wave vigorously from the stern, using both hands."

"What if you do not wave?"

"*A-a*, then retreat to a new hideout, and tell my men that I have been wrong and shall make final peace with my God."

On Sunday, June 9, the American ship put in close to the beach, right on schedule. When its whaleboat touched the rocky beach, Inoue stepped from the jungle wall. In his left hand, he carried a small white flag on a stick. In his right, he gripped a net bag of ichibi fiber which contained three days' supply of fruit, four homemade knives, two needles, a firemaker, two pairs of underwater goggles, extra sandals, a bottle of lizard oil, aluminum buttons, a stick of homemade glue, cord, a rubber pouch, a razor, two sinkers, a chisel, and other personal effects.

He was dressed in a spotless white uniform, made long ago and folded in an aluminum box for such an occasion; the uniform had a sleeveless nylon shirt and shorts stitched from parachute cloth. He wore new fiber sandals and military cap with a stiff visor, fashioned from coconut bark.

Aboard the vessel, the Navy tug *Venus*, Petty Officer First Class Inoue bowed low and formally surrendered to the skipper, Lt. Comdr. James B. Johnson. After speaking briefly with an interpreter—one of the natives who had been on Anatahan in 1944—there was no longer any doubt in Inoue's mind. As the ship got under way, heading south, he walked briskly to the stern and looked back toward Anatahan, his home for seven full years. Then he raised both hands high and waved.

After further negotiations and another airdrop of leaflets, final surrender plans were made. Then on June 30, 1951, the sea-going tug, U.S.S. *Cocopa*, arrived and put a boat ashore. At precisely 10 a.m., the jungle foliage parted and the remaining 18 Japanese holdouts appeared, laden with equipment and carrying a large white flag. World War II finally was over.

—By Wilbur Cross & Tadd Fisher

A Rare Look at Rare People

[*Continued from page* 61]

for the talker to "turn the tip" (bring the crowd into the tent), he would always call Sally to the "bally platform" (just outside the tent) for her come-on dance. Sally's dancing was uproariously amusing, and Sally enjoyed it as much as the crowd. After a minute or so, the talker would shout through his mike, "What you've seen out here ain't even a shinney, come in and watch Sally do the African shimmy." Sally then rushed inside, followed by the delighted tip.

Years later I met the talker again. He told me that because some conscientious individuals had complained to the police about exploitation, the little group had been broken up and the pinheads sent to different institutions. "I finally managed to locate Sally," the talker said. "She missed her friends and was miserably unhappy. She was sleeping on the floor, the food was terrible, and no one paid any attention to her. I asked if I could get her out by signing papers making myself legally responsible for her. The director told me, 'We don't want her here. She's restless, unhappy and keeps trying to escape. Besides, we're so overcrowded we've got patients sleeping in the lobby and three to a bed—mentally disturbed patients who *have* to be institutionalized. Get her out any way you can.' So I signed the papers and got Sally. Now if she misbehaves herself, all I need to do is say, 'Sally, I'm going to send you back to the institution,' and she'll run off and hide."

Perhaps the reason we feel an obligation to dislike freaks today is our current passion for uniformity. The "best" TV show is always the one that appeals to the greatest number of people. In schools, a "brain" is more suspect than a dunce because, after all, there are more dunces. The "socially well-adjusted" child is the ideal because he is a carbon copy of everyone else.

Many great men owe their drive to some physical or psychological handicap. If Napoleon had been another six inches taller, he would never have had to conquer Europe. Julius Caesar was accused of being weak and effeminate. To prove otherwise, he became the first figure in Rome. Winston Churchill was thrown out of school as a worthless non-conformist. He saved England. One of the most hopeless freaks of all time was a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller. Because she wasn't confined to a "home," she had her chance to revolutionize the treatment of the handicapped.

History is studded with people whose freakishness gave them an insight ordinary men do not possess. Some 600 years B.C., a Greek nobleman named Iadmon living on Samos had a freak slave. This unfortunate was a hunchback described as having "an enormous head with slit eyes, a long, misshapen countenance, a large mouth and bowed legs. A servant girl meeting him asked, 'Are you a baboon?'" Because he was cut off from humanity by his revolting appearance, this man made friends with animals. He told numerous short tales with animal heroes illustrating the weaknesses of people. His stories were so biting and his looks so disgusting that he was finally killed by a mob. His name was Aesop.

Many freaks have felt this dedicated sense of set-apartness. Often it has taken a religious bent. In the 3rd century, a giant named Christopher, a servant of the king of Canaan who valued him because of his great physical strength, left the king on discovering that his royal master was a coward. Converted to Christianity, the giant contemptuously refused to live the closed-off life of a monk and instead elected to help his fellowman by carrying travelers across a river which, in time of flood, was unfordable to all others. There is a beloved legend that during a stormy night he saved a tot who had wandered into the river, and later found he had been granted the boon of rescuing a visitation of the Christ Child. It is no legend that the freakish St. Christopher was a real person, and he is now the patron saint of travelers.

Other freaks have distinguished themselves in other religions. In 15th-century China there was a remarkable man named Hsich Hsuan who had flesh so transparent that his bones and other organs were clearly visible. Cut off from ordinary men because of this peculiarity, Hsuan turned to the study of philosophy and religion. He received the much-coveted Chu Jen degree as a young man, and later entered public life, where, ultimately, he was accused of accepting bribes and sentenced to death. Hsuan went to the scaffold reading a treatise on Confucianism, and was reprieved at the last moment. He was later canonized, and a tablet recounting his deeds lay in a Confucian temple up at least to a few years ago.

The fact by itself that a man is a freak means he automatically commands attention. Any number of people have deliberately transformed themselves into freaks as a means of impressing their personalities on the public consciousness. We may even say of a man with a flamboyant beard, "he looks freakish." I know a salesman who has shaved his head and grown a spiked mustache and goatee. He explains his reason frankly: "Everyone says on meeting me, 'Say, you look like the devil.' And each of them thinks he invented the gag. I laugh like hell each time I hear it. But people remember me and dealers say, 'Give the order to that fellow who looks like the devil, whatever his name is.' I don't care whether they remember my name or not as long as I get the orders."

One of the most remarkable cases of a man's deliberately turning himself into a horrible freak is the Great Omi, the Zebra Man. The Great Omi is the son of a wealthy, upper-class Englishman, and he attended one of the great English public schools. Tall, handsome and cultivated, he entered the British army, where he became a major. In World War I he fought with the Desert Mountain Corps in Mesopotamia, and was decorated for bravery. After the war he came into a considerable inheritance, which he squandered in riotous living. Trying to re-enter the army, he was rejected, then lost what little money he had left in a farming venture.

Ruined and despondent, he had one last inspiration. His hobby had always been the circus life, and he knew that freaks often made considerable sums of

money. In 1922, the ex-officer went to George Burchett, the famous London tattooer, and asked to have himself completely tattooed from head to foot. The design he chose had nothing to do with the conventional ships and girls; instead he had his entire body, including his face and even the top of his head, covered with black zebralike stripes one inch wide. The job took 150 hours and required 500 plastic surgery operations, because certain areas, such as the eye cavities and the throat, cannot ordinarily be tattooed. The pain of the tattooing was so intense that Burchett was able to do an average of only two inches a day, but at last the job was completed.

As the Great Omi, the former officer has received some of the highest fees paid in European show business. In 1938 he appeared in Ripley's "Believe It or Not" show on Broadway, then toured with Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey; he has been exhibited in Madison Square Garden and has traveled all over Europe and America. During World War II, he again tried to re-enlist but was rejected this time because of his appearance, so he spent the battle years exhibiting himself for war charities and making a motion picture for 20th-Century-Fox, his salary for which he contributed to the troops.

Although few people would care to go to the extremes that the Great Omi did, many a man born with a natural deformity has so capitalized on it that he's risen to power and fame. A prime example was Triboulet, court jester to Francis I of France during the early part of the 16th century. Triboulet's life inspired Victor Hugo's famous play *Le Roi s'amuse* and forms the basis of Verdi's immortal *Rigoletto*, one of the best loved of all operas. Triboulet was probably a dwarf and unquestionably a pinhead—although he was far from being an imbecile. His head came to such a sharp point that he wore half an orange peel as a cap. A contemporary of his observed: "His bowed back, short and twisted legs, and long, dangling arms amused the ladies, who regarded him as though he were a monkey." He also had enormous ears.

Triboulet was a native of Blois, and had been jester to Francis while the latter was Count of Angoulême. When Francis became king in 1515, he took Triboulet along with him. The courtiers were jealous of the freak's influence over the weak, dissipated monarch, and Triboulet revenged himself by making jokes at the nobles' expense. Once when Francis was handing out awards to notables, the king asked, at the conclusion of the ceremony, "Now, is there anything else I can do to show how France feels toward these great men?" Triboulet said contemptuously, "Yes, hang the bastards." One of the nobles turned furiously on the jester and shouted, "I'll cut your throat for that, you scoundrel!" Francis promptly told the angry lord, "I'll have your head off 10 minutes after you kill Triboulet." Triboulet interposed, "Excuse me, cousin Francis, but couldn't you arrange to do it 10 minutes *before*?"

Yet the king's favor was not always able to protect Triboulet from the vic-

TRUE

"Do your good deed for the day. Get lost."

THROUGH PARIS WITH GUN AND LAUGHTER—and a beautiful girl who seeks a missing fortune among the boulevards—and boudoirs—of the City of Love

CHARADE

SEE THE GREAT MOTION PICTURE—READ THE NOVEL BY PETER STONE

k1358 40c

A GOLD MEDAL BOOK FROM FAWCETT WORLD LIBRARY

Buy this book from your local news dealer. If your dealer is sold out, send 40c plus 10c for postage and handling to Gold Medal Books, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch – Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

Automatic Savings is Sure Savings . . U. S. Savings Bonds . .

REAL ESTATE BE A BROKER

PAYS BIG! Be Your Own Boss in a Pleasant Career

Graduates report substantial incomes. Men and Women of all ages prepare easily and quickly regardless of previous experience. Course covers sales, loans, appraising & related subjects. Diploma Awarded. Study at home or in major cities. Send NOW for Big FREE Book. No obligation. FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

Accredited Member National Home Study Council. VA Approved.

WEAVER SCHOOL OF REAL ESTATE (Est. 1936)

3523-C Broadway Kansas City, Mo.—64111

LEARN MEAT CUTTING

Train quickly in 8 short weeks at Toledo for a bright future with security in the vital meat business. Big pay, full-time jobs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN! Pay after graduation. Diploma given. Job help. Thousands of successful graduates. Our 40th year! Send now for big new illustrated FREE catalog. No obligation. G. I. Approved. NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, Dept. T-49, Toledo 4, Ohio.

"I want to speak to you about that dizzy blonde I saw you with last night . . . what's her telephone number?"

tims of his practical jokes. There was the time he slit the seat of a young noble's breeches so neatly that the young man didn't realize what had happened until his bare bottom started popping out as he bowed to the ladies. That evening, the nobleman, together with some friends, waylaid Triboulet as he was leaving the palace. The terrified dwarf was dragged to the town gibbet and nailed to it by his big ears. Triboulet was nearly dead when he was found next morning. The furious king called up all the lords Triboulet accused of having taken part in the plot, but none would confess. At last the king gave up and told his jester, "I've cross-questioned everyone and they all deny being involved." Triboulet replied bitterly, "Well, that leaves only me, and I promise you I didn't nail down my ears."

Not even the king was safe from Triboulet's jokes. Once during a dinner when the king was far gone in wine, he grew tired of the jester's sneers and said angrily, "Remember our relationship, fool!" Triboulet retorted, "I remember it well. I'm a better man than you on two counts—I'm not king and I'm not drunk." The king burst out laughing, and Triboulet was saved.

So many stories are told of Triboulet that it is impossible now to separate truth from legend. According to a widely believed tale, Francis became enamoured of the beautiful young Diana de Poitiers, daughter of the aristocratic Count de Saint-Valliera. Francis kidnaped the girl and seduced her. Her outraged father denounced the king before the entire court. Triboulet mimicked the heartbroken old man's gestures behind his back while the court howled with laughter. When the count turned and found what was going on, he laid this curse on the jester: "May you suffer as I do." The story says the curse was fulfilled when the courtiers, to avenge themselves on the jester, kidnaped his own daughter and turned her over to the king. Triboulet died of grief. It is on this legend that Hugo, and later Verdi, based their works.

Of all freaks, hermaphrodites have probably exerted the greatest fascination for normal people. When in 1952 a young ex-GI named Jorgensen went to Denmark and was "transformed" into a woman by a surgical operation, there was an international rumpus. Although the popular interest in "half-and-halfs," as they're known in sideshows, is usually dismissed as being merely morbid, it is more than that. Every man possesses certain female characteristics, and every woman, certain masculine traits, as the great number of homosexuals shows. Most normal people are ashamed of possessing such opposing qualities, but are still conscious of them. In franker societies, such as ancient Greece and Rome, the hermaphrodite was worshiped as a god . . . the name itself comes from Hermaphroditus, son of Hermes and Aphrodite, who was joined to a nymph while bathing. In the Temple of Isis in Pompeii there is still a nude statue of a hermaphrodite. At least one hermaphrodite used the public attitude of combined curiosity and awe to help him—or her—alter the course of history.

This strange personality was the Chevalier d'Eon, who had a profound effect on European politics of the latter 18th century. The chevalier was born in Burgundy to the wife of a prominent lawyer. Baptized Genevieve, the child was raised as a girl to the age of 3. Then the parents apparently deciding they'd made a mistake, dressed their offspring as a boy and later sent him to a military school. Seemingly, young d'Eon was a case of pseudohermaphroditism, the name given the physical state in which the male organs do not appear until late. However, the chevalier never had to shave and physically resembled a pretty young girl rather than a boy. The resemblance was so marked that the French courtiers, as a joke, introduced d'Eon to Louis XV, who attempted the expected royal seduction—to his subsequent embarrassment. But the king saw a use for the strange youth and sent him to Russia as a secret agent, where he quickly gained the favor of the Empress Elizabeth, a lady of versatile interests in sexual matters. D'Eon acted as a highly efficient spy for Louis, who, in appreciation, made him a captain of dragoons. Despite his girlish appearance, the chevalier proceeded to distinguish himself in combat, and acquired the reputation of being the deadliest duelist in Europe.

France had been disastrously defeated by England in a series of long, bloody wars and had to sue for peace. Louis sent the young dragoon captain to England as his special agent to arrange terms, and d'Eon caused a sensation. The betting on his sex ran into thousands of pounds and became so serious that at Lloyd's Coffee House (which eventually became the famous insurance house of Lloyd's of London) it was feared that if the matter was ever settled, so much money would change hands as to cause a national panic. Husbands urged their wives and fathers their daughters to seduce the chevalier and solve the mystery, and gamblers hired ruffians to waylay him, but d'Eon was immune to female wiles and too capable a swordsman to be attacked. He succeeded in arranging the notorious Peace of Paris on terms so favorable to France that John Wilkes said angrily, "This must indeed be the peace of God, for it passes human understanding." In 1645 the chevalier was involved under Bonnie Prince Charlie in the civil wars of England, in which Scottish forces played a considerable part. During this period of diplomacy and machination, d'Eon did so much for France that Beaumarchais, the great dramatist, described him as "a second Jeanne d'Arc," to which Voltaire, who despised the man-woman, retorted, "Yes, and should meet the same fate."

When Louis XV died, d'Eon fell from favor. He then blackmailed Louis XVI by threatening to make public letters from Louis XV's court proving that France had supported the Scottish uprising. Louis agreed to settle a yearly income on d'Eon of 12,000 livres—with the understanding that from then on d'Eon

would always dress as a woman. The chevalier agreed, although he still kept up his swordwork and was often seen at Angelo's famous fencing salon in hoopskirt and wig, thrusting away. He died in 1810 at the age of 82, the question of his sex virtually forgotten, until the doctor who had attended him lifted up the sheet covering the corpse and staggered back with the cry, "It's a man!" d'Eon's great mystery had at last been solved, but now no one cared.

A number of freaks have contributed to medical knowledge, not through being locked up and studied as though they were laboratory specimens, but by being allowed to live their own lives. The scientific treatment of the mentally retarded was brought about by two famous freaks. One was Antonio el Inglés, a feeble-minded dwarf in the Spanish court, who appears in Velasquez's famous painting *Las Meninas*. The king was so interested in Antonio that in 1656 he assigned a teacher to try training the boy. It was not until 1799 that a similar attempt was made. That year, hunters in the Aveyron forest of France saw running ahead of them a strange creature "four-footed, hairy and mute," which their dogs brought down. The catch proved to be a boy of about 12. The hunters brought him back and sold him to a showman, who exhibited him in Paris as "The Wild Boy of Aveyron."

A young doctor named Jean Itard saw the boy. He was seemingly a hopeless imbecile, naked and dirty, who spent most of his time rocking back and forth crouched on his heels, his eyes unfocusing. Itard decided to see what he could do. He purchased the boy and took him home.

The child seemed more animal than human. He never walked normally, always running either on all fours or bent over. He was unable to sit in a chair. He smelled everything handed him before touching it. Many of his actions were completely incomprehensible. When given a dead canary, he expertly plucked it, opened it with his nails, smelt its insides—and dropped it. He would ignore a pistol fired over his head, but jump when a walnut was cracked. Snuff did not make him sneeze, and he could pick potatoes from boiling water. Dr. Itard, working slowly and with infinite patience, was able at last to train him to perform simple tasks and thus gradually won his confidence. Then Itard determined to try a cruel experiment because "I had to find out if he was indeed an animal or capable of telling right from wrong." The doctor had occasionally punished the boy for various faults, and the child had accepted the punishments without resentment. Now Itard deliberately punished the boy unjustly. He wrote, in his subsequent scientific report, "The boy rushed at me, bit me, then ran and hid in a closet, weeping bitterly. I also wept at my cruelty."

After two years, the once wild creature was "an almost normal child, although he never learned to speak." He could, however, read a few words, was clean, affectionate and well-mannered. He lived to about the age of 40.

With this experience, Itard later trained a Doctor Séguin, who put his knowledge to such good use in helping the mentally retarded that he became known as "the apostle of the idiot." Séguin's work, in turn, strongly influenced Montessori, the father of modern education methods.

From a purely scientific view, freaks have greatly helped researchers to understand the complexities of the human body. This has been especially true of "double-freaks"—twins born joined together, as in the famous case of the Siamese twins, Chang and Eng. In 1824 a British merchant named Robert Hunter was sailing down the Chao Phraya River near Bangkok, Siam, when he caught sight of what seemed to be a strange sea monster swimming ahead of his vessel. Hunter clapped a telescope to his eye and saw, to his astonishment, that the monster was really two young men, attached to each other at the chest, but still able to swim easily. They were then 19, and Hunter took them on a tour of Europe and America, during which the brothers became internationally famous. Doctors studied the boys with the idea of separating them, but since there was a continuous peritoneal cavity from one to the other, as well as intercommunication of the livers, it was decided that such an operation would be fatal.

The brothers were a curious mixture of separate and united beings, both mentally and physically. If one was fed dye, it didn't appear in the other's urine, yet colored material injected into Chang's blood stream entered Eng's body in the lower abdominal cavity. Chang was a heavy drinker and often got drunk, but Eng, who was a teetotaler, was unaffected. The brothers had separate minds, speaking and thinking independently, yet they could not play chess together because each could foresee the other's moves. They also dreamed the same dreams. They were excellent businessmen. When they reached the legal age of 21, they got rid of Hunter and went into business for themselves. By 1833, having saved $60,000—a considerable sum then—they bought a farm near Mt. Airy, North Carolina. They built a log cabin and are credited with having invented the "double stroke" with axes. The neighbors said they could do the work of any four ordinary men. Expert shots and good woodsmen, they killed a famous wolf called Bobtail which had been destroying cattle.

In 1843 the brothers married sisters, Sarah and Adelaide Yeats, daughters of a Baptist clergyman. This was the beginning of their troubles. The brothers never fought, but their wives did. Chang and Eng tried to solve the problem by building separate homes and dividing their time between spouses. Together, they fathered 22 children (Chang had 10 and Eng 12). Several of their offspring became bankers, one a major general, and one a president of the Union Pacific Railroad.

But the constant quarrels of the wives so depressed the brothers that once they asked a Dr. Joseph Hollingsworth to

"A POOR WORKMAN BLAMES HIS TOOLS"

Correctly used hand and power tools guarantee professional results. Let MI help you build every project like an expert.

MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
THE HOW-TO-DO MAGAZINE

Still only 25c

NOW every Savings Bond you own —old or new—earns ½% more than ever before.

FOR SPEEDY SERVICE

1102171 647 98 24 0664
T M BROWN
5936 23rd PARKWAY
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20031

WE'RE LOST WITHOUT THIS LABEL

Well, not really lost—but we can do things faster for you if you **send along the ADDRESS LABEL** from your magazine **any time you write to us about your subscription.**

attach label here

CHANGE OF ADDRESS
If you're moving, please let us know six weeks before changing your address. Better still, attach the magazine address label to this form, and print your new address here.

name
street
city state Zip

TRUE Sub. Dept., Greenwich, Conn. 06830

RINGTHEBELL on Archive.org

cut them apart, even if it killed them. Hollingsworth refused, so the brothers went back on the road again to get away from their wives. Chang's drinking became so bad that he suffered a stroke; with Chang's left arm and leg paralyzed, the brothers were forced to abandon show business and return to their farm. Here, in 1874, Chang developed pneumonia. One morning Eng's youngest son entered the bedroom, and his father, lying with face averted, said, "Boy, how is your Uncle Chang?" The boy went over to the bed and gave the final answer: "Cold and dead." Eng burst into tears. "Then I am finished, too," he said and died shortly afterward.

The bodies were considered so valuable they were at first soldered in a tin coffin to prevent their being stolen; later, permission was obtained from the widows to have them autopsied. The results fill several shelves of medical libraries. Of a highly technical nature they added considerably to medical knowledge of the human anatomy. The cause of death in Eng's case, incidentally, proved to be shock.

Curious legal, moral and physical problems were created by the Bohemian twins, Rosa and Josepha Blazek, who lived during the latter part of the last century. They were joined at the sacrum, the lower part of the spine, and were very different temperamentally. Rosa was gentle and quiet, while Josepha was gay and frivolous. In 1900 the girls entered a hospital in Prague, where Rosa was delivered of a baby boy. According to the story, Josepha had been seduced, but Rosa had had the child. The question was, who had committed adultery and whose child was it? The child's father offered to marry either or both of the girls, but the courts forbade the marriage on the grounds that it would be bigamy . . . a nice legal point.

Two-headed persons have solved medical mysteries. The two-headed girl—or girls—Irina-Galina proved that sleep depends on the brain, not the body, because their two heads slept at different times. The two-headed Geovami-Gracomo gave new insight into the muscular and nervous systems, for each head controlled a different leg and he was unable to walk.

There have always been people who insisted that freaks were not human and should be either killed or incarcerated, or at least not be put on exhibition. It would be interesting to know what Charles Stratton, Barnum's famous Tom Thumb, who amassed a fortune of $750,000, toured the world, was received by royalty, and was happily married to another midget named Lavinia Warren, would have thought of this idea. But on several occasions the moralists have had their way. In 1829 a two-headed baby girl named Ritta-Christina appeared in Paris. Her parents were poor folk who could not afford the expense of giving the child constant care except by exhibiting her. Little Ritta-Christina was perfectly happy in her crib looking at the nice people, but the moralists objected. Consequently the authorities interfered, and as a result, poor little Ritta-Christina was deprived of the attention she needed and died.

An even more grisly case was the death of Charles O'Brien, the famous Irish giant of the 18th century who was 8 feet 4 inches tall. O'Brien had retired on his earnings from exhibitions, but he was subject to various troubles typical of persons suffering from gigantism and went to the Royal College of Surgeons for help. There he was spotted by the famous surgeon, John Hunter, who immediately announced that he meant to have O'Brien's skeleton by fair means or foul. O'Brien fled, but the doctor caught up with him long enough to proclaim that he meant to boil him in a large iron pot until the flesh came off his bones. Gould and Pyle, in their great treatise, *Anomalies of Medicine*, remarked: "The giant was tormented all his life by the constant assertions of Hunter and by his persistence in locating him."

At last, O'Brien went back into show business, desperately saving every penny to be assured of a decent burial, but the strain was too much and he died of a nervous breakdown. Hunter bribed the undertaker, stole the corpse, and popped it into the pot. The skeleton is now on exhibition at the Royal College as a sort of trophy. It is perhaps understandable that freaks are a little leery of turning themselves over to the mercies of the medical profession.

Those who are opposed to the public exhibition of freaks had a strong supporter in Adolph Hitler, who classed them with "gypsies, Jews and other useless persons." He is said to have killed 10,000 midgets, dwarfs, and variously deformed people in his concentration camps. His most famous victim of this group was Lya Graf, the 27-inch midget girl who in 1933, during the Senate Banking Committee's hearings in Washington, popped into the lap of financier J. P. Morgan for a publicity photograph. Lya had a good singing voice and was quite a musician, as well as possessing a great sense of humor. A clever little showman in her own right, she circulated the story that she had been forced to give up her musical career after falling off a stage and disappearing into the French horn of the orchestra.

But her widely publicized picture on Morgan's lap infuriated enough people to force her to leave this country and return to Germany. It was a fatal mistake. Lya had three strikes against her, as far as the Nazis were concerned. She was a midget, a Jew, and apparently the close friend of a Wall Street capitalist. When she arrived, Adolph had just been turned down for a loan by Wall Street, and he took it out on poor Lya. She was sent to Auschwitz, where she was gassed.

I'm sorry to see the passing of the old-time sideshow with the talker shouting through his mike, "Step closer, ladies and gentlemen. See the World's Greatest Collection of Human Oddities. Randion, the Human Torso, from deep in the jungles of Africa, who crawls on his belly like a rep-tile!" I remember the old Bradenburgh Museum in Philadelphia, where for the price of one dime—10 cents—you could see Jo-Jo the Dog-faced boy (actually a young Russian who spoke five languages and whose hobby was advanced mathematics); Plutanio and Waino, "The Original Wild Men from Borneo" (midgets from Connecticut); Laloo from India, who had a second body, completely formed except for the head, growing out of his chest; Arthur Loos the Rubber-Skinned Man, who pulled his cheeks out eight inches and let them snap back into place; and the famous Mrs. Tom Thumb. The popularity of the freaks carried the show, but various vaudeville performers, not good enough yet for the Palace or Roxy's in New York, were used as fillers. Among the people who got their start here were Al Jolson, Harry Houdini, Buster Keaton, and Van Alstyne, who sang a little number he'd written called, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree." Though these men did well later on, it was, at the Bradenburgh, always the freaks that people came to see. **—Daniel P. Mannix**

TRUE

FORIS

America's Paper Hero

[*Continued from page 32*]

the brave explorer of the trackless wilderness. Actually, he never found a path in his life, although he once sacrificed the lives of 11 men trying. With no military training or experience, he gained added glory as the "Conquerer of California," the super-patriot who almost single-handedly wrested the far Pacific province from the Mexicans. The truth is that the only battle he saw in California was the war of words he himself caused by committing mutiny. Yet even after being court-martialed and convicted, he went on to become a full major-general in the U.S. Army—personally appointed by Abraham Lincoln.

But if John Charles Fremont showed no sign of embarrassment after staging a dramatic assault on a fortress he knew to be deserted, or on parlaying a long string of similar stunts into an actual bid for the Presidency of the United States—he had good reason. Like a modern-day method actor, he *was* the part he was playing. He was such a convincing performer that he convinced even himself.

The illegitimate son of an itinerant French schoolmaster who'd drifted off with a livery stableman's wife, Fremont was born in January, 1813. His mother took in boarders to give him a chance at a good education, only to see him kicked out of college for "incorrigible negligence." But in addition to good looks that the girls found irresistible, he had a knack for charming older men, through which talent he got himself a commission in the U.S. Topographical Corps. He might have lived out a totally obscure life if he hadn't eloped with the daughter of one of the most powerful men in the nation, Sen. Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri.

Benton was by no means an easily charmed man; to his colleagues in Congress, he was known and feared as the "Thunderer." But his daughter Jessie was his weak spot, so he swallowed his rage and pondered the problem of what to do with an unwanted son-in-law. As the leader of a political group advocating westward expansion, the solution seemed obvious—have Fremont sent beyond the Missouri on government surveys, far from Washington and into country where a man could conceivably be killed by Indians. It took all of the senator's influence to have command of such an expedition handed to a mere second lieutenant. But by the spring of 1842, John Charles Fremont was on his way west.

His assignment was simply to chart the first half of the heavily traveled Oregon Trail, well-known for decades and worn deep by fur-trade traffic. To guide his party of some two dozen men, he hired a tow-headed little trapper named Christopher "Kit" Carson. There wasn't much guiding to do since the Topographical Corps caravan was following in the tracks of a large covered-wagon train of settlers and their families, led by the great frontiersman Tom Fitzpatrick. No hostile Indians were met, and no difficult country was crossed. The only danger the Fremont Expedition encountered, in fact, came from Fremont himself. Slightly intoxicated by his first taste of command, the lieutenant just wasn't much of a man for taking advice.

Once, for example, he decided to test the navigability of the Upper Platte River. The wilderness veterans who were tending his camp and packing his equipment tried to tell him that traders had been attempting to ship furs down this white-water stream by buffalo-hide bullboats for some 20 years without success. But Fremont shrugged off their warnings.

"We won't be using any bullboat," he announced. And like a youngster with a new toy, he unpacked an inflatable rubber craft he'd brought along. Ordering instruments and supplies loaded aboard, he left Carson in charge of the main party, then took to the water with a half-dozen men.

For a time the river ran swift but smooth, and then the ominous roar of rapids came into the air. The boat was beached, and the lieutenant walked downstream alone to reconnoiter. He'd never before run rapids, and he was no judge of them, but the thought of a slow, tedious portage irritated him. Returning to his crew, he overruled their objections and ordered them on.

Bouncing from rock to rock and sailing over spillway after spillway, soaked and shaken, his men managed to keep the rubber craft from capsizing until the Platte slammed them through one last churning bend into quiet water.

"None of us drowned, I see?" The lieutenant mocked them for their hesitation. Flush with confidence, he didn't even bother scouting the next white-water stretch. Suddenly the spillways grew steeper, turning into a series of stair-step cascades, and the balloon-boat rocketed through sheets of foam and great fountains of spray. Dazed and bruised, the men fought their way to the shore, only to discover that it was too late to attempt portaging or turning back. The banks had become sheer cliffs, almost meeting overhead.

Perched precariously on ledges, three men tried snubbing the boat with a long line, but they were no match for the current in the tug-of-war that followed. Two of them let go to keep from falling, and the third went sailing through the air to be dragged downriver with his head bobbing as he battled for breath. The racing inflated craft finally caught a boulder squarely and catapulted the rest of its crew into the frothing stream.

Luckily, a shallow stretch of smooth water lay ahead. Valuable government instruments were lost with the boat, but all the men survived to pull themselves up near-vertical rock walls and then make the long trek back to rejoin the main party. The incident caused a good many of Fremont's men to swear they'd never again hire out to such a knot-headed dude. He had a loyal defender in Kit Carson, though. Illiterate himself and highly respectful of reading-and-writing men, Kit stubbornly insisted the lieutenant must have had a good reason

WANT A JOB? PART TIME—FULL TIME?

No Boss! No Experience! No Capital! Your Own Hours!

WHAT A JOB!!!!

And yet selling subscriptions to TRUE, The Man's Magazine, and other leading publications is just like being in business for yourself. But no business requires less capital, stock and space. The time you devote and the money you make is up to you. You need no experience to earn steady profits and you keep a cash commission on every sale. You operate in your own community by phone or personal calls. You will be authorized to sell new and renewal subscriptions along with special offers made by the publishers. You'll be amazed at the number of people wanting to take advantage of the convenience, service and savings you can offer them.

To get started immediately—send us your name (on a postal card) requesting *free* supplies and selling materials.

Write to:

Subscription Dept. DT
TRUE, The Man's Magazine
Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830

Loosens Rusted Bolts
nuts, screws, "frozen" parts!
LIQUID WRENCH
THE SUPER PENETRANT

AT SERVICE STATIONS, HARDWARE AND AUTO ACCESSORY STORES.

Unusual Gift of Possession

Montana Warranty Deed
Complete legal description on Notarized Warranty Deed to one square foot of the FT. PECK INDIAN RESERVATION

Handsomely Engraved Warranty Deed inscribed to owner that you designate. Enhance your office or den with this impressive 4 color document suitable for framing. Total cost $3.00.
Prestige Properties
Box 309, Glasgow, Montana

LAW FREE BOOK THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, **"THE LAW-TRAINED MAN,"** which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course: Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now.

Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 **Dept. 181 Chicago 1, Illinois**

Bit by bit . . . every litter bit hurts!

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL!

"Forgetting the side effects for a moment, how's the headache?"

for the seemingly senseless risks he'd insisted on taking.

Except for climbing a mountain and naming it after himself, that abortive rubber-boat ride was the only real excitement of Fremont's entire summer. With skilled woodsmen serving his every need at taxpayers' expense, his expedition was essentially a pleasant outdoor vacation, and he returned home tanned and happy that fall.

He surprised his wife in bed by spreading an American flag over her with a grandiose gesture. "This was raised over the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains!" he boasted.

Actually, dozens of mountains were higher than Fremont Peak, including one a mere five miles to the north. But Fremont's habit of exaggerating and overdramatizing everything wasn't what bothered his wife; her criticism lay completely in the opposite direction. When he began working on a report, she read it, decided it would impress no one, then talked him into letting her do his writing for him.

Beyond any doubt, Jessie Benton Fremont could have been a leading lady novelist, had she turned her talents to honest fiction. Under her gifted pen, mere rumors of Indian trouble became hordes of lurking savages, an easy-to-climb mountain gained precipices as deadly as those of the Matterhorn, and a routine trip along a rutted road emerged as a heroic wilderness exploit in a 207-page adventure story rivaling anything to be found in bookstores.

The War Department was not exactly accustomed to receiving reports from second lieutenants with such passages as: "Here on the summit, where the stillness was absolute and silence complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee came winging his flight from the eastern valley. . . . It was a strange place, the icy rock and highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier—a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. . . ."

While the lieutenant's superiors were wondering what to do with his wife's prose, a thousand copies were printed for public circulation—and newspaper editors knew exactly what to do. Jumping on the free copy, they serialized the story, and Fremont soon became as famous as Byrd or Lindbergh in later eras. He had an inherent flair for theatrics. A handsome figure in a fine uniform, he played the part of his wife's script at banquets and parades and public functions with ever-increasing skill. And Thomas Hart Benton was no fool. With an unwanted son-in-law suddenly becoming a political asset, he leaped on the bandwagon and began thundering Fremont's praises in his Senate speeches.

Almost overnight, John Charles Fremont became known as the daring discoverer of the Western wilderness. It didn't matter that he was occasionally known as something else in the campfire talk of the West itself. Westerners didn't write for the Eastern newspapers.

With people everywhere hungry for news of more heroic adventures, Fremont set out on his second expedition the following spring; his assignment was simply to trace the second half of the same Oregon Trail. In addition to Carson, he hired gaunt-faced, white-haired Tom Fitzpatrick to guide him; but Fremont really needed neither, since 1843 was the year of the "Great Emigration" and he was seldom out of sight of at least one string of white-topped wagons. But he was actually beginning to believe his own publicity. He insisted on detouring southward, then stunned his guides by suddenly ordering a dangerous mid-winter crossing of the Sierras into California.

"Why not winter here, wait till the snow goes out of the passes?" his guides asked. "There's game enough, browse for the mules. Come spring, we'll have no trouble crossin'."

"My duties permit no such delay." Fremont told them, the knowing look on his face hinting at crucial considerations beyond their understanding.

"None of us ever saw the Other Side 'ceptin' for Kit here!" Fitzpatrick tried to reason with him. "And that was back in '29!"

Fremont's only answer was a curt reminder that all had agreed to submit to military discipline upon signing on. To the man his wife had created on paper, no mountains could be too high an obstacle, and he saw himself as that man.

Though he noted that his men were "unusually silent," Fremont ordered his guides to go on. Tom Fitzpatrick had been leading trapping brigades through the wintertime Rockies back when Fremont was in grade school. He knew all the tricks, like rotating mules in breaking trail through yard-deep snow. Where the drifts grew higher on the mid-mountain slopes, he marched men ahead on snow shoes to trample down a path, let it harden through a freezing night, then brought the pack animals along the next day. And on the open line ridge of the range, he supervised the digging of a road with mauls and shovels, then had it reinforced with pine boughs.

But neither his wilderness wisdom nor Carson's could keep mules from slipping off ice-crusted ledges. All of their experience combined couldn't make up for the lack of planning caused by Fremont's love of dramatics. Half the pack animals had been lost and the food was long-gone when a starved and exhausted advance party finally fought its way to the crest. Even then, no one could be sure where they were or what lay ahead.

All eyes were on Kit Carson as he studied the shape of the far horizon. "There's the little mountain!" Kit finally gasped in relief, pointing at distant Monte Diablo. "It's fifteen years since I saw it!"

By sheer skill and rare luck, the expedition had been saved in spite of its commander. Still trustingly telling himself that Fremont's apparent foolhardiness had somehow been "necessary to his explorations," Kit led the way down to Sutter's Fort, where his brigade-mates could recuperate through the rest of the winter and then make the return trip eastward with relative ease. But hard-bitten Tom Fitzpatrick was telling himself something else entirely: this was one

greenhorn that he'd never guide again.

With her husband's courageous conquest of the Sierras as a climactic chapter, Mrs. Fremont outdid herself on his second report—three times as long as the first with 10 times as many copies printed for public circulation. Not only newspapers but book publishers got into the act now, combining the two adventure stories into a single best seller upon which no royalties needed to be paid. And the hero of that best seller, promoted to captain and dubbed the "Pathfinder," was becoming ever more adept at the role he was playing.

John Charles Fremont now had something more in mind than merely playing explorer. In 1845 he'd decided greater glory could be gained in the seemingly imminent war with Mexico, and he was commanding some 60 sharpshooting trappers. But when he reached still-peaceful California and tried to pass off this heavily armed brigade as a scientific expedition, the officials were understandably skeptical. And after some of his men had helped themselves to local horses, and others had enraged a senorita who was less willing than most, the Mexican authorities ordered them out of the province.

There could be little doubt how the character Mrs. Fremont had created would respond to such an ultimatum. Breathing fiery defiance, the Pathfinder agreed to let his trappers stand their ground, and they happily forted up on Hawk's Peak in the Gabilan Range.

"We will fight to extremity and refuse quarter!" he boasted in a letter. "If we are hemmed in and assaulted here, we will die, every man of us, under the flag of our country!"

No one else had any thought of dying to the last man. This brigade in buckskins was composed of men to whom a rifle was simply an extension of their senses. From their log ramparts, they were capable of cutting to pieces an attack by all the Mexican forces in California combined, and they let their captain know it. But for three days, Fremont watched with a spyglass as enemy troops collected in the valley below, and nothing in his wife's literary efforts had prepared him for the sight of the lances the cavalry carried, their sharp steel tips flashing in the sun. With his first taste of battle coming steadily closer, his firebreathing cooled considerably. All at once, he shocked his men by ordering the fort abandoned.

"I think we've given the brave Mexican commander ample time to carry out his threats," he explained haughtily. "We can hardly camp here all summer simply to oblige some blustering bandit who happens to be wearing a general's uniform."

Fremont was convincing, and a good share of his men accepted his explanation, including the ever-faithful Kit Carson. Others didn't but stayed on anyway in the hope of collecting their wages. Still others, led by Joe Walker, had had enough of the man's theatrics; deserting in disgust, they rounded up a huge herd of stolen horses and drove them eastward to sell on the frontier.

Fremont soon found a new and enlarged audience. But still unnerved by the memory of the Mexican lances, he gave up acting and turned director for a time. Safe behind the scenes at Sutter's Fort, he began stirring up rebellion among the American settlers, most of whom were former frontiersmen only too happy to be stirred up. They responded by riding out to rustle still another 200 horses, then headed for the tiny village of Sonoma, where they captured a general who had no army, got roaring drunk on his brandy, and proclaimed themselves the Bear Flag Republic by painting what looked like a hog on a banner of borrowed ladies' underwear.

Realizing the settlers he'd incited were stealing his show, Fremont took the field with a flourish. Rallying more than a hundred men, he staged what amounted to an 80-mile cavalry charge, declaring, "Sonoma is under siege!"

Even when he and his group of rescuers arrived to find the chemise-and-petticoat banner still flying proudly, with no sign of any besiegers, Fremont managed to keep his act convincing, because rumors of coming attacks were everywhere, and a Mexican force of 50 men had actually been seen in the vicinity. Fremont figured it was safe enough to pursue a well-mounted enemy on his own heavily lathered horses, but he almost blundered into battle by trapping the Mexicans on the shore of San Francisco Bay. A captured dispatch mentioning the enemy plan for an eventual retaking of Sonoma gave him the out he needed, though. Wheeling his force about and letting the Mexicans escape, he raced back to save the peaceful little adobe village from another attack that wasn't taking place.

On the record, fantastic as it seems, Captain Fremont went through the entire 10 months of his California campaign in this maner, his showmanship totally unblemished by gunfire. Organizing settler-recruits and the remnants of his original brigade into what he called the "California Battalion," he awed them with his fame and eloquence, kept them from thinking too clearly by giving them a free hand in liberating wine cellars, drilled and paraded them, made speeches, issued proclamations—did everything, in fact, except lead them in battle.

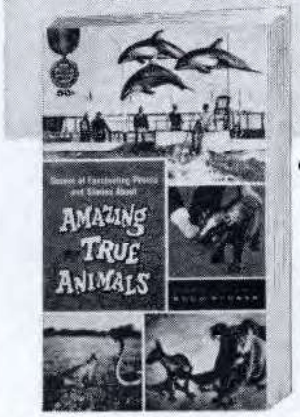
When word of war arrived, along with American warships, Fremont was infuriated at having to share his stage. But he found a kindred soul in Como. R. F. Stockton of the U.S. Navy, and they soon came to an understanding: they'd split the glory of conquering California, and when Stockton sailed off he'd leave Fremont in full command as civil governor. The Navy's detachments of marines handled the few small skirmishes that took place, and with the fragmentary enemy forces on the run, Kit Carson was sent racing eastward with word that the province was fully pacified.

But suddenly the Mexicans rallied and began fighting back in the south. Fremont and his battalion were in the north when a hurried call for help came from the commodore. Fremont started cautiously south with 170 men, changed his mind and turned back to recruit more, then marched slowly south again.

DO YOU KNOW how to read by the light of a fish? Where there are earthworms 12 feet long? The rarest animal in the world?

Here are dozens of fascinating photos and stories about

AMAZING But TRUE ANIMALS



d1359

50¢

A GOLD MEDAL BOOK FROM FAWCETT WORLD LIBRARY

Buy this book from your local news dealer. If your dealer is sold out, send 50¢ plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Gold Medal Books, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Date of Filing: October 1, 1963.
2. Title of Publication: True.
3. Frequency of Issue: Monthly.
4. Location of Known Office of Publication: Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.
5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers: Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.
6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Douglas Kennedy, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles N. Barnard, Darien, Conn.
7. Owner: Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; Marion Bagg, Kansas City, Mo.; Roger Fawcett, New York, N. Y.; V. D. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. B. Fawcett, Norwalk, Conn.; Gordon W. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Gloria Leary, Santa Monica, Cal.; V. F. Kerr, Bakersfield, Cal.; Allan Adams & Jack Adams—Trustees, Greenwich, Conn.; John R. Fawcett, Pelham, N. Y.; Thomas K. Fawcett, New York, N. Y.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett Reno, Nevada; M. F. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; H. A. Fawcett, New York, N. Y.
8. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages or Other Securities: None.
9. Paragraphs 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 7 and 8 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation.
10. This item must be completed for all publications except those which do not carry advertising other than the Publisher's own and which are named in Sections 132.231, 132.232, and 132.233, Postal Manual (Sections 4355a, 4355b, and 4356 of Title 39, United States Code).

Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: A. Total No. copies printed (net press run) 2,679,572. B. Paid Circulation: 1. To term subscribers by mail, carrier delivery or by other means, 1,697,540. 2. Sales through agents, news dealers, or otherwise, 723,028. C. Free Distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier delivery, or by other means, 13,440. D. Total No. of copies distributed. (Sum of B1, B2 and C) 2,434,008.

Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: A. Total No. copies printed (net press run) 2,683,495. B. Paid circulation: 1. To term subscribers by mail, carrier delivery or by other means, 1,700,000. 2. Sales through agents, news dealers, or otherwise, 679,000. C. Free Distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier delivery, or by other means, 13,400. D. Total No. of copies distributed (Sum of B1, B2, and C) 2,392,400.

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(signed) GORDON W. FAWCETT

Meanwhile, guided by Tom Fitzpatrick and commanded by Gen. Stephen Watts Kearny, a regular-army force was on its way westward after a successful occupation of New Mexico. Meeting up with Carson and hearing that California was already conquered, General Kearny sent back most of his army—only to run into a mounted band of Mexican lancers at San Pascual and lose 18 men in a vicious battle. He was himself badly wounded, but upon being reinforced by a detachment of sailors and marines, he fought his way clear and marched on to meet the main Mexican army near San Gabriel. Rallying his men in the face of repeated charges by enemy cavalry, Kearny held the field and inflicted heavy casualties with his howitzers. An attempt at ambushing him came the next day, but he used Indian-war tactics—his troops in a square with wagons in the center and cannon at the corners—and sent the Mexicans fleeing north in full frantic retreat.

Arriving on the scene more than two months after a desperate call for help had gone out to him, John Charles Fremont was just in time to accept, with full ceremonies, the surrender of the defeated enemy army.

The fighting was finished, but the farce had just begun. General Kearny carried orders to establish civil government in California, while Commodore Stockton had instructions to "occupy and administer" the ports. A heated dispute about authority broke out between the two. John Charles Fremont, now a full lieutenant-colonel in the U.S. Army, decided to side with the U.S. Navy.

His reasoning, if it can be called that, was simple enough. In his own mind, he was California's conqueror. Hadn't he been defying the Mexicans many months before any other officers arrived? Hadn't it been to him that the enemy surrendered in the end? By the same twist of logic, he saw General Kearny (who'd fought the only real battles of the entire campaign) as a late-coming interloper attempting to upstage him. Stockton had promised to appoint him civil governor. Kearny wasn't promising anything, just giving orders.

"Until you and Commodore Stockton adjust between yourselves the question of rank," Fremont informed his incredulous superior, "I shall have to report and take orders, as heretofore, from the commodore."

Kearny's reaction was roughly what MacArthur's might have been, a century later, had some young subordinate blithely announced he'd take orders from Halsey. But the general remained remarkably patient.

"Colonel," he said softly, "I'm a good deal older than you, and I want to give you some honest advice. Think carefully, start obeying orders, and we'll both forget this."

"Stockton will support me," Fremont asserted.

"No one can support you in disobeying your superior officer," he was told. "If you persist, you'll ruin yourself."

Fremont persisted. With Stockton's backing, he set himself up as governor at Los Angeles. And with only a handful of loyal troops, there was little the general could do but swallow his pride and wait quietly at Monterey. Week after week went by, during which any determined Mexican uprising would have succeeded against the divided American forces. Finally fresh troops arrived, along with new orders reaffirming Kearny's authority and a new commodore to replace Stockton.

Left holding the bag, Fremont wanted desperately to know where he now stood with General Kearny. Still trusting in theatrics, he staged another wild ride, covering 400 miles in less than four days. "I've come to warn you!" he gasped, bursting into Army headquarters. "A vast revolt is about to break out! We'll have to lay aside our differences and work together to save California!"

Kearny listened for a time, but he wasn't too impressed, because Fremont appeared to be going to pieces under the strain and was having trouble keeping his story straight.

"Colonel!" Kearny finally snapped him out of it. "All I want to hear from you is the answer to one question. Are you ready to begin obeying orders? Take an hour, even a day if you like, but let me know."

Fremont didn't need a day. He sulked outside for less than an hour, than decided he was ready to begin obeying orders.

"Consider yourself under arrest for mutiny!" was the one he soon received.

Convening at Washington in November, 1847, John Charles Fremont's court-martial was fully in keeping with all the comic opera that had preceded it. The thundering Thomas Hart Benton was allowed to serve as defense counsel, and the officers of the court were so fearful of his power that they let him turn the affair into a circus. Even so, senator and son-in-law alike gave far more attention to press statements than legalistic arguments—heralding Fremont's imagined heroics while painting Kearny as a petty, jealous man. And in the newspapers, the fellow who'd become the Pathfinder without finding any paths also became the Conqueror of California without doing any conquering. Facts were facts, and the verdict had to be guilty. But instead of the punishment usually reserved for mutiny in wartime, the timid court prescribed only dismissal from the service, and even this light slap on the wrist was soon rescinded by President Polk, who needed Benton's support.

Fremont, flush with self-confidence again, haughtily insisted on resigning anyway. A far better opportunity than anything the Army could offer appeared to be waiting for him. Some wealthy railroad men needed a route through the Rockies on or near the 38th Parallel, and they naturally assumed the famous explorer was just the man to blaze such a trail. The Pathfinder had actually decided to attempt finding a path.

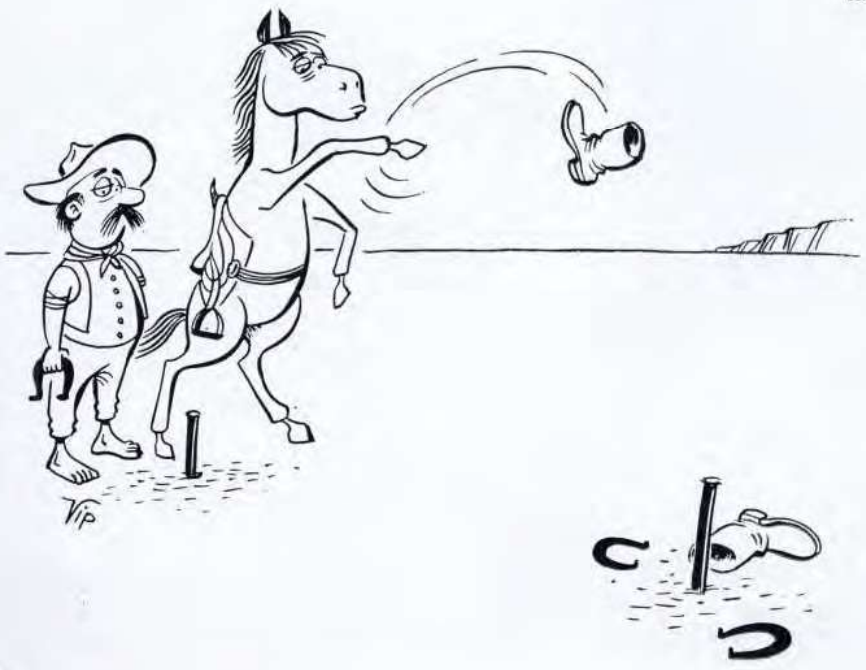
"I'll not only survey a suitable route," he boasted. "I'll do it in mid-winter to prove that trains can run the year around!"

A saga that had so far been composed solely of farce and fantasy was changing tone fast now. Because out in the mountains, every sign pointed to one of the most severe winters the West had ever known.

Even Kit Carson, who'd been hound-like in his loyalty through years of Fremont's inexplicable antics, refused to guide such an insane attempt. "You'll never get through!" he warned.

Ignoring the fact that this simple, earthy fellow had wet-nursed him through every mile of wilderness he'd seen, Fremont pushed stubbornly on to Pueblo, where he finally found a guide who needed money too badly to refuse, an aged trapper named Bill Williams, who probably knew the Colorado Rockies as well as any other living man. Old Bill had seen a lot of things in a lifetime of roaming the mountains, but he'd never before seen a dude who wanted to cross

[*Continued on page* 106]



WANTED

1,000,000 NEW HUDSON DRUG CUSTOMERS

up to $9.25 REWARD*

FOR EACH CUSTOMER

It's like money in the bank. Everyone can cash-in on this Big Reward.

It's the Hudson way to introduce you to the new, expanded money-saving DRUG section in the famous Hudson Vitamin Catalog. Now, right in the heart of the winter season, you can save an extra 25¢ on every Hudson *drug product*.

Millions of customers from coast to coast are already enjoying the huge Hudson vitamin and drug savings . . . savings that Hudson introduced over 25 years ago.

Today, we want millions of new customers to learn about our Reliable Drug Products section, featuring page after page of exceptional values. Buffered aspirin . . . nose drops . . . cold tablets . . . simple nervous tension tablets . . . household drug products you should have in your medicine chest at all times.

Get acquainted with these new Hudson DRUG products during this introductory period. You can take 25¢ OFF THE LOW, LOW CATALOG PRICE OF EVERY ONE OF THE 37 DRUG ITEMS. That's a total EXTRA SAVINGS of $9.25.

Start doing something about the high cost of household drugs . . . this is certainly the time to check the money-saving Hudson Vitamin and Drug Catalog.

Here are typical examples of our get-acquainted – special offer

PRODUCT	NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRAND PRICE**	HUDSON'S REGULAR CATALOG PRICE	LESS INTRODUCTORY OFFER	YOU PAY ONLY
BUFFERED ASPIRIN	$1.29 per 100 tablets	49¢ per 100	25¢ OFF	24¢
NON-CALORIC SWEETENER	$3.49 per 1,000 tablets	$1.60 per 1,000	25¢ OFF	$1.35
POPULAR COLD TABLETS	$3.98 per 100 tablets	$1.35 per 100	25¢ OFF	$1.10

Take advantage of this special offer . . . plus the regular money-saving prices on over 100 Hudson Vitamin formulas. Write for your FREE catalog today.

Act now! This special offer expires February 29, 1964.

HUDSON
VITAMIN (HVP)® PRODUCTS

89 Seventh Avenue, Dept. V-181
New York, N.Y. 10011

USE TESTED ACCEPTED by McCalls

Hudson Vitamins have been awarded the McCALL'S LABORATORY and USE-TESTED SEAL

HUDSON . . . THE WORLD'S LEADING DIRECT-BY-MAIL VITAMIN AND DRUG COMPANY

*$3.00 MINIMUM ORDER **Fair Trade price where Fair Traded

HUDSON Vitamin Products, Inc.
89 Seventh Avenue, Dept. V-181
New York, N.Y. 10011

Please send me the new FREE Hudson Vitamin and Drug Catalog with the Special Savings offer.
No obligation, no salesmen will call.
(Please rush—this offer expires February 29, 1964.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip-Code_____

NO NEED TO BE BALD

No need today to look other than your best. When you know you do, you feel better, do your job better—and you're more fun! Don't be ignored because you look older than you are. Clean, cool, new flexible base, contoured to each individual bald area. NO NET, NO GLUE, NO FUSS, NO MUSS. The only answer—TAYLOR TOPPER.

MAIL COUPON NOW, COMPLETE DETAILS FREE TAYLOR TOPPER, 123 W. 28 St., New York 1, N. Y. Dept. 4101. Please mail FREE literature on TAYLOR TOPPER in plain white envelope, positively no obligation on my part. Advise office address closest to me.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

BIG OR TALL MEN get a perfect fit in this new size cardigan. Body is 4" longer than ordinary sweaters and sleeves are extra long. Interlock knit gives resiliency and cashmere-like feel. Sizes 40-54 in Black, Slate Gray or Heather Tan. $12.95. Send for free color catalog of shoes and other apparel. King-Size, 17683 Forest St., Brockton, Mass.

SPLIT COINS pieced to fit each other. "Chance cannot change my love," French; "Separated but always united," "Without you I shall die" and "More than yesterday—less than tomorrow." In Sterling Silver ¾" dia. $2, 1" $2.50, 1¼" $4; 14 Kt. Gold $15, $25, $35. Inscription on reverse at 10¢ a letter. 1 week delivery. Kent, 403 Roaring Brook Rd., Chappaqua, N. Y.

Automatic Savings is Sure Savings
. . U. S. Savings Bonds . .

109 STAMPS 10c
plus 88 FLAGS OF THE WORLD

Monaco U.S. Pres. Set. Washington, Lincoln, F.D.R.

What a bargain! You get all the stamps shown here – plus **Germany** Moon Rocket, **Australia** Antarctic Explorers, **Formosa** Ancient Fortress, **South Africa** Gold Mine; many other pictorials, commemoratives and classics. Grand total 109 stamps from all over the globe—all different, all genuine. Also included **if you act now:** 88 Flags of the World in full color. Midget Encyclopedia of Stamp Collecting. Everything is yours for only 10¢, postpaid, to introduce Zenith bargain approvals.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send 10¢ today—ask for Lot KA-4
ZENITH CO., 81 Willoughby, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

KEY-BAK

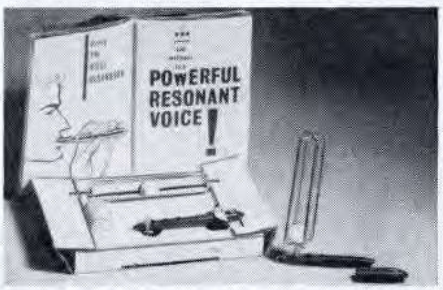
is worn on the belt. It reels back your keys; keeps them safe, handy, and out of your pocket. Pocket-watch size. Polished chrome finish. 24" long stainless-steel safety chain reaches all locks. Ruggedly built for years of use. Over three million KEY-BAK Key Reels now in use. Buy KEY-BAK at your hardware or key shop or send today to:

AT RETAIL OR POSTPAID **$2.95**

FACTORY GUARANTEED

West of Mississippi
LUMMIS MANUFACTURING CO.
2242 E. Foothill Blvd.
Dept. T, Pasadena, Calif.

East of Mississippi
CTL COMPANY
1710 W. Stewart Ave.
Dept. T, Wausau, Wis.



VOICE STRENGTHENING KIT teaches and trains you to speak with a rich, powerful voice. In addition to vibrant tones, you also achieve clearer articulation, rhythm and diction. Especially needed by salesmen, lawyers, speakers, teachers and singers. Complete kit $4.95. Castle Courses, Dept. VR-22, 95 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Fantastic Savings on NEW
ACCORDIONS ½ OFF

SAVE UP TO ½ OFF PRICES OF COMPARABLE ACCORDIONS

40 New Models—Easy Terms

Just arrived! More than 40 exciting new models! Many new electronic accordions—amplifiers! Packed with *new* ideas, *new* styling, *new* features! Buy *direct* from world's largest exclusive accordion dealer! Importer-To-You Prices! Easy Terms: LOW DOWN PAYMENT. Money Back Guarantee. FREE BONUS GIFTS! Trade-ins welcomed—FREE Color Catalogs!

5 DAY FREE TRIAL

LIFETIME GUARANTEE

FREE New Color Catalogs—Discount Prices

Accordion Corporation of America, Dept. T-14
2003 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.
Send *Free Catalogs—Special Discount Price List.*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if you have a Trade-in.

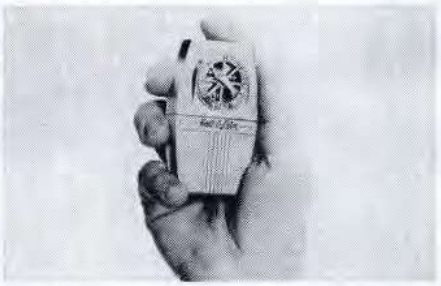
NEW OIL BOOM ROCKS NEVADA
Now Stake Your Claim With A
U.S. GOV'T OIL LEASE
in Nevada's Great Basin neighboring Gulf, Standard, Sinclair, Conoco, Union, Shell, etc.

Major oil companies have just leased huge NEW AREAS in Nevada's rich Great Basin! Geological crews and drill rigs are now there—already a multi-million dollar oil field in Ely area. Activity has reached a fever pitch. It's now or never! You can share in this roaring oil boom with a U. S. Government oil lease near producing wells. Thousands of Americans have struck it rich with similar oil lease opportunities earning up to $1,000 monthly. Reserve your oil lease issued by the Government NOW. Choice parcels are going fast.

Offer valid all states except Calif.

$10 DOWN AND PER MO. **40 ACRES** $110 FULL PRICE

NEVADA OIL LEASE CO.
RENO, NEV. BOX—5215-TR
LARGEST OIL LEASE AGENTS IN NEVADA LAND



HANDWARMER should be with you all winter. Called "Heat-O-Lator," it uses ordinary lighter fluid and gives hours of service and warmth. Absolutely safe in your pocket because it is flameless. It comes to you in a gold-finish plastic case with a cloth cover. Price is $2.98. You may order from Bancroft's, Department 33-378, 251 East Fifth Street, St. Paul 1, Minn.

ORDER BY MAIL

FAMOUS FLAGG SHOES

THE "STRUTTER"

Only $9.99

Style #6007
Sizes 6-12,
D width

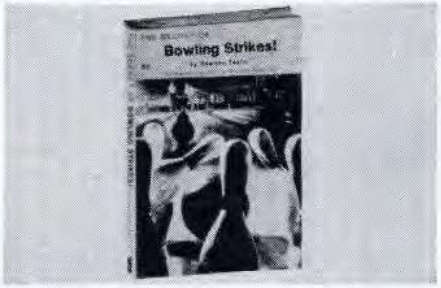
Flagg's new version of the stud boot. Genuine hand-sewn moc toe. Black Cashmere Grain Leather only. Send $9.99 plus 50¢ postage. For C.O.D., send $1 deposit.

FLAGG BROS. SHOES - Dept. T
Box 1090, Nashville 3, Tenn.
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO MAKE PEOPLE SMILE

An ideal memento or gift, sure-fire conversation piece. Guaranteed to provoke a laugh every time. Beautifully brass plated on genuine oil finished walnut base. Etched brass caption plate. 4½" wide. Keep it on desk, mantel, etc. The perfect "ice breaker" for salesmen, businessmen, etc. *Send check or money order no cod's please* ppd. **$3.00**

FEDERAL Dept. 106, 6652 N. Western Ave., Chicago 45



IMPROVE YOUR BOWLING with the tips you find in this excellent book. Learn everything from etiquette to converting splits and spares. Supplies exercises and procedures which can be carried out at home to help you develop bowling skill and get more strikes. $2.00. Wilshire Book Co., Bowling Dept. R-3, 7868 Willoughby Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

NEW SUPER 8 SHOT 22 LONG RIFLE REVOLVER

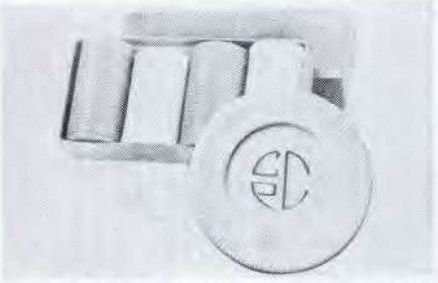
Powerfully Accurate. New 8-shot target .22 shoots .22 Long Rifle ammo with amazing accuracy. Pride of W. German gunsmiths. A tight well made and exceedingly accurate handgun. Great for target shooting, varmints, or prowlers. Features: side gate loading, ejector rod, steel RIFLED barrel with blade front sights. Fires easy-to-obtain Rem., Western and Peters .22 Long Rifle ammo. Choice of 2", 4" or 6" barrel models only $14.95. Leather holster $2.95, 100 rds. French ball ammo. $1, 50 rds. 22 Long Rifle ammo $.80. Shipped F.O.B. L.A., express collect. C.O.D.'s require $7 deposit Satis. Guar. Purchaser must be of legal age. L.A. res. please purchase at our store.

$14.95

SEAPORT TRADERS, INC., DEPT. T-1, 1221 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles 15, Calif.

goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.



MONOGRAMMED POKER CHIPS are personalized with 3 initials stamped in gold. Chips are extra-thick, non-skid interlocking type. Price per 100 (50 white, 25 red and 25 blue) in handsome simulated wood-grained gift case is $4.95. Be sure to state initials for monogramming. Order from Vargas-Vanities, Department T, Box 622, St. Louis 88, Mo.

WASTE-BASKETBALL is the new game for those of you who try to hit the wastepaper basket at 10 paces. Toss the paper through the net and it will go into the wastebasket. A few good shots and the whole, miserable day becomes worthwhile. Backboard is finished in walnut, measures 8½"x12". Clamps onto any wastecan. $3.98. Greenland Studios, Dept. T-1, Miami 47, Fla.

MOTOR AND BATTERY WARMER. Called "Thermotor," it plugs into any AC or DC outlet. Spread this vinyl cover over car engine and it will keep everything warm. Car will start instantly in the morning. It even melts snow and ice off the house. UL approved. Complete with 8 feet of cord. $4.95 plus 45¢ pp. and hdlg. King, Dept. TM, 51 W. 35th St., New York 1, N. Y.

U.S.A.F. ARCTIC BUNNY BOOTS—These are a buy—just released and brand new. Lightweight, 10½" high, have warm white felt body, traction-grip rubber soles, leather heels, 5½" waterproof canvas tops with leather straps. Made for 40 degree below cold. A great all-purpose boot. Specify size. The price is $8.95. Armco, Department TR-1, 887 Second Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

HAPPY BACK FOR DRIVERS. New foam rubber cushion is designed to make driving comfortable. Small and contour shaped, it slips behind your back and stays put. Cradles your back, ends strain and fatigue. Helps end driving fatigue. Vinyl upholstered in choice of Brown, Green, Red, Blue. $2.98. Breck's, K-45 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

PERSONALIZED CIGAR CASE. Here's a custom case made of genuine pigskin. It's crush-proof and gives complete protection to your cigars. A smart looking affair, it's contoured for carrying comfort. Monogrammed, so be sure to specify initials or any first name. 5" x 4". Price is $2.25. Gloria Dee, Department T-1, Box 2000, Mt. Vernon, New York.

YOUR LAST NAME is hand carved into this California Redwood sign. Redwood Stain finish carries your choice of Brown or White enamel lettering. 3x16" and ready to hang from porch, post, tree, etc. Or it can be mounted on a stake or mailbox. Price is $1.95. Terry Elliott Company, Box 1918, Grand Central Station, Department TR, New York 17, N. Y.

COINS FLOAT IN AIR with this embedded paperweight. You can choose the cube on the left which has uncirculated coins in all denominations from 1¢ to 50¢. Cube on the right has 3 California gold souvenir coins dated in the 1850's. Either one for $6.50. Hobbies Unlimited, Dept. JS-10, 13831 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, Calif.

SUBSCRIBE NOW TO

PSYCHIC OBSERVER

for reading excitement month after month!

The action-packed pages of PSYCHIC OBSERVER will feature such lead stories as:

JAN. "Psychic Experiences of Famous Movie Stars"

FEB. "Did Houdini come back?" (Records of two decades on this controversy)

MARCH "The Fox Sisters" (Spirit rappings that startled the world)

APRIL "Gen. McClellan's Vision" (Did it save the Union?)

Plus many more stories each month: Unsolved Mysteries . . . Telepathy . . . The Occult . . . E. S. P. (Extra Sensory Perception) . . . Hypnotism . . . and other enigmas

Don't miss an issue. Subscribe now!
One year: $4.00 Sample copy, 50¢

Mail to — — thank you

PSYCHIC OBSERVER
Dept. T-14
Drawer 90 Southern Pines, N. C.

Automatic Savings is Sure Savings . . U. S. Savings Bonds . .

The Most Controversial Record Album of the year...

¡OLE!

THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE BULLRING

(Tropicana L.P. No. 1215)

Presenting the authentic story of the **Fiesta Brava** . . . illustrated with dramatic color pictures of the nude Lady Matador fighting a live bull in the world's largest bullring . . . backed by the colorful music of this, the most dramatic of festivals.

Available at your dealer . . . or $4.98 postpaid anywhere in the USA from:

Audio International Inc.
6571C Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90038

TRUE goes shopping

FOR BIG MEN ONLY!

SIZES 10-16 — WIDTHS AAA-EEE! We specialize in LARGE SIZES ONLY — sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Over 40 styles in dress, sport, casual and work shoes; golf shoes; insulated boots; sox; slippers; rubbers; overshoes; shoe trees. Also sport and dress shirts, slacks, jackets, sweaters, raincoats, pajamas, underwear — all designed and sized for big or tall men! Enjoy perfect fit in your hard-to-find size at amazingly low cost. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by mail only. Write for FREE Style Book TODAY!

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

KING-SIZE, INC. 5874 Forest St, Brockton 64, Mass.

CANADIAN LANDS Seized and Sold for Taxes

$ 203 buys 40 acres good hunting
$ 441 buys 4 acres lake frontage
$ 536 buys 87 acres on river
$ 770 buys 160 acres quarter section
$1251 buys 147 acres on highway
$2250 buys 12 acre island

Our 47th annual series of lists, describe the above and many other choice properties, situated from coast to coast, acquired by us through Tax Sale. The amount quoted is the full price asked, guaranteed perfect title, small monthly payments, no mortgage. Beautifully situated hunting and fishing camps, where there is real sport; summer cottage sites, heavily wooded acreages. Now is the time to invest in Canada's minerals, forests and farms. Write today for free twenty page booklet with full explanation.

TAX SALE SERVICE,
Room 301-G, 85 Bloor St., E., Toronto 5, Ontario

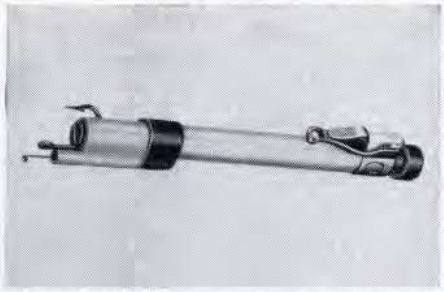
Big Throwing Knife $1.00 Special

PIERCES METAL! Specially weighted & balanced point zeroes right into bull's eye with a wallop! **Positive accuracy! Deep penetration! Easy throwing! Hard hitting!** Excellent for hunting game, fun. Cutlery steel, double edge. Big 10" long. Leather handle. You must be delighted or your money back. **Price Postpaid $1.00. DeLuxe Chrome Finish Model for Exhibition Purposes $2.50. Leather Sheath 50c. Professional Knife Throwing Book 25c.**
JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 416, Detroit 7, Mich.

Imported Stiletto Knife

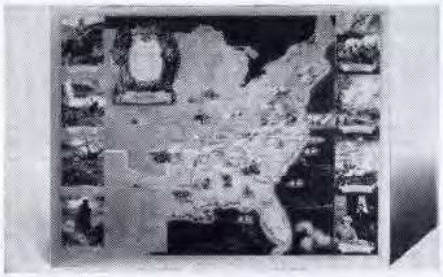
OPENS WITH FLICK OF FINGER and LOCKS INTO POSITION. Prevents blade from snapping shut when in use. Push button safety lock. Pocket size, yet rugged. Fine quality, polished nickel-steel razor-sharp blade. **PIERCES METAL.** Narrow, tapered stiletto blade with thick rigid backbone for heavy duty use. **Fine outdoor knife for sportsmen and emergencies.** Comfortable handle. Safety guards. ----------Ppd. **$2.50**
JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 416, Detroit 7, Mich.

WHAT CAN YOU LOSE? Items shown in True Goes Shopping are sold on a money-back guarantee. If you are not satisfied with what you get, send it back, pal.



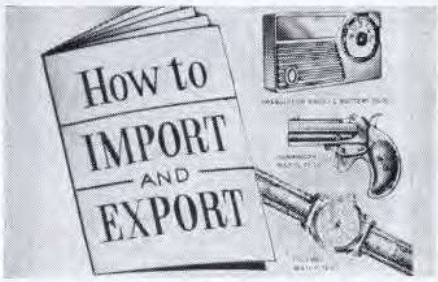
TI-EZE lets fishermen tie hooks to lines and leaders in seconds. Takes all types of hooks, barbed, trebled, straight or offset, works great with all leaders and lines from ¼ to 50 lb. test —monofilament, nylon silk, etc. Precision made, only 4¼" long, can't rust or corrode. TI-EZE can be carried in pocket. $2. Airborne Tool, Dept. FS-3, 138 Sierra St., El Segundo, Calif.

TELEPHONE SNOOPER lets you hear two-way conversations without lifting the receiver. Just place tiny unit against back of phone and you'll pick up everything clear enough to record it. Pretty sly little gadget, an outgrowth of one made for the military. Fits in pocket without a bulge. Price is $18.95. Lincoln Electronics, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

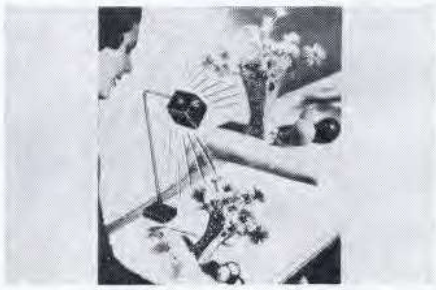


CIVIL WAR PICTURE MAP—Handsome wall-size picture map of the Civil War shows nearly 100 places, events, campaigns, gives complete information on all. Brilliantly drawn in 4 colors, map has 8 side paintings of famous events such as Gettysburg, Bull Run, etc. Well worth framing. 23"x32". $1; 3 for $2. House of Maps, Dept. TR-1, 380 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOX is a sinister addition for an off-beat mind. Throw the switch. Box shakes and rattles like a table at a seance. Slooowly the lid rises, a hand creeps out and throws the switch to "off." Lid closes and you've had it. That's all it does but we'll guarantee that you and your friends will never forget it. $4.98. Greenland, Dept. T-1, Miami 47, Fla.



CALENDAR WATCH $2.33, Tape Recorder $6.70. We are told that import prices can be yours when you start your own home business. New drop-ship plan offers you first day profits. Free book shows beginners how to start full or spare time without experience or product investment. Write for free book to Mellinger Co., Dept. M321P, 1554 S. Sepulveda, Los Angeles 25, Calif.



MAGIC ART REPRODUCER. Draw instantly. No talent needed. Focus reproducer on any subject—people, still life, maps, photos, landscapes —and follow the lines of the "picture image" reflected on the paper. Reduces and enlarges. Reproduces actual colors of subject for color pictures. $1.98. Norton Products, Dept. T-113, 296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

GRAY HAIR DISAPPEARS, they tell us, with this new hair dressing. Liquid cream darkens gray hair gradually as it grooms and conditions. Imparts natural color and won't wash out. Greaseless and non-alcoholic, it makes hair easy to manage. 6 oz. size for $4.98, or 16 oz. for $10. For men or women. Youthair, Dept. 12, 285 Market St., Newark, N. J.

U.S. GOV'T SURPLUS

SELLING FOR ONLY A FRACTION OF ORIGINAL COST!

THOUSANDS OF ITEMS AVAILABLE FOR ONLY 2c AND 3c ON THE DOLLAR, DIRECT FROM GOVERNMENT

EXAMPLES:
Jeeps $117.00
Typewriters $8.79
Radios $2.65
Boats $178.00
Airplanes $159.00
Bicycle $5.50
Leather Boots 65c
Carbines $20.00
Telescope $4.00
Pass. Bus $208.00
Refrigerator $5.00
Power Mower $7.50
Mimeograph $23.00
Generators $2.68
and thousands more!

PLUS a list of 1000 locations where you can purchase surplus on the spot!

Full Details— How, Where to Buy Only $1.00

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Separate 48-page section with *pictures* and *prices* of more than **400** items you can order ***DIRECT BY MAIL*** is yours free when you send $1.00 for the surplus catalog. Examples:

Parachutes	Ammunition	Boats
Walkie-Talkies	Holsters	Silverware
Clothing	Tents	Hand Grenades
Goggles	Tools	Gun Racks
Battle Hats	Boots	and
Guns	Combat Knives	*Hundreds*
Cots	Mine Detectors	More

30 DAY FREE HOME TRIAL COUPON

Surplus Bargains, Dept. TE-1
P. O. Box 50939, New Orleans 50, La.

I enclose $1.00. Send both catalogs immediately. I understand that my money will be refunded if I am not completely satisfied. Also I will receive a full refund with my first order of $10.00 or more.

Name _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____

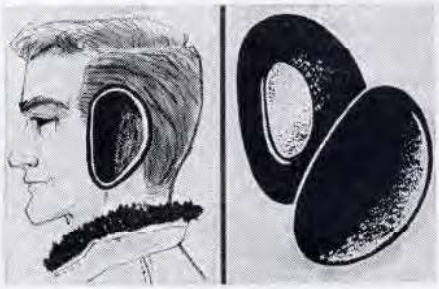
FULL PURCHASE PRICE OF $1.00 REFUNDED WITH FIRST ORDER OF $10.00 OR MORE

TRUE goes shopping

SLEUTH-ATELIC. Valuable collection of genuine stamps, each from a strange mysterious land . . . Rwanda, Azerbaijan, Ryukyus, Niger, Tanganyika, Mali, Guinea, Ivory Coast, Schleswig, Central African Republic, Macao, and many other exciting places. Plus unique "Stamp Finder" booklet to identify nearly all strange stamps. Only 10¢. H. E. Harris, Dept. A-2, Boston 17, Mass.

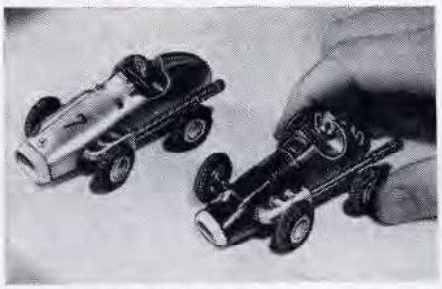
JET FLYTE is a good-looking, good-fitting boot. It's leather-lined and has a supple, comfortable calf upper and steel shank. The boots are made of Frye in all men's and ladies' sizes. Choice of black or brown. Be sure to state shoe size and width. Price is $19.50 plus 75¢ postage. You may order from Bill's Military Stores, Department T, 21 West Forsythe, Jacksonville 2, Fla.

PENCILS WITH YOUR NAME IN GOLD. Here's a standard that never loses its popularity. 60¢ for a set of 12. If you order 3 or more sets, you pay only 55¢ a set. They contain smooth #2 lead with excellent rubber erasers. Personal, practical gift for each child in the family. Be sure to print names clearly. Atlas Pencil, Dept. T-1, Hallandale, Fla.



SNAP-ON EARMUFFS are specially designed so they don't use wires or metal bands. Fully insulated, the ear muffs use cotton jersey protectors which slip on and stay in place until you remove them. You will be completely and comfortably warm. Order them for every member of the family. In colorfast black only. $1 a pair. Breck's, S-75 Breck Building, Boston 10, Mass.

GIANT REMINDER CALENDAR is the positive way to remember everything. Big 22" x 17" wall calendar-secretary has big, big white memo spaces and lots of writing room for each day plus a full 6-week view of all your 1964 plans. Guaranteed memory insurance in home or office. Price is $1.00 each or 3 for $2.79. Order from Greenland Studios, Dept. T-1, Miami 47, Fla.



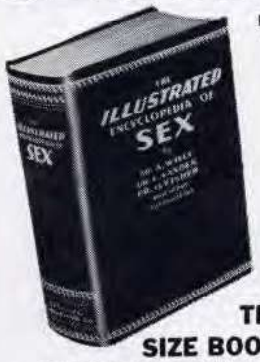
GRAND PRIX RACERS. Sleek imported scale models of Mercedes-Benz (top) and Ferrari are only 4" long, yet go 20 mph. Microsensitive adjustment and differential for precision steering, brake, freewheeling, etc. Other models (specify): Porsche, BMW convertible, Volkswagen. $3.95 each; two, $6.75; all 5, $15.95. Davis Company, Dept. TR-1, 887 Second Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

RAINBOW LAKES is a community of ¼ acre homesites in Florida. Residents enjoy a private lake and country club. Located between Ocala and Dunellon, it's perfect for beach lovers and fishermen. Sites are $795, payable at $10 a month. Not available to California residents. Free photos, booklet. Rainbow Lakes Estates, Dept. 11B, 817 Silver Springs Blvd., Ocala, Fla.

WALLABY BOOMERANG sails off into the distance, way out, and comes back to you. The thrill comes when you learn to catch it on the return. Many have achieved the ability to bag small game with this primitive weapon. Crafted from imported Finnish Birch. Complete with throwing instructions, $2 each or 3 for $5. Native Weapons, P.O. Box 96Q, Orinda, Calif.

at last a complete, modern guide to lasting mutual sexual happiness for all couples

Illustrated
SEX FACTS



BY DR. A. WILLY, DR. L. VANDER, DR. O. FISHER AND OTHER AUTHORITIES

Available in this Country for the first time

THIS GIANT SIZE BOOK CONTAINS HUNDREDS OF AUTHENTIC, ENLIGHTENING ILLUSTRATIONS
—many in life-like color.

Now available to the public in this country, for the first time, is this big guide to modern married sex practice. Written and illustrated by the most noted physicians and medical artists on sexual enlightenment. See and read how you can acquire enduring, harmonious married love by means of hundreds of exclusive, authentic pictures (many in true-to-life color), plus detailed step-by-step instructions written frankly and simply. This complete, large book includes important NEW information and illustrations never released here before. This book is a frank, straightforward presentation of facts to satisfy mature interest in the sex functions of the human male and female. Gives the most helpful authoritative guidance on sex problems of every kind — both abnormal as well as normal. Clearly understand and see the physiology and functions of the sex organs of both male and female. Many troubled men and women have found a new, happy married sex life and new confidence in themselves by reading "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex." Sells for $5.00 — but it is yours for the amazing low friend-winning price of only $2.98. This offer good for a limited time only. Mail coupon NOW!

Partial List of 61 Big Chapters. Each a "Book" in Itself.

- Techniques that bring complete gratification to the sex act for male and female
- What causes climax in women
- Blunders made by men in sex act. How to avoid them
- Technique of first sex act on bridal night
- Why woman fails to attain climax
- Husband and wife attaining mutual climax
- How male organs function in intercourse
- How female sex organs function in intercourse
- How sexual urge in woman differs from man
- Woman's perfect complete sexual satisfaction
- How to derive perfection in sexual act
- Reactions of man and woman during sexual relations compared
- The truth about sex vitamins that improve sexual powers
- Natural birth control
- New discoveries in birth control
- Woman's fertile days
- Causes of sex drive in women
- Female frigidity, its causes and cures
- Causes and cures for sexual impotence in men
- Abnormal sex organs and what can be done
- How to correct male's premature climax
- Delaying sex life's finish
- Male changes of life and its effect
- Causes and treatment of male and female sterility
- Feminine self-satisfaction
- Causes of sexual urge in men
- How sex activity affects weight of male and female
- How to use preparatory love towards greater satisfaction in sex act

Just a few of hundreds of frank, enlightening illustrated instructions!

Partial List of Illustrations with Authentic Color Pictures!

- Male Sex Organs
- Showing functions of male sex organ
- Illustrating effects on breasts after pregnancy
- Showing areas of woman's organs producing highest sensations
- Watch step-by-step growth of child in pregnancy
- Complete Color Picture Story of Woman's Sex Organs
- Pictorial Story of Woman's "SAFE" days
- Picture Story of Cause of Sterility in women
- Cross Section of the Hymen in various stages
- Cross Section Showing Cause of Women's sexual ills
- Picture Story of normal Sexuality in male
- Picture Story of Woman's Sensation Curve
- Picture Story of most important cause of impotence
- Two Inserts of Female Bodies showing how pregnancy takes place

. . . plus many more pictured instructions

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON
CADILLAC PUBLISHING, Dept. G-478
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York

Send me "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper marked "personal." I will pay postman $2.98, plus postage on delivery (sells for $5.00). If not completely delighted within 10 days, I can return book and my money will be refunded. I am over 21.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ___ STATE _____

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage, by enclosing with coupon only $2.98. Same Money-Back Guarantee!
(Canadian and Foreign Orders $3.50. No C.O.D.'s)

[*Continued from page* 100]
them in winter carrying such things as a large library of books to read by campfire light.

"We got thirty-three men to feed," he pointed out. "Better leave some o' that stuff behind, carry more grub."

"These are personal effects," Fremont told him. "I intend to settle in California after this exploration. If we need additional pack animals, I'll get them."

"More mules won't do no good," Williams tried to explain. "You cain't trust to findin' grass in winter. The more you get, the more corn you gotta carry."

"I'll command the expedition!" Fremont still wasn't much of a man for taking advice. "You'll concern yourself with the guiding!"

Bill Williams concerned himself expertly with the guiding and got the expedition through the Wet Mountains without real difficulty. But a constant blizzard was lashing the caravan, and the bottom was dropping out of the thermometer. Next came the forbidding Sangre de Cristos, and the ascent of this range saw most of the men crippled by frostbite, with the horses dropping one by one until only the hardy mules were left. The sand-dune country beyond was a milky vastness of blowing snow and deepening drifts, a world without landmarks or horizons. On little more than instinct alone, the old trapper led them through to the shelter of the wooded Rio Grande. But corn for the mules was giving out, the men were already on half-rations, and the Continental Divide itself still lay ahead. Bill Williams knew two ways of continuing westward—one slanting southward around the San Juan Mountains, the other veering north through Cochetopa Pass. He argued vehemently for taking the southern trail.

"Never found the river froze to the bottom here before!" he warned. "Never seen so much snow in the high country!"

But Fremont had publicly committed himself to a line on the map. "We're already below the 38th Parallel!" he snapped, and insisted on the northern route.

Even then, with all the woodlore he'd learned in a lifetime being treated with contempt, Williams stayed with the expedition and did his best to save it. But he was in his 60's, and the strain of breaking trail was too much for him. Sinking into a stupor, he huddled on his riding mule, unable to think or speak clearly.

At the most crucial moment of John Charles Fremont's first real attempt to live up to the name by which he was famed, he was forced to do his own pathfinding.

He actually tried it. Trusting in his own reputation like an Indian brave trusting in a medicine charm, he decided against Cochetopa Pass, chose what looked like a lower gap to the west, struggled up onto a wind-whipped line ridge . . . and discovered that the real Divide still lay beyond, towering and totally impassable. The thought of repeating the torturous trek he'd just completed was too much for him then. Instead of backtracking and trying the Cochetopa, he turned north—into the chaos of twisted canyons and sky-high peaks known as the La Garita Range, where no railroad runs to this day.

There was no Fitzpatrick or Walker to save him from himself this time, no Kit Carson patiently enduring and outlasting his stubborn stupidity. There was only Old Bill Williams, half-conscious at the end of the column, no longer capable of giving advice to be ignored. For years, John Charles Fremont had lived with illusion, and now reality closed down on him remorselessly. The snowstorms that slashed at the faltering caravan had never read his wife's writing. The drifts that reached the tree-tops had never heard his father-in-law's speeches. The terrible cold held fast against the glow of heroic fame. For years, the Rockies had been cheated, robbed of the respect they deserved while a blundering greenhorn posed as their master, and this time they got their due.

Starved mules were screaming as they wallowed and sometimes sank out of sight in snow. Men with iced beards and eyebrows and frozen feet were sobbing from pain as they threw away their packs in a desperate attempt to keep going. Leaving a trail as cluttered as that of a defeated army, the Pathfinder's procession pushed at last onto an open crest, lost the last of the pack animals while making two attempts at crossing against a screeching gale, then dug in and waited for the air to clear . . . only to discover there was no possible path down the other side.

Then Fremont did something without parallel in the entire history of American exploration: he abandoned his own expedition. When volunteers sent for help failed to return, he took three of the strongest men, set out for civilization and saved himself, leaving the rest to get back as best they could.

Veteran mountaineers at Taos readily risked their own lives to form a relief expedition. But of the 33 men who'd followed the Pathfinder into the mountains, 11 never found their way out.

In the West, the blame for the disaster was promptly laid at the proper doorstep. But Westerners, once again, didn't write for the Eastern newspapers. "The result was entirely satisfactory," Fremont had the audacity to report.

After Old Bill Williams obligingly got himself killed by Indians, the little man had a convenient scapegoat. First he simply insisted Old Bill hadn't known the mountains. Before long he was claiming Williams had deliberately led the expedition astray in the hope of stealing its valuables. By the time he was running for President, eight years later, he was even calling the dead guide a cannibal, accusing him of feasting on the flesh of a fallen companion.

Because run for President, John Charles Fremont did. Gold was found on some supposedly worthless California land he'd been tricked into buying, and with an unearned fortune to back up his unearned fame, he could burst into politics explosively.

"We shall follow the Pathfinder!" sang hundreds of frenzied mobs, while the press surpassed all its earlier efforts, and women everywhere swooned at the sight of the handsome hero who'd allegedly discovered the West and conquered California singlehandedly. Fortunately, female suffrage was far in the future, and a majority of voters decided for a man named Buchanan.

Even so, the country hadn't seen the last of this strange creation of sheer publicity. When the Civil War came, Fremont's reputation was still potent enough to win him full command of the entire Southwest, and once again he play-acted at warfare—staging parades, issuing proclamations, getting his name in the newspapers constantly, but never quite doing any fighting. President Lincoln finally handled the situation with one of the most unusual orders ever issued. A dismissal from command was sent out "subject to these conditions only: that if, when General Fremont shall be reached by the messenger, he shall then have, in personal command, fought and won a battle, or shall then be in the immediate presence of the enemy in expectation of a battle, it is not to be delivered, but held for further orders." The dismissal was delivered.

Accepting a lesser command in the Shenandoah Valley, John Charles Fremont was soon cured of playing soldier, for the rebel commander Stonewall Jackson promptly proceeded to make him look like the military novice that he was. The La Garita Range had already cured him of playing explorer; and after running for President again as a third-party candidate and finding so little public support he was forced to withdraw to save face, he was cured of playing politics, too. But he still had both his millions and his illusions of greatness, and in the postwar years he began seeing himself cast as a railroad tycoon. The tarnished Pathfinder image could still be used for such purposes as peddling fraudulent stock, but Fremont himself was among the swindled, not the swindlers. For shrewder men watched his performance in delight, then moved in and sheared him to the skin. By 1875, the method actor who'd almost made the Presidency was dead broke, and through the last 15 years of his life his wife was the chief family breadwinner—writing strictly for money now.

It was a fitting finish for this particular pair. As an over-ambitious girl, she'd created the illustrious, immortal Pathfinder with her imaginative pen. As a gray-haired little lady plagued by failing eyes, she was stuck with supporting him the same way. **—Gene Caesar**

COMING . . .

Who was THE BRAVEST BULL KILLER? It was Maera, says aficionado and best-selling author Barnaby Conrad, in an exciting and provocative tale of the bull ring. . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Photograph by Fred Lyon

WANDERER

[*Continued from page* 53]

a plot that has a character by the name of Spike Africa for Chief Mate . . . Doubtless the court knew of Mr. Hayden as a movie actor rather than as a man who went to sea at the age of 15 and to the Grand Banks in the winter of 1934 in the fast fishing schooner GERTRUDE L. THEBAUD with that tough old cod-chasing schoolmaster, the flinty Ben Pine.

. . . Here, the tumult over the WANDERER's sailing has subsided. The storm is blowing itself out on shore. Doubtless by this time the schooner is making a good run of it down the trades to Tahiti. The children must be adapting their inquiring focus to much more meaningful horizons than the focus which falls on the narrow corners of Hollywood and Vine.

Doubtless, too, Spike Africa will teach them some things in the day's work that boys don't learn at school. And by the time the WANDERER raises the reef at Tahiti, their hands will be smeared with tar and their eyes will be full of the first big geography lesson they've ever had.

Christian Science Monitor, Feb. 3, 1959

Day after day, and eventually month after month, the lush moist lure of Tahiti took its toll. The crew grew bored, restless, and cynical, and one by one they drifted away until mid-May; only the Africas remained.

My days were a mixture of dismay and contentment, but, as time wore on, I discovered that dismay was dominant. I was discovering that Tahiti wasn't so different from home.

I rented a car and set the Africas and all seven children up in a tremendous house, owned by an absentee countess, out in Punaavia, the Gold Coast of Tahiti. This was not the simple life I used to preach in crowded Hollywood rooms.

It wasn't as though I hadn't tried. Five days after reaching Papeete, I consecrated myself to a Spartan regimen. I swore off alcohol and tobacco (always the first step), rented a bike, took an office in Dave Cave's Rampart Garage, had a Chinese doffin-

maker build a stand-up desk, and went to work. And, to further enhance my legend, I took a room in a water-front hotel for $10 a week. It was a lively place at night, with roaches the size of cigar butts, and half a dozen Tahitian whores.

Rising regularly at half past 4, I leaped on the bike and pedaled as though pursued by the district attorney of Marin County. After an hour of this I hid the bike and struck off up a steep mountain trail, with the eastern horizon paling, with cattle and goats scattering right and left, charging up my mind for the day.

Later, after tea and croissants, I stood up to the typewriter and flailed away until noon, at which time I cycled up into a small valley not far from town, where I stripped and plunged into an icy stream to lie in a shallow pool lined with watercress while blossoms went drifting by. From 2 until 6 I wrote. From 6 till 8 I read. And at 9 sharp I went to bed. And for exactly three weeks and two days, I didn't work on the book. I wrote letters, letters by the score, long letters, four, six, and 10 pages long—always single-spaced. This, I told myself, was the logical preliminary to the task of hacking out my first book at the age of 43—a time for sifting thought, for whetting the blade of my talent.

Early in June a man arrived on the island who made a profound impression on me. He was a celebrated writer, so for weeks in advance the cosmopolites had begun to shift their sights from the quarter-deck of the *Wanderer* to the promenade deck of the liner *Monterey*. I was about to be eclipsed, hardly a pleasant sensation. He arrived with his wife and three children, a Swiss nurse, and the entire ensemble was taken under the wing of a local hostess. After a drink at Le Cercle Polynesien (a colorless heir to the old Cercle Bougainville), they were whisked out to a delightful estate in Punaavia, less than 100 yards from our establishment.

We met that night at a party. He was a few years younger than I, tall, immaculately groomed, and immensely attractive in every way. From time to time in the course of the evening, we talked, and I quickly discovered that I was hopelessly outclassed. He was a novelist, journalist, painter, cinematographer, and an accomplished pianist. He spoke flawless Castilian Spanish and at one time or another had been a prize fighter, diplomat, matador and teacher. He was the proprietor of a well-known San Francisco saloon and was currently involved in the production of an art film adapted from a story by Steinbeck. His name was Barnaby Conrad.

He had come to Tahiti for a rest, bringing with him the galley proofs of one novel, the manuscript of another, a Spanish book that he was translating, his cameras and paints, as well as an assignment to do articles for several magazines.

Early the next morning I handed him 10 or 12,000 words I had written in response to a cable from *Life* asking for a story on the voyage. "How about a quiet dinner here tonight?" he said. I told him there was nothing I'd rather do. What I didn't tell him was that I needed someone to talk with.

That night he met me at the door with a drink in one hand and my manuscript in the other. "Congratulations," he said. "I read it and it's great. Join the club." He handed me the drink. With dinner out of the way, he kissed the children good night, dismissed his wife, cautioned the governess not to fall off her motorscooter, handed me a bottle of Scotch, placed a second bottle next to his chair, and we started to talk.

We drank a lot of whisky that night, and after a time he said: "I still don't understand your dislike for acting. How many pictures have you made?"

"Oh, 30, 35, something like that."

"And you're telling me you never enjoyed it?"

"I won't say I never enjoyed fragments of the work. But there was never the time that I didn't want to be something more than an actor. An actor creates a character all right, and may do a good job of it, but he's still an interpreter."

"But you did some good work, too, and with all those films you brought a lot of happiness to a hell of a lot of people, so I don't think you should feel too badly."

"Balls! You're part a machine—an entertainment machine. It's a corporate process. Goddamit, I want to produce something that is mine. That's egotistical and presumptuous and all that. But it's the way I feel. And it's the reason behind my sitting here tonight feeling genuine respect for you. You've done it. And I'll tell you something else about Hollywood that is pathetic: it's in decline right now. Maybe decay is a better word. Some of the best creative people were, as you know of course, driven out of the industry during the McCarthy period—the writers, producers, directors . . . These days the town is running scared, and television is God.

People try to put together little womb-shows. For four or five years, everybody holds hands and lives like drones in this or that "Western," or "private eye," or "happy little family" series. The actors don't act. The director isn't a director, he's a conductor. And the producer is scared crapless of the sponsor. And all the while they duck anything controversial. Now, you tell me, isn't that a hell of a life for a man?"

He laughed. "I have to admit you don't make it sound too attractive."

"And I'll tell you another thing since you're holding still. People don't remember the pictures you make. It's all a blur. They stop you on the street and say: 'Hiya Sturl'n. Caught you in a pitcher the other night—you know, the one where you played the admiral got his leg shot off?' Well, I want to write a book that people won't forget. I want to make them take a stiff slug of booze, or go outside and look at the stars. And I think I know how to do it; because this book I have in mind may be about a guy called Hayden but it will be about them, too."

He drank and I drank, and when the bottles were empty I left, put the bike in high gear, and went back to the ship.

That night, I lay in my bunk and let my mind drift back to Boston, and January, 1940, and how it had been in those simpler days almost 20 years earlier.

There was a place on top of T Wharf, out near the seaward end, sheltered from the wind and exposed to the sun, sort of a brick pocket. Here I made myself a nest, and day after day I curled up there, lost to the world. The city lay all around and the freighters stood down channel outward-bound and the gulls wheeled and I cultivated a theory that the most captivating thing on earth was a deep-water ship moored deep in the guts of a city. I kept a notebook handy for such thoughts.

"Three weeks," O'Toole had said. "We wait three weeks for Horgan's letter to Hollywood to do some good, and then we bust loose for New York on our own."

"With what?" I asked. "We're both broke and New York takes dough."

Larry shrugged this off: "Quit worrying. Something'll turn up. I'll do a mural for somebody or paint tits on the fire curtain over to the Old Howard."

Three weeks passed. Nothing happened, and so I made one trip to the Banks in the schooner *Ethel B. Penney*. She was old and loose and it blew great guns and we came in 26 days later with ice to the foremasthead. Our shares of $66.43 each worked out to slightly more than 21 cents an hour.

We checked into the Edison Hotel in Manhattan after an all-night trip on the steamer and a wild farewell party down on the wharf with plenty of rum and noise and hula dancing. Larry wore the same things he had on when we had met two years earlier, except for a muffler of Tom's that he knotted in front. "Makes me look like Ronald Coleman," he said.

I wore a new suit that Larry had selected. It had big checks and wide shoulders and he made them reduce the seat and waist so I could barely sit down without a seam or some buttons giving way.

We got a small room for $12 a night. The bellhop was old and tired. "Give this man a dollar," commanded O'Toole as he threw his coat at a chair. "And what we need, Sam, is a quick quart of rum. And take this guy's suit and throw a real good press into it right away and get it back here in an hour, okay?" I wrapped myself up in the red and white *pareu* and began pacing back and forth. He crossed the room to the telephone, put in a call, and waited a moment for the connection.

"Hello, Harry? Say, boy, this is your old pal from Boston, this is the O'Toole of the South Boston O'Tooles, now Harry how in hell are you kid, hey? Fine, glad to hear that Harry now look, Harry, I'm right across the street at the Edison and I got this guy with me you got to meet because he's 6-foot-5, 220

pounds and blond and handsome as a bastard and they been trying for years up to Boston to sign him for pitchers but—what? No, he's not an actor he's a sailor, he's been around the world four times in schooners and he's been fishin' on the Grand Banks and like I said they've been tryin' to sign him but I tell him he needs a tiptop agent like you Harry and—what? Hell no, Harry, I don't want no cut, he an' me was shipmates on a little brigantine to Tahiti and—" He turns to me with the phone cupped: "Gimme a butt quick, I think we're all set."

When I hold the match, my hand shakes, "Okay, Harry, I'm on my way." Bang goes the phone. "Where's that creep with the jug?" We collide as we pace. "Lie down for Christ's sake. Save yourself, what I need is a drink."

The buzzer rings. "Gimme a buck for the tip." He pours a tumblerful, tosses it off, pours an inch more, and hands me the drink. I shove it one side so he throws it down. "Now don't move, ya hear, don't even go out the door, you might get lost or something."

"Where in hell would I go with no pants?"

An alley behind the Strand Theater is crammed with barrels of trash and snowflakes fall as we walk toward a big red door. "Keep your hands outa your pockets, stand up real straight, look this guy square in the eye and keep thinkin' over and over: Go hump yourself, Harry, go hump yourself, Harry—like that—over an' over, got it?"

"Yeah, Larry. Okay." My voice sounds weak.

A sign says: STAGE DOOR. I feel a certain excitement because this is where the chorus girls come out. I wonder if they are all as hot as everybody says.

We go in and walk past scenery stacked against the walls, past ropes that lead down from aloft to long pinrails.

We come to a door. "Gimme a butt," says Larry. "Now listen, kid, this guy's sharp. This guy's as sharp as they come, but he's an old pal o' mine so he won't try any fast stuff. If he takes a likin' to you, then you're as good as a star right now." He gives the door a wallop, and we enter.

A small man rises from behind a big desk. The walls are covered with glossy photographs in cheap black frames and the lights are bright and the place is very hot. O'Toole beams and smokes. "Harry, shake hands with Captain Sterling Hayden. Sterling, shake hands with my old buddy Harry Gourfain." I take his hand, my fingers close and lock gently and at the first sign of pressure I pour it on.

He goes right up on his toes. His voice is high and irate: "Jesus, kid, what you doing?" He yanks his hand away and gives O'Toole a strange look.

We sit down. He has a double-breasted suit, a small waxy mustache, and glasses with no rims. "Larry tells me you done lotsa sailboatin', eh Sterlin'?"

"I guess that's right." I keep boring in with my eyes. Go hump yourself, Harry.

"Sterlin'?" He seems quite composed. "You done any summer stock, church pageants, school theatricals, nothin' like that?"

"No."

"What makes you think you can act?"

Larry leaps to his feet: "Harry, the kid's modest, that's what. Of course he can act. I can act, you can act, anybody can act if he feels like actin', what's so tough about actin'?" He turns to me: "Hell, if you can take a brig through a 90-mile hurricane with a bunch of ama-choors, then I guess you can act, right kid?"

"Right, Larry, I guess."

A girl comes in wearing a green sweater and a tight skirt. She hands Harry a sheaf of papers clasped in blue folders. He starts to read them over. I look around and try to relax.

All the pictures on the walls are autographed and have long inscriptions: "Thanks, Harry, for all you did to help me up the ladder." Or: "With love and fondest wishes to Harry who gave me my start in Showbiz'." The men in the pictures are smooth. They have slick hair and very broad smiles and excellent teeth all around. They must be famous stars but I don't seem to recognize them.

"Here you are, boys," says Harry spreading the folders in front of us. "Standard New York Agency contracts, read them over if you like, boys, take your time. Harry's taking a big risk, kids, but we'll see what we can do."

"What in hell are ya signin' me for?" asks Larry.

"Keep things straight," smiles the agent. O'Toole scratches his name. I count to 30 and sign carefully.

We shake hands all around. "Okay now, Skippy, you an' me are partners, now here's what I want you should do; I want you should take in lots an' lots of pictures; I want you should see four and five pictures a day; study the way the big stars act—the way they walk and talk and move and kiss the girls—the works, get it?"

"Well, all right."

He rubs his hands as we go for the door. "By the way, how much dough you guys got?"

"Plenty," says O'Toole.

"Forty bucks," I grunt.

He peels off two $5 bills and hands one to each of us. "The first thing you guys better do is check outa that hotel." We shake hands gently.

It is snowing hard. We turn south on Broadway. Larry seems suddenly detached, he shuffles along kicking the slush with his worn saddle shoes. He turns up his collar and we cross to the middle of Times Square, where we lean on the cold iron railing. He spits. "Look at 'em, will you? Look at the faces. Jesus kid, it's no damn good; this city's too big, too cold, too fast."

I have a picture in my mind of the water front at Papeete. The trading schooners are washed down for the day and the crew is under the awning, smoking and dreaming and passing a jug around.

A taxi passes too fast and sprays us with slush. "I'm gonna clear out, now. You're all set with an agent and I'm goin' back down to Gloucester and I'm goin' to fix up a studio out to the end of Piney's wharf and all the rest of the winter I'm goin' to paint."

I don't want him to go, but I hand him a $10 bill. He shoves it away. "Too bad," I say. "Too bad all the schooners are gone. Come to think of it, there'll never be schooners out of Gloucester any more."

A wide grin breaks over his face. "Don't you worry, kid." He gives my arm a tap. "Don't you worry, the ships may be gone but I see 'em just the same."

O'Toole had been gone a month. Gourfain had accomplished nothing. I was living in a $4-a-week, beaverboard-partitioned, bug-ridden room, just across the street from Twenty-One. In front of the restaurant were long lines of big black cars driven by priest-faced men in undertaker suits who snoozed over the tabloids.

The rent was two weeks overdue, and I was about to leave town and go back to sea, when I found a message one evening: "Mr. Hagen: Call Mr. Griffis at Paramount Pictures or Hampshire House . . ." Horgan's letter had finally come home to roost.

At least five times I walked past the hotel. It was early evening and cold, and Central Park looked like the Black Forest. When the time came for my appointment, I pushed through the big doors into a different world. Everything was white and soft and everyone was smiling. The man inside the door smiled as he touched his cap.

The man at the desk broke loose with a wonderful smile. "Go right on up, Mr. Hayden. Mr. Griffith is expecting you." Wham! He hit the call bell. "Front!" His voice had the ring of command: "Front! Show Mr. Hayden up to the Paramount Suite."

I tipped the bellhop a dime, and the door opened when I was halfway through tucking in my shirt. "Good evening, Mr. Griffith, my name is Hayden and—"

"Mr. Griffith is on the long-distance phone." The man who opened the door seemed harassed and looked a little like Harry down at the Strand Theater. What the hell, I thought, maybe they're all related.

Edward H. Griffith was different. He came loping into the room, as though he were pursued. He looked important and confused, like a small-town mayor. As we shook hands, I was careful not to overdo it. But it was no use. He turned my hand palm up. "What have you been doing, Mr. Hayden, if I may ask?"

"Well sir, for six weeks now I haven't been doing much; but before that I was hauling some trawl and—"

"Mr. Hayden, will you just walk across to the window and look down toward the park." I went to one window and looked

down on the Black Forest, feeling like good King Wenceslaus . . . "Mr. Hayden, do you always stand with your hands in your pockets that way?"

I jerked them out. "No sir, only when I'm scared."

This seemed to please him. "You are nervous now?"

"You're doggone right I am." I wondered why I didn't swear.

His friend came in with some drinks. We were introduced and then they went to the other end of the room and stood looking at me and whispering. I put on the nonchalant air that O'Toole had such faith in. They returned and we ran through an acting scene with a man called Rollie reading the girl's part. It all sounded pretty stupid. Suddenly I started to laugh. I was thinking of the time in Papeete when O'Toole was soused and he danced with the governor's wife wearing his nightshirt with a big red heart sewn below the belt.

Griffith said: "I notice, Mr. Hayden, when you smile—one tooth is broken."

"Yes sir. I was in a schooner down in the Caribbean one time when I got hit in the mouth with a block, what we call a—"

"Really?" He was smiling now, almost laughing. "And, unless I am mistaken, you have a long scar on your left cheek, is that so?"

"Oh yes sir, you see—I was mastheadsman on the *Gertrude L. Thebaud* a few years back and the strop to the tops'l sheet let go and—whapp! This stranded wire come across and fetched me a crack—" He seemed to like it.

He raised his hand. Rollie was smiling. "Very well now. I think, Mr. Hayden, that we will make a screen test." He turned to his friend. "Do you agree, Rollie?"

"Yes, Ned, I certainly do."

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"Of course. I go down to Virginia tonight and come back a week from Tuesday. We will test on Wednesday. I would like to direct you myself, but there may not be time."

"Yes sir."

He suffered through a screen test, and—incredibly—passed it. They moved in then, this young man and his mother, early in May. She seemed ecstatic. You couldn't be sure, looking at him, just how he felt. He had a 42-page contract with Paramount. He was on a payroll, earning $600 a month—three times as much as he had ever earned at sea.

They lived in Laurel Canyon in a Hollywood-Spanish house that clung to a parched hillside. It had a dirt drive and a basement garage and a pair of tiny bedrooms. The living room was the room with the view, framed by stunted shrubs, of a barren hill across a house-pocked road.

Each morning he drove to the parking lot next to the filling station, left the car and marched through a handsome gate of ornamental ironwork with the magic words PARAMOUNT PICTURES in an arc above. The guards called him by his first name.

He had a dressing room on the second floor, overlooking the production building and Stage 28. It was directly over Mr. Gary Cooper's dressing room and it had a shower and a toilet and a couch and chairs and a dressing table under a mirror studded with light bulbs.

He plastered the walls with pictures: pictures of schooners, barks, brigs, and ships; pictures of equatorial crossings; pictures of dories tossed on slate-gray seas under slate-gray skies, of vessels beleaguered by storm and entranced by calm. The lady who tended the towels and keys said: "My sakes, Mr. Hayden, but you've led an adventurous life." He smiled. The folks over in Publicity were enthusiastic, and they said: "Now, Sterling, we've got a magazine interview all set for you. We'll bring the gal over here so she can take a look at your pictures, then we'll lunch in the commissary, be extra nice to her, she's in real good with Hedda."

After sucking some strength from his picture display, he would cross to the studio gym. It had a boxed-in squash court and a playroom full of barbells and wall weights and mats. There were flying rings and bars and inclined boards to shove the blood to your head (good for hang-overs, so the boys said).

After the gymnasium came the time to learn acting. A sign said: Talent Department. Bill Russel had charge of the coaching. He hailed from Amarillo, and he liked to talk about life on the outside, about what people did with their lives. With a little luck you could divert Bill from the acting work and your hour would pass, not in learning to be a hero but in keeping your feet on the ground.

But a day came when Bill was called up to Griffith's office, and after that you worked. "I'm not supposed to say this," said Bill, "but they've got special plans for you up front." And you went ahead with the four-page scene, with Bill taking the part of the girl. "Tenderly," Bill would say, "treat her tenderly. When you draw her to you, don't plunk your mitts on her shoulder—caress her arms gently—try to hold her entranced —try to lift her—gently."

I sometimes made the rounds of the boys and girls (as they called themselves) in Publicity. Object: to stimulate their interest. Most of them hated themselves for selling out, for turning out trash about stars and films. More than the others, they were outspoken about Hollywood! "Hayden, it's like this. All of us here got this job to do. But most of us are doing some serious writing at home nights; and one of these days we'll hit with a novel and then we'll march up to that front office and tell 'em all to go screw."

And this is how the weeks passed. There were people who had lived this life for years. They held part-time jobs and studied voice and ballet and some of the boys took judo. Some had been through the same ritual at half a dozen studios. Especially some of the girls, who surprised you by driving big convertibles and living alone in fancy apartments with a small dog and a big bed.

None of them seemed to mind because each of them knew perfectly well the day would come—quite soon—when the great break would come and they would soar to stardom overnight. There was nothing much else in life.

The change, when it came, came fast.

I was in the gym lifting weights, wondering what was the use of building muscle when I no longer worked for a living. Bill stuck his head through the door. "Griffith's secretary says for you to get over to the big man's office right away. Says it's important."

Griffith removed his glasses as I stepped into the room. He seemed to be sizing me up. "How much did you weigh this morning, Sterling?"

"Two hundred and four and a half."

"You look very well. How do you feel?"

"Fine."

"Bill Russel tells me you're coming along nicely."

"I am?"

"The boys in Publicity think you're a natural."

"A natural what?"

When some men laugh, it seems a painful thing.

"You've been out here how long?"

"About three weeks."

"How do you feel now, about your new career?"

"Well, to tell you the truth I've been thinking of giving the whole damn thing up. I went down to the harbor Sunday and located two of the finest schooners I ever—"

He swivels his chair through a complacent arc, then he turns back and says: "You're about to receive the greatest surprise of your life." I would dearly love a cigarette but Griffith doesn't approve.

"Sterling, I am going to do something that has never been done before in Hollywood. The front office thinks I'm insane. I'm going to star you in my next picture, *Virginia*. You will play the second male lead, next to Fred MacMurray. You will be playing opposite Madeleine Carroll."

I feign surprise.

"This is a technicolor picture and the budget may come close to a million dollars, so you have an awful lot of responsibility riding on those shoulders of yours. And so do I. Your wardrobe alone will probably cost $3,000. You will portray the role of a young country gentleman from the North. You will have to learn how to ride and jump a horse. Have you ever worn tails?"

"Christ no."

"You will soon. I want you to keep this absolutely quiet. When Publicity gets ahold of this, they'll go wild. I shouldn't be the least bit surprised if both Hedda and Louella played this as their lead story. There is only one possible hitch."

This is certainly more like it.

"Miss Carroll is the star. Miss Carroll has cast approval. It is not an easy thing for a girl in her position to play opposite someone as—as inexperienced as you. She might object."

"I wouldn't blame her."

We say good-by and I close the door with care. The outer office is jammed. The strange part is, I knew all along this would happen.

The whole shebang goes east to Charlottesville for six weeks of shooting. A black limousine drives from the center of town toward the time-resistant island of the Farmington Hunt Club where Griffith and his stars are staying. Griffith nips at a cigarette: "Sterling, as you know, Miss Carroll flew in from Europe two days ago. She is tired, very tired. I told her about you, and she was very decent about the whole thing. When you meet her, I trust that you will be as courteous and cooperative as possible. If she seems abrupt it is because she has a great deal on her mind."

"Yes, Mr. Griffith, I understand."

"By the way, what was your weight this morning?"

"One ninety-nine and nine tenths."

"Very well. Don't let up."

We wind through a pedigreed forest. An aristocratic hush lies low on a generous expanse of lawn and gardens and fairways that roll off toward woods in the distance. The clubhouse appears, sprawling red brick with porticoes and terraces. "Adjust your tie," he orders.

Miss Carroll's suite is garnished with vases of flowers, with cards from agents and other moguls. The living room is clogged with Paramount personnel, make-up men, wardrobe women, hair stylists, and a quorum of dress designers. But no Miss Carroll. Griffith goes into a huddle with the reigning costume designer.

I turn my back on the room. There is plenty of tension now, and I pirate a cigarette. A small framed picture captures my eye. It is an old friend, a painting by Winslow Homer showing some barefoot boys on a windy day in an open boat with a whiskered old man to the helm. The sail is taut and the spray flies; I peer in close and see the name on the transom: *Gloucester.*

A rich warm voice interrupts: "Mr. Hayden?" I pivot. "I'm Madeleine Carroll." I knew she was lovely, but nothing like this—"Oh, how do you do." She wears no make-up. Her hair is soft and has the same hue as salt grass in the wintertime. It is swept back and secured with a small blue ribbon.

She clasps her hands behind her back and nods toward the painting. "I imagine you like that, don't you."

"Yes. I think, when we leave this place I'll be forced to take that with me."

She laughs. O'Toole would approve of this girl. "Perhaps I can help." We laugh, and Griffith does not seem pleased. He edges a bit toward us. "I think, Miss Carroll, we're about to be joined by the boss." She hands me an ash tray. "Yes. Ned is my chaperon. We can't talk now, you know. But we could, perhaps, have dinner together."

"Where?"

"Here, later—but not too late, we've an early call in the morning."

Some things you never expect. This is the feeling I should have had when I was given the part in the picture. "If you're not busy," she adds.

"No. I'm not busy." Griffith is crossing over now.

"Now," she is saying, "you see, Ned? I introduced myself."

From our place on the dining terrace the fairway rolls toward the sunset cloud. Candles glow in fragile hurricane mounts, and the terrace is jammed with gentry. Through open doors comes the sound of an orchestra. The waiters file by with their endless rounds of drinks.

We share a bottle of wine that has little in common with the wine where I come from. Across the way I can just see Griffith. He sits with a group of men—facing us.

Madeleine sits with her back to the crowd, facing the west. The actresses I've seen so far would never do such a thing. From time to time people come over to ask for an autograph, and she smiles as she scrawls her name. When they ask me I feel like an ass, but I sign, too. "What's wrong with people like these, asking for the signature of some jerk who has never even been in a film?"

"You'll find out." She holds her glass of wine with both hands, sipping the drink at a very slow and deliberate pace.

I order more wine. When the music rests we can hear the crickets. Talking with her, I find out that she feels the same as I do about Hollywood. It is, we agree, a place to be used, a means to an end, no more.

Yet our ends are a world apart. All I want is a ship, so I say, at least. She wants money enough to throw herself in the war somehow; to support some children, 40 of whom even now are in occupied Paris, dependent on her for survival. There is, when I come to think about it, a lot that an adult can do.

It is 9 o'clock. Griffith has gone, and we can see the stars. The bottle of wine is empty—was that the second or the third? She draws a jacket over her shoulders. Someone breaks a glass, which is good for a volley of laughter. "I think it is almost bedtime," I hear her voice.

"I'm afraid so . . . Would you like to go for a walk—just down the fairway and back? . . . Do you know something? Where I've been most of my life a fairway means a deep-water channel."

I can't believe that we're sitting here together, that she feels alone, that she isn't married. Perhaps she is. None of my damn business.

"Yes"—she clasps the hurricane glass—"I love to walk. I used to walk alone—for hours and hours, when I lived at Malibu." The touch of a shiver goes through her. "Oh, how I hate that part of the world. Let's walk; all I do these days —is run." We look at each other briefly. "You wait here, I'll run—I'll go—and change my shoes."

I ask for the check. It is all taken care of. The waiter is old and doubled forward from the belt up. "I guess you're tired," I say.

"Yes sir, I'm a little tired tonight."

"Bring me a Scotch and water, double." I hand him a $5 bill. "And keep the change for your trouble."

The dancing goes on inside. I don't envy them. Not tonight I don't.

Larry O'Toole and Capt. Malcom MacDonald of the Boston Pilots come west for a visit, and the three of us—with Madeleine —are eating and drinking on the broad terrace of Madeleine's house overlooking the Pacific.

Mac turns in early, tired from the cross-country drive. We talk for a time, then Madeleine rises. "I'll leave you two together. There's a fire in the living room." O'Toole jumps up. "Good. I'm not in the habit of eating out under the stars, fresh air and drinking don't go good together."

Inside, O'Toole says, "They'll never believe it, so there's no use my writing to Ben or the gang on the Wharf. Now, will you please tell me what a girl like this one sees in a guy like you?"

"I've been wondering the same thing. Maybe she thinks I'm the only person out here who hates Hollywood as much as she does."

"That's a lousy word."

"It's not a life for a man. Not for me, it isn't. I'll tell you something, Larry. As soon as this picture is finished, I'm clearing out, fast."

"Where in hell to? How much dough you got?"

"Five, maybe six hundred bucks."

"And you'll buy a schooner with six hundred bucks?"

"No. What I want to do is get in the war somehow."

He sits up so fast he spills rum on the beer. "What?! Get in the war? Christ, everybody I know is trying to stay clear of the sonofabitch."

"What I think I'll do is buy me a typewriter and a good camera and be a war correspondent."

He taps his head. "You've been reading Hemingway." He looks at me and then he looks toward a room overhead. "Ah, I got it now. It's the girl. You're so goofy over this dream upstairs that you"—he snaps his cigarette at the fire—"got to go get your ass shot off."

I cross to the fire and give it a kick and freshen the drinks. His face brightens. "Hey, wait a second, what about Paramount?

You got yourself a contract this time, kid. Paramount's not giving you this ride for nothing; you're their fair-haired boy; why hell, there's more crap in the papers about you back home than Gable and Cooper together."

"They can't force a guy to work when he doesn't want to."

"No? Well, they can try like hell; and if they ever caught up with you, they'd sue you till you didn't have a dime to your name."

I shake my head. "You're wrong. There's just one thing these guys really respect—"

"Sure. Dough." He rubs his fingers together. "And you mean dough to them. They're banking on you to grow up someday into a big fat box-office star—"

"I don't agree. They respect you if you don't give a damn about money, if you tell them to take their dough and get lost."

He pats the bear on the head. "Well, maybe . . . But the least you can do is go for a vessel. Get them to give you a schooner. Wait a year. Save some dough, then take the ship and clear out."

I step outside and the sea stretches out black, with Catalina Island barely visible.

Madeleine's room is dark. I jump on the wall and stare offshore, picturing a vessel tramping a sea such as this, standing in with a leading wind toward a war-torn shore.

A spark catches in my mind and I make my way indoors. "Larry, I've got it. I'll get me a ship and haul cargo with her —maybe run the blockade into England and back. What do you say about that?"

He yawns. "I say I'm tired. And you're crazier now than back in our time with the brig."

The moment the picture was finished, Madeleine flew east and, bereft, I prowled the house for hours on end. Down below the smog-line, on Sunset Strip, extras, actors, and two-bit columnists lounged in and out of Schwab's drugstore in the autumnal heat.

Griffith explained how *Virginia* might turn out to be the finest picture ever made and how, to be sure the public recognized this fact, they were going to send me out to accompany the film on a sweep of the big Eastern cities. MacMurray refused to go and Madeleine was beyond reach, so right after the first of the year I hit the ballyhoo trail.

It seems almost like a dream: President Roosevelt sits at the head of a long table upstairs in the White House, flanked by Lana Turner and Greer Garson. He looks like his photographs, with the strong jaw and the genial smile and the cigarette holder upthrust like a flying jibboom. Mrs. Roosevelt sits at the other end, talking intently to Danny Kaye and Gene Kelly. I am lost somewhere in the middle. The President thanks us all for participating in the 1941 campaign of the March of Dimes. Then we file out, shaking hands as we go. It is a contest to see who can best engage the President's attention. I feel very nervous. When it is my turn I clear my throat and say: "Sir, Captain Ben Pine asked me to give you his regards and—"

He rears back as though this is the most wonderful news he has heard in months. "Well, give my best to him. Tell him the *Thebaud* should have won those last two races."

All through the August night the car rolled north through California's Central Valley, bound for San Francisco and a visit with Warwick Tompkins aboard his schooner *Wander Bird*. Sausalito felt like a sailorman's town. There was a wall of fog beyond the Gate, and San Francisco spread like a blanket across the seaside hills. Hollywood seemed far away. Tompkins looked almost the same, with the truculent thrust to the jaw, still impelled by a vast impatience. Gwen, his wife, was exactly the same, with her quiet way of smiling and her sensual body and an old bandanna knotted around her hair.

I realized after talking with Warwick, that the rumors I'd heard must be true: "Poor old Tompkins had to go and swallow the Communist line—he's Red as they come these days—too bad—tough on his wife and kids." But a strange thing happened; I found myself in the grip of a new excitement, anxious to discover just what this power was that had taken my friend and dammed the river of his mind in such a way that it no longer ran to the sea.

I sensed that I was about to stumble upon the key to what was wrong in my life, for the older I grew the more convinced I became that I was flawed in some way beyond my understanding.

Simultaneously I was frightened lest this new discovery should destroy my world of the sea. I wanted both worlds at once, the world of ships and the world of social struggle. I was late, too, and I knew it—25 years old, and for all my fighting and searching and voyaging I had yet to come to grips with life. I was in fact still in kindergarten. Why? Was I too scared to face reality? Too stupid perhaps? Well, then, the best thing I could do was listen to Tompkins with an open mind, and to hell with conventional thinking.

That evening a group of people assembled in the schooner's cabin, maybe a dozen in all. Two of the men had fought in Spain with the Abraham Lincoln Battalion. This was the first I had heard about the International Brigades, and I didn't understand exactly who was fighting for what. They kept using words I didn't know—working class, Fascism, solidarity, imperialist, monopolish. It occurred to me that I was in the midst of some very dangerous people, yet they didn't seem dangerous. They seemed different, that's all—more intelligent than the rest, and above all, more concerned.

But the episode was humiliating to me because I was ignorant. I didn't dare join in: I had nothing to say. I couldn't even understand what they were saying and I began dozing off in my corner, though I wasn't tired. I wanted to escape to the deck, where I could pace alone with the bulwarks and pinrails and shrouds that for half my lifetime had held my world together. The clock in the cabin advanced with agonizing slowness, but finally it was almost half past 10 and for two solid hours I hadn't said a word. Gwen went into the galley and I thought I was about to be released, when Tompkins said: "Sterling, all these people are landsmen, so why don't you tell them something about your experiences fishing on the Banks and firing in that P & O steamer?" They swung around facing me as I lit a fresh cigarette.

I warmed up after a bit as I began to work with my inventory of tales, and it came to me that I had a new and intriguing perspective. My stories suddenly were more than anecdotes. They had a point. The men I had shipped with suddenly became part of a larger scheme of things. The abstract terms—proletariat, exploitation, and the rest—began to seem less abstract. I thought of men I hadn't been reminded of in years and found myself moved and angered.

My audience seemed moved and angered, too. I had shared a part of my life and felt a new kinship with them. If I could only feel this way in front of the cameras, I'd turn into one hell of an actor. Perhaps I could revolt and still belong.

Gwen came aft with some wine. After I finished, they were silent. It occurred to me that I was right about Hollywood and the rest. It wasn't wrong to have dreams and ideals and to want more out of life than a desk in an office and a little house with a mortgage and all the stuff bleated about in the national magazines.

Also—and how attractive this thought—what could be more unusual than the sometime schoonerman who of his own volition tells conventional Hollywood to go to hell and goes back into the world to contribute something to life.

At least, I thought, it was worth a try. I had nothing to lose but a rancid slice of stardom, and, best of all, it was bound to lead me toward Madeleine.

That morning in Frank Freeman's office, three men with a combined yearly income of well over a million dollars held a meeting. I waited outside thinking of a girl who was just then in Stamford, Connecticut. That morning I had sent her a wire: HAVE ABANDONED THE SHIP DRIVING EAST AT ONCE WILL PHONE FROM BOSTON MUST SEE YOU DO NOTHING RASH STOP LOVE.

The door opened and Bert Allenberg came out. "Look, sweetheart [Bert was my agent], Frank and Henry are both upset. I'm going to talk with you for a bit. Then you talk to Ginsberg by yourself. Then Freeman will see you. Now look, baby, you know I think you're nuts for wanting to quit." He checked the hall for strangers. "Let me slip you this one thought. I'm not supposed to let on, but just between the two of us, if you stay Paramount is prepared to give you the lead

in For Whom the Bell Tolls. And, sweetheart, they'll tear up your contract and write you a new one, three pictures a year, $30,000 a picture. I can't believe it myself, but I happen to know it's true."

Ginsberg doesn't rise as I take my place in a chair. "Hayden, I am supposed to convince you not to quit. I'm not going to bother. I haven't the slightest sympathy with you. You are not an actor. You never have been. I doubt you ever could be an actor. You are what we call a Personality.

"We have brought you along until you are what is known as a hot property. You might go a long way in this business. If you would like my opinion, I would say the odds are against it. You have to care in this business, and you don't give a damn. If you walk out on us, you will never work in pictures again. It will be the biggest mistake in your life, and from what I hear you've made your share. Furthermore, you will in all probability be sued by the corporation, and breach of contract suits have a way of haunting a man." He places the tips of his fingers together, takes them apart, then touches them gently. "Does what I have said make sense to you, Hayden?"

"Yes sir."

"Will you change your mind?"

"No sir."

He turns to the work on his desk. "Then I suggest you go talk with your good friend, Mr. Freeman."

This is the part that is rough. He sits peering up through a cloud of cigar smoke, then he leans over to his intercom. "Hold my calls, Sydney." We look at each other, he raises his brows and speaks: "To begin with, Sterling, you place me in an extremely awkward position."

"I know that, sir, and I'm sorry."

"All right then, tell me what's the matter. Don't beat around the bush. I'm your friend and it won't go beyond this room." He pulls out a drawer and props up his legs.

Round and round I circle. "Well, sir, it's just that I don't feel right as an actor. I wasn't cut out for it. I'm the first to admit I may be fouled up, but with the war going on and all I feel, I have to get out and get out right now."

"Sterling, you're not being open about this. We jumped your salary. We starred you in two of our biggest pictures. What more do you want? This war thing is nonsense. Our country isn't in the war yet—if it was, then I'd be the first to understand—"

"Goddamn it, sir, but I can't act and keep my self-respect. It's the only thing I have and I guess I'd better hang on to it."

He swivels around and stares for a time at the sky, nursing the long cigar. When he speaks his voice is gentle. "Sterling, those are fine words, but you know and I know that you're leaving something out. I know what it is and you know I know, and you know I'm fond of you both. Now, I've lived a little longer than you have and maybe I've gone through something like this, too. This thing that's eating your heart will pass. It has to. You need to take your time until you calm down a little. Think about it, will you?"

"I don't have to think about it. Madeleine is a big part of my trouble, I admit." I swing around and snap the butt at the hearth. "But I would rather gamble on the thousand to one shot that I'll walk out this door and do whatever it is I have to do. Maybe one day you will make a picture about me, about what I did or tried to do. I don't want to go on imitating men, and that's all there is to it." I wipe my eyes and reach for a cigarette.

"Well," he drawls, "I was going to make you a little proposition, but in view of what you say, I don't suppose it would be much use—would it?"

"No sir."

He sighs and rises. We meet at the door. He puts a hand on my shoulder. "Good luck. If there's anything I can do, let me know."

The door closes. It is quarter to 12, and I should be on the desert before dark.

They meet just outside Stamford, Connecticut. She wears blue and white, no stockings, low-heeled shoes, and they laugh and draw close as they drive alone in a voluptuous silence.

The car stops. They cross an old stone wall where a brook goes tumbling through a golden field. Beyond the woods lies the blur of Long Island Sound.

His tiredness is suddenly gone, though the last sleep he had was 39 hours ago in Missouri. He clears his throat. "I have a plan. This morning I spoke on the phone with Colonel Donovan. He is sending me to England for three months of Commando and parachute training."

"And then?" She draws her knees up under her chin, facing the west.

"Then I'll come back to the States to help train more civilians until we get involved in the war. And then, we might get married. Maybe we could even keep it a secret, for a little while."

"We might." Her voice is only a whisper.

North Atlantic. November 25, 1941. The stage is set for action, but there is only the westerly gale. The convoy straggles eastward, 47 ships in 30-foot seas, with an escort of five destroyers left over from World War I. The weather is much too bad for U-boats.

A signal hoist flutters aloft from the commodore's flagship: "Practice Firing." Alarm bells ring and two thousand men grab mitts and cork floats and rubber vests and lurch toward their posts.

He throws his weight into the hook of the tubular back rest, rams a cartridge home, squints with the face of a born fighter down the cold steel barrel, and then lets go with a blast at a cloud. (If they could see me now, Fred and Bing and Bob, glued to a 50-caliber antiaircraft gun, bound for Glasgow, on a secret mission . . .)

He stood one night in a bombed-out railway station, lost in the Glasgow blackout. Through torn steel girders, stars looked down. Little knots of people moved through the station, talking in subdued tones, spreading the news. Pearl Harbor. What, he inquired politely, was the matter with Pearl Harbor? He shook his head in the dark. Sad, he thought, that the British were as susceptible to tabloid headlines as Americans. The Japs bomb Pearl Harbor? Preposterous.

The next day, in London, the embassy people had never heard of him, were not expecting him, had no idea what to do with him. The only man who might help was off in Sussex somewhere, and so they gave him some English money and said to come back in four or five days.

What the hell was going on? He had sacrificed career, security, and the company of his tentative fiancée to assist in the war, and nobody gave a damn.

Alone on the moors stood a great stone house, the training center for a small group of men from the occupied countries. It was staffed by recently wounded men from the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and commanded by Col. Edward G. Young. He was 36 years old, square of shoulder, stiff of back, with great corded red legs under his kilt, and a fierce pair of eyes.

"Welcome, Hayden, it is good to see an American."

"Thank you, Colonel."

"You have no military background, I am told."

"No sir."

"Are you by chance trained as an engineer?"

"No sir."

"Just what, Mr. Hayden, is your background?"

"Well, sir, I grew up in small sailing vessels in New England and I went around the world two or three times under sail and then three years ago I took command of a small brig and delivered her from Boston to Tahiti and—"

So they told him to train and he trained—a pale tall figure in British battle dress, minus insignia, wearing American hunting boots and no hat—all wrapped in a Hollywood trench coat. He trained with Dutchmen and Poles and Belgians and French and Danes and Norsemen, all of whom had been in combat. All were fighters, with rank and military bearing and the confidence of men who know their job. After the day's work in driving rain, this group would assemble in a dark beamed room, warmed by a small coal fire, for the ration of whisky—two per man—and to learn the news. First the national anthem, and then the announcer's voice: "Good evening. This is the Home and Forces program of the BBC. Here is the news . . ."

And it was always bleak: H.M.S. *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* sunk in the South China Sea; Luzon invaded by Japan; Wake Island captured by Japan; the fall of Manila; the *Scharnhorst*,

Gneisenau and *Prinz Eugen* escape through the Channel from Brest—and the fall of Singapore . . .

More and more he thought of the warm stone house at Portuguese Bend, above the benign Pacific. He thought of the times they had shared, of the wine and laughter, of the carefree evening strolls—and here he was, hostage to an image of heroism, bogged down in talk of death and destruction and intricate preparations for strangling men and blowing up men and sinking ships and turning townships into crematoriums.

His big break came in March when he parachuted for the 11th time from the belly of a Stirling bomber. But this time he landed in a quarry, breaking his ankle, tearing a cartilage loose in the knee, and injuring the base of his spine. They patched him up, gave him crutches that were much too short, and sent him to Liverpool, where he boarded a fast Norwegian freighter bound for New York City. He smiled to himself as he smelled the river and felt it underneath him and saw the barrage balloons strung out down the battered Mersey.

They were married in a snow-banked lodge by a frozen lake near Peterborough, New Hampshire. A log fire roared, the toasts were made, and the vows were said.

It was dark when they started the drive toward Connecticut. He was full of pride and she slept with her head in his lap. They stopped at a Catholic Church, where she crossed herself and knelt while he bowed his head and waited. (. . . Oh Lord, I just want to make her happy . . .)

The house in Connecticut was his refuge, far from war, far from Hollywood, it was set snugly in the lee of a shelving hill, under giant elms, near the head of a salt-water harbor. Here they would make their home when they weren't mixed up in the war. He lay with his leg propped up, watching the fire. Too bad, he thought. If it wasn't for what they would think, I would gladly stay here till the war was finished and gone.

Now, where do I go from here? I'm flawed inside and I know it. But why did it have to be me? Why why why why why? Roosevelt was right: we have nothing to fear but fear. Could it be perhaps that this is a trick of fate to compensate for my being tall and strong and good-looking enough to intrigue every girl I meet? Is this a malignancy grafted into my spine to offset the fact that I'm equally at home in a drawing room or a fo'c'sle? If so—what a hell of a price to pay.

(The problem now is to prevent this fear from showing. The fear itself is nothing compared with the threat of being exposed. The challenge now is to devise some way to dance on the coals of war, to give an illusion of a stalwart man on a constant quest of danger.)

When did this fear set in? Isn't it true that I've been living a lie for years? Wasn't I a fo'c'sle dweller who was not a fo'c'sle dweller? A student who was not a student; a doryman unlike any other doryman; a fireman in effect but not in fact; a kid on the road who never was on the road at all? When is an unemployed victim of the depression not a victim at all? . . . Perhaps when his life is a charade. When is an actor not an actor? When the bulk of his acting is done offstage. But, God in hand, how did it all start?

To hell with how and when. What you must do at once is apply for a lieutenant's commission in the Navy. Because of how it will look, because whatever you do is news these days. Just think what the press will say: Hayden returns from secret mission for "Wild Bill" Donovan of the COI. Seeks naval commission. Requests assignment to motor torpedo boats.

The Navy said no, of course, just as you knew they would—lieutenancies weren't given to men whose education had stopped halfway through tenth grade. You made a big play out of this because you had already wrangled a job in a test crew that rammed PT boats up and down New York harbor. For three weeks you roared around in the waning winter light, safe behind the skirts of the Statue of Liberty. Your friends agreed it was sad that a man with your sea experience should be offered nothing more than an ensign's commission and were full of admiration when you told the Navy to go to hell with their lousy commission. Spring was in the air that day as you rode back and forth on the Staten Island ferries watching the ships go by. You soaked up the harbor magic and you knew so well that the sea was where you belonged, not laced up in some uniform but stripped to the waist in a world of canvas and wire, and never mind the motorboats choked with valves and pistons, because yours was the world of silence and beauty and freedom as a man.

It seems strange when I think of the men she might have married. Hard-driving, prominent men full of self-assurance. Attractive men and worldly men with clothes and dollars and business acumen, with vast houses and plush apartments all over the world.

But stranger than this by far is the battle that goes with sex. How many men, I wonder, have experienced this central problem? Not so many, judging by what they say. But then, too, how many would ever guess that this is a problem with me? Mighty damn few, I bet. And, curiously, the problem is not consistent. It all depends on the girl. Figure it out. Here I am, 26 years old. How many girls have there been—girls with whom I've entwined and progressed to the point of no return—over the past 10 years? Maybe a dozen. How many times did I fail in spite of myself? Six or seven. Why? I wish I knew. Something to do with fear. Fear of what? Failure of course—failure to perform as a man is born to perform. But why was I sometimes fine? What, when it did go right, was the quality shared by the girls concerned? None that I can see, though I've puzzled about this and torn it apart and spent more time with it than with anything else—the sea and ships excepted. It's strange all right . . . No one will ever know the terror that goes with it save those who share this affliction.

After obtaining an unlimited draft deferment to haul freight in a schooner, I soon gave that up and enlisted in the Marines for boot training at Parris Island, South Carolina. It was a miserable experience. There was, I soon discovered, only one way out. I had to get commissioned, even if it took pull to do it. Fortunately, two men were selected from each recruit platoon and sent to officers' school in Quantico, Virginia. I passed through boot camp, put in three weeks as a drill instructor, then went on to Quantico, where I joined a class of 270 recent college graduates.

I decided that the best way out of my military bind, once I was commissioned, was a set of orders transferring me to Donovan's COI, by then known as the Office of Strategic Services. I pulled strings and Donovan said he would see what he could do. Eighty percent of my class were ordered out to the Pacific. Only three of us went to the OSS.

After a series of false starts in the direction of China, I was handed an enlisted man from the Navy who was fluent in Greek, telegraphy and cipher, and we were dispatched to Cairo to harass the enemy.

To complete my metamorphosis and cut my last tie with Hollywood, I obtained legal permission for a change in name. Henceforth I was John Hamilton.

It came as no surprise that not only were we not expected in Cairo but the colonel commanding had no idea what to tell us to do. One day he called me in and said: "Lieutenant Hamilton, may I ask first just why it is you never return my salute?"

"The Marine Corps doesn't salute bareheaded."

"Oh." He smiled. "What did they tell you you were going to do out here?"

"They said something about my getting together a group of escapees from Greece, fitting out a cargo ketch, and running her up through the Greek Islands."

"The British have that all sewn up."

"I see."

"Well, Hamilton, a report has just come in that there is a man named Tito up in Yugoslavia. They say he's a Communist, but apparently he's in control of quite a large guerrilla organization, so why don't you hop up to Bari, Italy, and locate our Major Huot and see whether you can be of some service."

And with what seemed like a sigh of relief, he gave me a fistful of orders.

I remember the man quite well. He was born one afternoon, at the age of 27, on the east coast of Italy, where the harbor of Bari was scoured by a raw November norther that whined in from the wastes of the Adriatic. Three years later he died in a stucco motel-apartment next to a liquor store at the base of Laurel Canyon, near Schwab's drugstore in West Hollywood.

Brief as this life span was, it transported him to such heights of exultation as perhaps few men know, because he had, before

this, been dead for a long time. So great, in fact, was the shock of his awakening that certain seeds were planted which would lead to his undoing, to his eventual self-betrayal. And he was aware of this at the time.

I shall tell what this man went through in the first—or 28th—year of his life. After that our paths diverged, slowly, so that I never saw him again.

At birth he stood 6-foot-5 in his leather jumping boots and weighed close to 230 pounds. A British parachute emblem and a small American flag were neatly stitched to the sleeves of his combat jacket. There were also the conventional military insignia, and a .357 Magnum revolver strapped to his leg. His name was John Hamilton and he was a second lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps (Reserve).

Hamilton was stunned to discover that almost overnight he had become an integral part of the human race. Never before had he belonged to anything more than a ship. He thought of the things that Tompkins had said back in San Francisco, all the socialistic pamphlets and booklets that he had read furtively only to become stricken with guilt and burn the offensive trash in some incinerator. And now he was in contact with alleged Communists, led by an avowed Communist, Tito, who for years had fought with savage tenacity and skill at a time when fighting the Axis was not popular in some of the better places. These same men had fought without the support of Russia or anyone else; had fought in spite of reprisals, had fought through bitter winters high in the mountains, with little clothing, next to no food, and only the arms they could scrape from the backs of their foes. All this time, the "legitimate" Royal Yugoslav Government was settled down in a command post in Claridge's Hotel in far-off London, issuing communiqués as to the efficacy of their man in the field, Col. Draja Mikhailovitch, and his "Glorious Fighting Chetniks . . ."

They put Hamilton in charge, three days after his arrival, of establishing a new partisan base of operations in the quaint old port of Monopoli some 30 miles south of Bari. He had 400 Yugoslavs—50 of them girls—and a fleet of 14 schooners, six ketches, and two brigantines; all of them more or less equipped with auxiliary power. To these ships fell the task of running the German blockade across the Adriatic to the partisan island of Vis off the German-held coast of Dalmatia. From the nearest point of the Italian coast to Vis was a distance of 80 miles. By plunging through the Allied minefield late of an afternoon a schooner always had a fighting chance of reaching Vis at dawn—barely in time to be backed into a precipitous cove where she could be hastily camouflaged with pine boughs festooned in her rigging, unloaded the following night, the camouflage repeated, and then driven toward Italy as soon as the weather served. A farther and much more hazardous journey, undertaken in small fishing boats, would, if all went well, see the supplies landed on lonely ragged beaches flanked by Nazi garrisons. All that then remained was to pack the matériel by burros and men up and into the Dinaric Alps and from there to the various partisan units.

As the partisan saga unfolded day by day Hamilton found himself committed in a way he had never known before. Night after night he pounded out long letters to people back in the States, to Tompkins in particular, while out on the docks sweating partisan stevedores sang wild Serbian songs. He had never known such men. There was a ferocity about them, not just in the way they looked but in the way they worked, straining and sweating for hours on end, refusing to pause or accept relief.

Everywhere he went in Yugoslavia violence hung thick on the land, in the lowlands held by Germans and in desolate valleys where the old people lived. They were too old to fight but not too old to be killed, to be raped, to be ground into pulp by the treads of tanks; to be starved and driven from their homes. Often they were herded down rutted roads into open gondola cars, each coupled in front of a locomotive hauling a troop train in order to thwart guerrillas who otherwise would—and did—plant mines where the troop trains rolled.

These human detectors rolled past fields not planted that season, and were cut loose at the top of each downward grade, rolling for miles, with the gun-quilled trains marking time in their wake. The old women clutched their shawls and the hawk-like menfolk gazed out ahead, their arms closed tight on their women and their eyes cold as the eyes of death.

Hamilton returned from Croatia in a B-25 in early July to find his wife had been transferred to the 61st Station Hospital in Foggia, a bombed-out town 90 miles north of Bari. He rested a week, spent one weekend with her, then made several journeys to the Dalmatian Islands, on one of which he was ambushed and almost captured. In August they ordered him to pick out a suitable Italian fishing craft, convert her to a minor-league blockade runner, and begin running across to the environs of Cape Linguetta, on the Albanian coast, with agents and supplies.

Later, he was transferred to an OSS unit attached to the intelligence section of the U.S. First Army. Col. B. A. Dixon was the G-2 of the First Army. We met late one night in his office-trailer outside the Belgian town of Spa. Three or four of his staff were ranged around on the floor. A bottle of cognac stood on a table, and the place was wreathed in smoke. The colonel glanced at my orders. "I don't mean to be impertinent, but what in hell is a Marine captain doing up here tonight?"

"Well, sir, I—"

"Ah ha—" He raised one hand. "Don't tell me. You're OSS—ten thousand dollars says you're one of Donovan's beagles. Right?"

I said he was right.

"Well, if you're looking for Hitler, he's not here."

Everybody laughed, and they gave me a shot of the liquor. The colonel seemed relaxed. "Gentlemen, I am going to tell you about the OSS. The OSS is the most fantastic damned organization in all of our armed forces. Its people do incredible things. They seduce German spies; they parachute into Sicily one day and two days later they're dancing on the St. Regis roof. They dynamite aqueducts, urinate in Luftwaffe gas tanks, and play games with I.G. Farben and Krupp, but—" he paused and threw up his hands, "90 percent of this hasn't a goddamn thing to do with the war."

When the laughter died down, he turned to one of his men. "Stone, when you leave here, why don't you escort this gentleman up to the OSS house on the hill. And Hamilton, when you get tired being mysterious, come back and we'll put you to work."

In response to Dixon's suggestion, I went to work with the Political Intelligence section of his headquarters. In June, the OSS ordered me to "proceed to 53 ports as designated, in Germany, Denmark and Norway, and make a photographic survey of bomb damage, port facilities, and so forth."

With the war in Europe over, I saw Madeleine briefly in September. She had taken an apartment in Paris and spoke longingly of remaining in Europe for several years. And we knew, without knowing why, without much discussion, that the marriage had dissolved. All that remained was the need to petition a court to recognize this fact.

We agreed I would get the divorce in Reno. That was my only certainty. Afterward there was only fatigue and an ocean languor.

The day we said good-by I had driven slowly down toward the Ile St. Louis with a truck full of rations. It was three months since we had seen one another.

Oddly enough, I didn't feel sad. When you can't love properly, you can't be properly sad. I brushed this thought to one side. Very well, I would drop off the rations and go. And keep on going.

The rations stood in the hall. I was breathing hard. Our eyes remained averted. "Thank you," she said.

"Oh, that's quite all right"—one hand on the door.

"Would you," she asked, "before you leave—have just one glass of sherry?"

"Well, yes—thank you." Our eyes met. The living room was cool, and beyond the balcony was Notre Dame. A barge was passing upstream, with a woman who bustled about, taking in her laundry.

After a few sips and a few inconsequent words, I left, and didn't look back.

It is early in June and my home is a dressing room at Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 46. I have $13,000 in the Melrose branch of the Bank of America. I call myself a "progressive." I am one of Paramount's stars. I drive

south until I see the ocean lying green offshore, swollen under the mustard sky. A signboard says: SLOW DOWN ENTERING NEWPORT BEACH.

I think of that dough in the bank, sitting there, doing no one any good. So invest it, buy a boat. Why not? You're in bad shape. You need a stabilizer, not dames, pills or booze. You need a ship for a home.

And so all the morning I prowl the bay.

I go to a nearby phone and call my agent, collect. His voice has a furry edge: "Hiya, Sweetie, where the hell you been? . . . Oh? Well, what are you doing down there? . . . No no no, that's okay. Nothing doing yet. Relax, Baby, they're paying the money, aren't they? . . . Tell you what you do; come in at 3 this afternoon. We'll have us a little talk. Okay, Baby? Right."

A little farther on there is a big white sign: "Newport Harbor Yacht Dock," and I prowl up and down, appraising each hull. A schooner stands out from the rest. She hasn't been used in years; her varnish and paint are shot; her rigging is tattered and gray. Whoever owns this ship doesn't deserve her. I squat and size up the lines of her hull, go on board and sense the way she feels, then I lie on deck and gauge the sweep of sheer and rails and spars. I guess her dimensions to be 65 on deck, 49 on the water, 16 feet of beam, with a draft of 8-foot-6. She is worth—to me this morning—$15,000, the price of a cheap tract house. Her name is *Wetona*—we'll take care of that.

Now I sit in a broker's office: "She's a damn fine boat," he says.

"I know that. What will it take to buy her?"

"Well, he's been asking $18-five."

"Offer him $13-five."

"What about the survey? You'll want a surveyor, won't you?"

"Give me a hammer and an ice pick and I'll make my own survey."

Two hours later I bought her, for $14,000, cash. From this moment on, things were bound to improve.

For three months I've been leading two separate lives: one devoted to politics; one devoted, let's face it, to sex. A bad blend. The first week I was back in town I joined the American Veteran's Committee and the Hollywood Independent Citizens' Committee for the Arts, Sciences and Professions. Fair enough. But it hasn't worked out quite right. Everyone else seems to know one another. They know parliamentary procedure; and how to organize fund-raising drives and membership drives and coordinating committees. They know about the Constitution and the Bill of Rights and who their representatives are. They know all about what went on in Spain, in Greece and Yugoslavia (hell, they know more about Yugoslavia than I do). While they speak of Teheran and Yalta and Bretton Woods, all I can do is drink three to their one and try to look intelligent.

Now I am having coffee with a woman from the Story Department of one of the agencies. No longer a girl, but graced with that certain look. She is cinched up tight beneath a beige wool suit. We know each other well. She speaks:

"Sterling, let me ask you something."

"Shoot."

"When are you going to get off this merry-go-round you're on and really commit yourself?"

"That's a good question. I don't know."

"That's no surprise. You are screwed up."

I get to my feet. "Sure I am. But we live in a complex world. I know I'm confused but damn it—"

"No. You're not. You're not as confused as you think." She looks me straight in the eye. "Do you know what I think?"

"What?"

"I think you're scared."

"Scared? Of what, for Christ's sake?"

"Of giving yourself. You're a fair talker once you get started, but you're always on the outside. When are you going to stop talking and do something?"

"Such as?"

"Join the Party."

"Well?" We stare at each other. There's the faintest of smiles on her mouth. "Anytime," I say.

"Now?"

"Sure. Why not?"

She fumbles around in her purse. "You know," she is saying, "you're all right at that. I didn't think you had the guts." I write my name on a small white card.

"I'll send this along to the proper place," she is saying, "and we'll see if they accept you."

Accept *me*?—I am thinking—what a hell of a strange idea.

It was dark outside as I drove to the studio, picked up my things, and swung south toward Newport Beach. I kept thinking: You've made a big mistake. You're not ready. You joined because you were scared, just like parachuting, just like hauling trawl from the bow of a dory in the wintertime.

Maybe so, I thought as I slid back the hatch and hove my things in a bunk. But I wonder whether there has ever before been a man who bought a schooner and joined the Communist Party all on the same day?

I smiled in spite of myself as I poured from a tall green bottle.

I went to my first meeting one warm June night in Los Angeles. It is 8 o'clock, and maybe a dozen people are gathered. They share two things: employment in the film industry, and a strong conviction that Marxism, judiciously applied, can help make a better world.

The meeting is called to order by a tall white-haired man with a kindly face and the hands of a working stiff. One girl is pregnant. Two others are busy with knitting. Most smoke but no drinks are served. The wanderer arranges himself in what looks like a quiet corner. He fidgets and smokes, but seems to pay strict attention to everything that is said.

This is a three-hour meeting. From 8 until 9 the discussion concerns the Hollywood of those behind the scenes, the Hollywood of wages and hours, of labor-management strife. Everyone joins the discussion—except for the wanderer, but if the others notice, they are too polite to show it . . . Give him time.

From 9 to 10 is the dialectical hour, devoted to intensive study of Marxist-Leninist principles. The words are strange ones: "surplus value," "proletariat," "bourgeoisie," and "deviationism." Why, hell, the only deviation he is familiar with has to do with a compass. His lack of knowledge appalls him. This is not what he had in mind, and not what he came to hear. This is dull and dry and incredibly obtuse. He yawns through his nose; his eyes grow small. The room becomes diffused and distant. The voices drone and the hands of his watch stand still. Once or twice his cigarette slips through his fingers, leaving a scar on the floor.

The final hour is best, taking in the whole world. Everything he hears is new—that Chiang Kai-shek is Fascist; that Hitler was something more than simply a rabble-rouser; that already certain fabled industrialists are laying the groundwork for the next great war. Still he remains aloof; perhaps he is only at home these days with nonpolitical people, who know as little as he does.

Tonight he is scheduled, once the meeting ends, to talk with a man named "John," an important person in the party apparatus. They are to meet alone, at the foot of the hill, in a place called "The Grotto."

We sit in a booth in a dark and quiet corner. The man across from me has an angular face with deep seams, and no eyebrows. He orders coffee black while I—not without guilt—ask for a shot of Scotch. He reminds me at once of Srecko Manola, the partisan colonel who had been in the International Brigades and had, so they said, endured more torture in a Belgrade prison than any of his comrades.

I sense two things: this man is the genuine article, not a hothouse revolutionary; and he sees through me as I see through myself sometimes. He wastes no time in chatter: "Hayden, tell me why you joined the Party."

"Well now, I joined, that is, I wanted to join because, well it seems to me the people in the Party not only know what's going on in the world but they have the guts to determine a course of action, and furthermore they're able and willing to implement this action with— Well, I know that in Yugoslavia, for example, before the war it was a lot like it is here; there were plenty of ruthless bastards up on top of the heap, and there were a number of intellectuals in the middle; but when the going got rough and it was time to be counted, it was the Communists who stood up and fought."

"What were they fighting for?" It seems as though he can't get the thoughts out fast enough.

"They were fighting for a way of life in which the interests

of the people would take precedence over everything else, including of course the interests of the privileged few."

"Hayden, have you any sort of trade-union background?"

"No. The first union I ever belonged to was the Screen Actors Guild."

"Some union," he says, with a smile that isn't too reassuring. "But I thought you went to sea for a long time. How come you never belonged to a union?"

"Because I went in sailing vessels. They never were organized."

"You fished. You fished out of Boston. What about the Atlantic Fisherman's Union?"

"I never belonged."

"Why?"

"All the Gloucester vessels were non-union. I guess I just went where the unions weren't."

"Were you ever a scab?" He smokes with the butt in his mouth to the bitter end.

"No, I was never a scab."

"Suppose the studios found out you were in the Party. What then?"

"Hell, they'd throw me out."

"You have a contract, don't you?"

"Sure. But I'm told contracts are pretty loose affairs, when it comes to something like this."

"Doesn't this bother you? Suppose somebody in your group turned stoolie?"

"To hell with it. I'd go back to sea."

"Suppose you were called before the Tenney Committee and asked the big question: 'Are you now or have you ever been?' What would you do?"

"Well. Well—I don't know. I'd have to think about it."

He fires a glance at his watch. Ash falls on his sleeve. "Why do you suppose I wanted to talk with you this way?"

"I've no idea."

He rakes a match on his shoe. "Well, don't worry about it." He flips a quarter onto the table, settles a hat low on his head, and says: "I'll leave first. Some nights there are people in this town with nothing better to do than follow me." He rises. "And this is one of those nights."

I watch him go. He is very tall. He moves slowly, which seems to require an effort. I call for another drink, this time double.

Friday: Newport Beach.

The schooner *Quest* lies moored in a deluxe basin with her nose to a row of trailers, patios attached, part of an oceanside haven for the retired. It is 3 in the afternoon and I am scraping varnish aft. Flynn comes sauntering down the dock wearing a white windbreaker, a beat-up yachting cap, and a shapely young girl done out in a brand new yachting outfit on his arm. He carries a camera case slung from his shoulder. Although we have not met, I recognize him. They pause and I ask them aboard.

"Hayden," he says, "I've been hearing about you for years. Maybe some afternoon you'll come out on the *Zaca* and give me a sailing lesson."

"I've heard a bit about you, too. Matter of fact, I first heard about you out in Port Moresby, New Guinea, from a guy named MacKenzie who had a recruiting schooner. He said you owed him money."

"Oh yeah, I know who you mean." He laughs. "He's a bloody liar. The truth of the matter is, I had a—shall we say 'social disease' at the time. After I left, it seems his wife came down with it."

We go below. "Oh," he says, "let me introduce my companion—" He checks himself and turns to the girl. "I'm terribly sorry, darling, but what's your name again?"

"Judy, Judy Johnson." Her voice is very thin.

He opens the camera case and extracts a thermos flask. "Judy and I just met, you see. Until yesterday noon Judy was a carhop in an El Segundo drive-in." He pours a drink the color of junket. "Judy has aspirations. Something to do with acting." He holds the drink in surprisingly small hands. "I shall do what I can to help her. Cheers."

We talked for several hours, making our supper on vodka and Scotch. The girl has nothing to say. She had one drink, then kicked off her booties, crawled in a bunk, and slept.

We talked of ships. He knew places and people—but not ships. I found this reassuring. I maneuvered the talk to the war. To the Adriatic, the Jug schooners, the boats that ran the blockade, to the nights on the Illyrian coast. It made a heady brew. A certain wistfulness was evident in the empty set of his face, and I gathered, since he offered no counter-talk, that his war had been passed at Warners. I broke out the album of pictures replete with band-built gunboats; with mangled men; with women in battle dress wearing grenades for jewelry. He listened well, drinking remorselessly, but with no apparent effect.

I thought of the night before. Why was I tongue-tied in the company of progressives, yet eloquent when faced with a man like Flynn? I went so far as to think that even he might be made to discover that there was more to life than dames and stardom and all the jazz that went with his way of life.

The carhop stirred. Without looking, he unzippered her slacks and hid his hand. She sighed and spread her legs. "Where's your girl, old chap?" His voice was a little thick.

I told him I was in between girls—more or less.

His face flared. "Now here's what we'll do, old chap. I'll take Judy out to the *Zaca*, then what say the two of us take a little drive down to Laguna Beach, to a spot called the Coast Inn. Nothing but dames down there."

He roused the girl and they left. I guessed he wouldn't come back. An hour passed and a chap named Jim came by, a yacht broker in the midst of a divorce. We had a drink and I mentioned the Coast Inn.

"Let's go," he said. And we went.

The night was hot. Laguna was overlaid with that neon-mission look so dear to the heart of the neo-Californian. The bar hugged one leg of a drab hotel, and was filled with noisy people and a loud jukebox that bubbled. The table we found was twice the size of a phone book. I looked around the room and saw a good-looking girl smoking and staring at me.

She wasn't pretty but her coolness set her off from the rest of the room. I wondered about her body. I began to work my way across the room when she rose swiftly, came straight toward me, then veered off toward the hotel lobby. Two or three guys whistled as she left. I beckoned to Jim and we went outside. At first I thought she was gone, but she and her friend were standing and talking in front of a parking lot. We exchanged names and after a while drove back toward the ship.

Capitalism could rest in peace this night.

Santa Barbara, California. May 1947. The green eye flashes on top of the breakwater's pylon. The town lies in tiers of lighted streets piled on soft and rolling foothills. Offshore one lone sea buoy groans as the surge goes by, with two seals sleeping, draped on its float.

Ten months we've been together. I have peace I've never known before. Since the first of the year we've lived like this, with our backs to the world, here in the harbor. No parties no politics no meetings, just work on the ship all day and read and dream at night. The feel and smell of the sea, and the cries of the birds. What more could any man want?

. . . You live like vegetables. What happened to all your dreams? What went wrong with your new convictions?

We're doing all right. I've stopped drinking—pretty much. We'll honeymoon in New England. I'll save my dough and in less than a year we'll buy a proper vessel and walk out on Hollywood.

. . . Again? Tell me, do you love this girl?

She's all there is. I don't have anything else.

. . . How long do you think it will last?

I don't know.

. . . Tell me something else. Why did you quit the Party?

Because I'd rather be wrong on my own than be right on somebody else's say-so.

. . . Nobody was dictating to you. Maybe they led you, but mostly they just shared.

Also I was scared, just a little.

. . . Then you're glad you quit when you did?

Not exactly. It's late. I'm turning in.

. . . Have a nice marriage.

The time and the place are not important, nor are the other things. The list of people, events, successes and failures, jobs

tackled and not tackled, is always incomplete. None of these things matters anyway.

I lived in a downward spiraling, diminishing, darkening world. I lived on a ship that was no ship, with a wife who was no wife (no fault of hers).

I lived in the past and in dreams. The future didn't exist, and the present I couldn't control. I liked to think that nothing mattered—prestige, service, status as an actor, all such things were dead.

The incredible part was, this was happening to me. I had known of such things, of people rendered impotent, unable to manage their lives. But they were different. They were *they*, not *me*. They were the odd-balls.

But I had been the golden boy, capturing the imagination of the crowd, born to the sea. I had been the man who didn't care, who thumbed his nose at all the proper things beloved of proper persons.

But now the past was dying. I had raked its coals till all that remained was ash. My stories were all told out. No new friends came, and only sleep was pleasing.

I worked some. I was "starred" in a picture late in 1946—something to do with flying. I did nothing in 1947—for which Paramount paid me $70,000. I made two films in 1948. Both were abortions—conceived and dead in less than three weeks. From June 1946 to June 1949 I worked 75 days—out of 1,095. The rest of the time I did nothing. Through all these days, my wife's devotion was single-minded and exclusive. Our dependence on each other excluded the rest of the world. We ate each other up.

A son was born in August of 1948. We named him Christian Winslow Hayden after a mutineer and a painter who hid on the coast of Maine.

Eleven months later, our second son was born, Dana Morgan Hayden, named after an author and a buccaneer (or maybe a whaleship—I never decided which). And the marriage got more complicated—our exclusive little society had had its walls breached.

I drank a good deal, but drew the line at real benders. Apparently the same force that prevented me from giving myself to life also blunted the self-destructive process. I could drink till I passed out. But, always, four hours later I'd roll out, plunge or shower, then bundle up and read till dawn, when I ran or walked or cycled or rowed for hours. Then I'd settle back and drift through the daylight hours like a ghost, with never a drink till dusk.

There were times now and then when the circle was broken. At such times something within me stirred—not much—just enough to accomplish a change of scene or a change of the boat that passed for our home. While still on the honeymoon, the *Quest* was sold for $17,000. I turned around and bought a schooner in Maine for half this price, then shipped her out west, where I polished her with $20,000 until she shone like a ship in a bottle. When she was still undergoing repairs and we needed a place to live, I bought the big schooner *Gracie S.* which hung like a derelict in inner Los Angeles harbor. Then she was sold and her place taken by a 45-foot Norwegian ketch, and there we were, anchored off the parched red flank of the San Pedro hills, living on the bottle-ship, with the ketch as something to sail. I gave the ketch my favorite name at the time: *Outward Bound*. She was my mistress, though she was old and tired, and only her name held promise. We made a proper pair.

This is an unsung voyage. No headlines this time, no farewells, no girls on the sidelines waving. Prone on a leather couch in a squared and silent cabin, with nothing to steer by but the clouded compass rose of something called "the analytic procedure," whatever in hell that is.

To your dismay the analyst seems maliciously detached. You thought he would give you a hand when things got rough. Some laugh. The joke is all on you—at 25 bucks an hour. Five hundred a month you pay for the honor of lying flat and talking to a blank screen.

Now and then he speaks in a lusterless fashion: "You must make an effort, Mr. Hayden, not to allow the day to day problems of your life to come between you and your thoughts of the past . . . Just say whatever comes into your mind . . ."

I speak in a fine harsh tone: "All right. You want what comes into my mind, I'll give you what comes into my mind: I'm in plenty of trouble, Doc; haven't worked in a hell of a long time. So far as this town's concerned, I might as well be dead. Paramount fired me. Everyone knows that. I'm spending 1,500 bucks a month just to keep on living. Nothing coming in, and there's $5,000 left in the bank. These aren't the right thoughts, are they? I ought to be talking about crawling between the baby sitter's legs, but I can't because yesterday something exciting happened.

"My agent called and said that John Huston over at MGM is starting a film called *Asphalt Jungle*. He's interested in me for the lead role. Goddamit, I've got to land this part. If I do, I'm all set. I know you're allergic to answering questions but this one's important. I'll tell you why: let's say I get a chance to make a test for this part. Tests are rough, the worst thing about the whole racket. I always tense up in front of the camera. I don't want to, but I do. Now for the next few days why can't I just sit up and talk to you man to man and maybe you can explain this fear to me?" Silence. He doesn't even rustle.

"Don't you understand, Doc, I've got to get this part. Once I get it I can relax and pick the parts I want and we can get down to work. For Christ's sake, don't you want to help me and get rid of me and go on to somebody else?"

I wonder if he's asleep. Maybe he's reading a magazine or counting up his bank balance.

He clears his throat. "I'm afraid our time is up for today." Now he rustles about and rises. He's dressed in a seersucker shirt with a stupid bow tie, built like a quarterback, tidy little mustache, neat little eyes, fine little tweedy fellow. Reminds me of my stepfather, except that he isn't broke . . . He opens the double doors and stands there like a dummy.

I tuck in my shirt and tighten my belt. "Same time tomorrow?"

"Same time tomorrow." Articulate sonofabitch.

When you're greeted by John Huston, you know what it's like to be met. You step into a big corner office full of people and smoke. His feet are on his desk. The moment he sees you, he swings to his feet and cleaves the room with his eyes on you alone. You suddenly sense that simply by coming here today you have relieved this rangy man of some immense burden. You are the one man alive he wanted to see at 2 p.m. sharp. He waves one arm and the room is instantly cleared.

He buzzes his secretary: "Hold *all* my calls, my dear. If Mr. Mayer calls, tell him I've gone to Santa Anita." He cocks his feet on the desk. "Well now, Sterling, how in hell are you?"

"Pretty well, John, pretty well."

"May I tell you something? I've admired you for a long time. They don't know what to make of a guy like you in this business. Maybe we'll change all that."

Only seldom do you find a face like Huston's in an office. It's one that belongs on the road, in a boxcar doorway, in a mine, or in a Left Bank garret.

"Now, Sterling, I want you to do this part. The studio does not. They want a top name star. They say you mean nothing when it comes to box-office draw—I told them there aren't five names in this town mean a damn thing at the box office. Fortunately, they're not making this picture. I am . . . Now let me tell you about Dix Handley, the character you would play in the film.

"Dix is a loner who hails from a Southern farm. Dix is you and me and every other man who can't fit into the groove. Some of us are lucky, but Dix has never been. He is angry and doesn't know how to control it. So he does the only thing a man with his limitations can do—he becomes a hood . . ." His voice tapers off and his eyes are almost closed. With a jerk he gets to his feet and paces around the room. "Now there's one thing I can't control. We will have to make a test. Tests stink. The bagmen up front don't know about things like this. We'll give you the book and the script and the test scene. Soak it up. That's all I have to say. Except don't worry."

We shake hands: "I'll do the best I can."

I passed the test for the part, and immediately put an advertisement in a local paper:

"FOR SALE: One model schooner home . . ." in lieu of which was leased (furnished)—at $750 a month—a modest mansion with a kidney-shaped swimming pool and a knotty-pine den:

with a three-car garage, deep freeze, two refrigerators, dishwasher, clothes washer, clothes drier, and perhaps $20,000 worth of additional hardware and furnishings—plus a blue-chip address. On quiet nights you could hear the neighbors clipping coupons up and down the line. Alan Ladd lived two blocks away in a $350,000 home. Bob Crosby lived nearby in a $300,000 home.

We shot the final scene of the picture first, in Lexington, Kentucky, where the loner named Dix Handley died one afternoon, in the prime of life, of wounds received during the holdup of a jewelry store. He came barreling down the wrong side of the road in a stolen car, broke from the arms of his mistress, scaled a fence, then staggered through a blue-green sea of grass to pitch forward dead—90 yards from his daddy's old farm.

On the way back to California my wife and I dropped off at Chicago, where I exchanged one week's salary for a bottle-green Cadillac. As we drove west, the thought ran through my mind . . . I guess I've swallowed the anchor. One sliver of hope remained. When the film was done, I would launch myself on a long voyage, in something called "analysis," "deep analysis" . . . whatever that meant.

"All right now, Doc, let's come to grips with something. I've got the toughest decision to make that has ever hung over my head. I'm in the Marine Corps Reserve. Since the war in Korea started, I've felt this thing closing down around me. Suppose they call me up and we come to the loyalty part: 'Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?' What do I do then? If I say no, I perjure myself. If I say yes, and the word gets around, then I'm dead.

"Every studio in town has black lists. Some of them have half a dozen lists. Apparently I'm not on any of these. Funny damn thing: I thought after the Huston picture I'd be in some demand, but I've had not one offer since I left Metro five months ago. I had a talk yesterday afternoon with my lawyer about how to protect myself. He thinks we should write a letter to J. Edgar Hoover asking if there isn't some way I can admit having been in the Party without screwing my whole life up."

"That seems reasonable."

"I'm not so sure. The FBI isn't going to let me off the hook without my implicating people who never did anything wrong—except belong to the Party."

"Didn't your attorney suggest the FBI would probably treat this information confidentially?"

"Yes, he did; but from what I've heard about the Bureau and its ties with the Un-American Activities Committee, I sure as hell doubt it."

"Maybe you should try another attorney."

"I can't afford it. And besides, Martin Gang is a powerhouse in this business; maybe some day I'll need him . . . I'm a genius for getting into untenable positions. The man who is a hard-core Communist has it all laid out: he goes before a committee if he has to and tells them to screw themselves. The man who was never in the party has it easy. All he has to do is say: 'No, I am not now and I never was a member.' But the ex-Communist? He's had it.

"You know, I don't know why I got out of the Party any more than I know why I joined. I could say a lot of things about those people I knew in the Party—and you know something? It would all be good. I never heard anything that was subversive.

"I'd like to take a two-page spread in the *Hollywood Reporter* and in *Variety* and I'd let go the goddamest blast, let people know who the real subversives are. I wrote this out last night: 'You loudmouthed self-styled patriots in this business had better wake up. I was in the Party for six months. I know a bit about what goes on. You think those people are trying to subvert your precious Hollywood? They're not. They happen to believe in planned social order. They look up to Russia as the leader of the world socialist movement . . . Now, you people allegedly believe in free competition. You want the world to follow in our footsteps, so you invest billions of bucks all over hell and gone trying to influence people. Yet when the socialist world does this you scream "foul" ' . . . that's what I'd like to say."

"Why not do it then?"

"Because I haven't got the guts, that's why. Maybe because I'm a parlor pink. Because I want to remain employable in this town long enough to finish this goddam analysis. Because when it comes time for the divorce I'd like to be able to see my children, and the courts downtown are full of judges who would look askance at a divorced man who was an ex-Communist to boot. That's why! How many reasons do you want, sitting there on your throne."

What's left of the hour is passed in total silence . . .

May 23, 1950

Mr. Martin Gang
Gang, Kopp & Tyre
6400 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Gang:

This department is sensitive to the problem outlined in your letter of May 16, 1950.

You are advised herewith that no machinery exists whereby a former member of the Communist Party of the United States can, as you phrase it, be cleared.

I would suggest that, in view of the problem outlined, you, on behalf of your client Mr. Sterling Hayden, contact the Chief of the Bureau at the Federal Building in Los Angeles.

A copy of this letter is forwarded herewith to Mr. ——. Upon contacting him, it can be arranged for your client to appear and make available to this office whatever information is at his disposal.

Very truly yours,
J. Edgar Hoover
Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation

The chief of the Bureau comes on smooth. "Mr. Gang, of course I have no way of knowing what it is your client wishes to say this morning. But I would like to avail myself of this opportunity to congratulate you both on the decision you have made. If it is of any value to you, Mr. Hayden, I might also say that you are not alone in your predicament. Now I am going to call in one of my assistants who is a specialist in the Hollywood scene. He is much more expert than I. You may, Mr. Hayden, give this gentleman any information at your disposal." A man comes through the door. He is gray and calm and friendly. The chief leaves. This is my last chance. I wish I could rise, yawn once, and politely say: "Gentlemen, thank you just the same."

Gang sounds the pitch pipe, and I come chiming in: "Well, I uh don't quite know how to begin. I uh—" The calm gray man is poised. He holds a yellow pencil, not my favorite color. "Feel free, Mr. Hayden," he is saying, "to begin wherever you choose. Why not go from the beginning and say anything you please."

I talk for more than an hour. If I'm telling him anything he doesn't know, this doesn't come through on his face. I dodge whenever I can: "No sir, I never did know their last names . . . No sir, the actors and actresses I met were never identified as belonging to the Party. So far as I was concerned, they were simply persons deeply interested in the carpenters' strike, in the fight of the CSU against the IATSE . . . The study group that I joined was composed of back-lot workers 100 percent . . . No sir, I am not familiar with that name . . . Yes sir, I have heard that name . . . That is correct. Yes sir."

Now he is walking with us toward the elevators. It seems we walk past endless ranks of green steel filing cabinets. My contribution this morning has been an invaluable one. I am free to call him any time should further thoughts arise. And he may call on me from time to time in the hope I may supply some missing connections.

My chain hangs heavy now. He locks his car door. I lock mine. After all, you never know. Maybe we're being tailed. Maybe one of the people I just fingered—the pregnant wife or one of the girls with the knitting—will come tooling up in her red Cadillac convertible and rub us out.

"There now," says my shepherd, "that wasn't too bad, was it?"

I don't have much to say. The car stops at Hollywood and Vine, and I take my chain and clank off down the street.

I walk alone outside the house, putting a little distance be-

tween me and my bottle of rum. My children sleep in a room with the iron-barred windows of Hollywood. The baby is kicking up a storm tonight. I go inside and drink. The rum burns down my throat. What was it the analyst said? "You know, Mr. Hayden, that there are times when alcohol, properly handled, can bring relief."

Yes, Doc. But there are times when it doesn't work, no matter how much you drink. There are times when you can't even come up with a buzz, let alone get drunk and forget.

"Sterling?" Her voice comes out of the night. "When are you coming to bed?"

"Just as soon as I kill this bottle, that's when I'm coming to bed."

"Sweetie," I might as well have said, "I'm sorry. It's no use. We never had a marriage. The man who is coming to bed once this bottle is killed isn't the man you married. That guy is dead, because today he finally sold out all the way."

In the beginning came the subpoena, salmon-colored, mortgage-sized, folded thrice. The actor folds himself into a green paystation. He dials too fast, wrong number, then again. "Martin? Martin, this is Hayden. I just got subpoenaed."

"Who by, your wife?"

"No, the [sshh—look around—cuddle the ear of the phone] by the Committee [shh-h-h-] by the House Committee on Un-American Activities."

"All right, we'll have to move fast. I'll contact Wheeler, their Hollywood investigator. Meet me tonight—my office—8 o'clock sharp . . . And, by the way—better bring your wife—and also you might wear that rosette that goes with the Silver Star."

"Yes, Martin." (Oh, thank God for Martin Gang—thank God I went to the FBI—Martin knows what to do.)

Three hundred people crowd the hearing room. Standing room only. Through a fog I see up on the stage eight or nine men ranged behind a concave counter. One wall is solid with cameras.

I am shown to a chair at a little table with a microphone. I shift around, trying to clear my mind, trying to arrange my legs beneath the yellow table. Yellow is big this season. Directly before me a man lies flat on his back shooting into my face with a camera labeled CBS-TV.

The curtain rises and the chairman raps for order with his Legion gavel. He mutters something about a quorum, and reels off the names of his colleagues: Potter, Scherer, Moulder, Walter . . . I miss the other names.

I am sworn to tell the truth. Counsel studies his script, collaborated on by Gang, Wheeler and Hayden. It is a good script, runs to 40 pages, and tells a lively tale. Up on the dais it is being studied with circumspection, out of camera range.

Counsel is all smiles. And why not? He is accustomed to facing non-collaborators who sit in the witness chair and chew him up and down. He is used to facing men and women who refuse to dance to his tune. Today the Fifth Amendment will not trouble him.

Now counsel sounds his pitch pipe and I begin to sing. Once I begin, what follows seems almost anticlimactic.

I am well prepared. Few stoolies have played this hall who were better prepared than I. I have nine pages of neat notes typed out on filing cards. And on the 10th page is an index of dates, names, places, and an itemized list of donations to seditious causes dedicated to the liquidation of segregation and racial prejudice and other minor hatreds.

I drone on, and up on the stage the muckrakers grow restless. Wood the Chairman dozes, and at last I am nearing the promised Land of Loyal Ones, and now the time comes for the payoff.

Congressman Moulder clears his throat. "I just want to say to you, Mr. Hayden, that after listening to your testimony today—and this is for the record—I personally find you to be an intensely loyal and patriotic American citizen."

Oh, thank you, sir, so much. Hey! You execs back out on the coast! Your boy came through. It is okay. You will not lose your dollars. . . . Do you hear me? Is it okay—for me to come back to work tomorrow???

Congressman Walter speaks: "I will add something to what Mr. Moulder just said: I agree. I think that by his courageous and forthright testimony today this witness has set an example that thousands of others might follow. Do you feel that is so, Mr. Hayden?"

"Oh yes sir. I would like to say one more thing. I urge upon everyone who might find himself in my position to come forward and get this thing off his chest. It is a big burden, believe me." Eyes go down in abject modesty.

"I know that is so, Mr. Hayden."

Other voices mumble jingoistic drivel . . . And above this crowded room like a mirage stands a group of people who once were friends of mine. They look at me with grave and saddened faces. No one says a word. I think of Larry Parks, who not 10 days ago sat in this very chair and by pleading with the Committee—by begging them not to make him crawl in the mud—consigned himself to oblivion. Well, I hadn't made that mistake. Not by a goddamed sight. I was a real daddy longlegs of a worm when it came to crawling.

Stoolies should never be tall. When you are, they can pick you out as you shuffle down the long marbled hallways. Voices keep calling: Congratulations, Hayden—That took guts, Hayden, to do what you just did—Don't worry, Sterlin', your career won't suffer none—

"Hear 'em, hear 'em?" laughs Gang. "Mark my words, boy, you are going to emerge from this thing bigger than ever before. I wouldn't be at all surprised if you became a kind of a hero overnight. Wait till they hear about your testimony out on the Coast tonight . . . Why, you're going to end up smelling like a rose."

Back on the Coast, I swung like a goon from role to role—*Denver and Rio Grande; Kansas Pacific; Golden Hawk; Take Me to Town; Hellgate; Cry Baby; Flat Top; The Star; Renegade Canyon; Fighter Attack; Delay at Fort Bess; Arrow in the Dust* . . . They were all made back to back in an effort by the front office to cash in fast on my new status as a sanitary culture hero.

Not often does a man find himself eulogized for having behaved in a manner that he himself despises. I subscribed to a press-clipping service. They sent me 2,000 clips from papers east and west, large and small, and from dozens of magazines. Most had nothing but praise for my one-shot stoolie show. Only a handful—led by *The New York Times*—denounced this abrogation of constitutional freedoms whereby the stoolie could gain status in a land of frightened people.

Almost a year later, a white Ford station wagon winds up a long canyon to a house in a row of houses. A man is driving. Four children come down to the car, each one carrying a little bag, each one clinging to a toy or tousled woolen animal. The car descends the canyon now, and the man at the wheel has tears in his eyes as he drives to a tiny cliffside house with a slantwise view of the sea.

Then another trip, and now the rack on top of the car is loaded with family hardware, all of it new. Crib, playpen, jump seats with beads by the tray. More cases and cartons are unloaded, the key is left in the mailbox, and the car drives east through the city to a white apartment house where one final stop is made. A tall German woman comes out and settles herself up front:

"Hilda," I say, "these are my kids. Kids, this is Hilda. She is going to look after you because you will live with Daddy now.

"This is Christian," I go on, "and that is Dana and that of course is Gretchen and Matthew is asleep there under the blanket."

"Kids, we're not going back to that little house on the hill. We're going out to the desert to a ranch for a week and then we'll move into a big old house with a pool, on the other side of those hills.

"Daddy," Christian says, "do we still go to the same school?"

"Nope, you'll go to a brand-new school."

"Daddy?" Dana's face is hostile. "When do we get to go back to Mommy again?"

"We'll talk about that later. Not for a long time."

Hilda sits in silence. Somehow she doesn't seem like a mother. We climb up a freeway ramp. Thanksgiving is Thurs-

day next, and I don't know, really, driving east why I feel such an ache inside.

So they took up their lives together. His children all did well in school; his income climbed steadily until he was earning about $160,000 a year—and spending about the same amount. He acted in motion pictures he hated and, at home, acted out a sham domesticity which became increasingly complex. Then, one day in 1959, he conceived the great escape plan, and preparations began—preparations for escape down the long, blue road to Tahiti.

That adventure, like all the other adventures, one day came to an end.

From the cave of her lazarette comes a prepaid flow of cordage and wire and chain as we work on the *Wanderer* to get her ready for the long voyage home. But her tanks are almost empty, the shelves of her galley, the deep-set fo'c'sle bins, are mostly empty, too. Plenty of beans remain, and hash, and powdered eggs and half-bad potatoes.

There's plenty of beef on the hoof in the brand-new crew. Not a college man in the lot. Six men on deck all told, a minimal crew considering the 5,000-mile thrash to weather that faces them now in a 98-foot schooner without winches.

With the sun still in the palm treetops, the ship warps out into the stream. The pawls of her windlass clank as the links come inching in. When the anchor breaches the surface we clap tackles to it, sway it all the way aft, and lash it under the wheelbox. Eight hundred pounds it weighs.

The diesel fires and I swing the vessel in one big clockwise circle, then lay her into the dock. We top off the water tanks and the casks on deck are flushed and filled. Then the whaleboat is flooded and the kids have their final bath.

A crowd is beginning to gather, all dressed in their Sunday best, with great leathery brown toes peering through vented white Sunday sneakers. It will be high noon in less than an hour, this October 4, 1959, and Papeete sleeps in the sun. The barometer is steady enough and it is calm in the lee of the land, but the horizon offshore is jagged. I keep one eye on the crowd, alert for the telltale sign of some creditor overlooked. So far so good. (This is why I sail on Sundays.)

I spring her free of the dock, open up till we're in mid-lagoon, then one by one we give her the sails while Dana steers down channel.

Off Venus Point the line of the wind comes down, dragging the sea like a giant rustling harrow. A riffle at first runs past, cooling the body and putting the canvas to sleep. Then it grows till the cordage creaks, the masts cant well to the westward, and the sea moan rises and erases the thunder of the surf. I start some sheet and the boys take up on the tackles. I work with the wheel till she steadies down with her eyes on the distant arch of a squall. A drift of spray envelops the whole maindeck, and when she feels in the groove I steal a look at the compass: north by east it is—and maybe a half to the east . . .

Tahiti seems swept to the southward. A lei is draped from a cleat. I run the petals under my nose, step to the leeward side of the wheel, and hurl the lei in the wake. Vale! Tahiti.

Nine days of squalls and tedious uphill work carried the *Wanderer* to an equatorial realm where, in Longitude 140° West, she loafed along on the shining pewter dome of an all but windless world. The bare-chested helmsmen had little to do but hand her a spoke sometimes, cooling calloused feet in a nearby bucket of water.

The schooner ghosts in from the west, unchallenged passes the anchored lightship, and hauling her wind rounds to not far from the pilot boat *California*. The eastern sky glows with the lights of San Francisco. The lightship's welcoming beacon stabs the night at 15 second intervals, and from the main ship channel nearby comes the clang of a gong and the groan of a whistle buoy.

Pilot boats never sleep, and from the *California* comes a hail of recognition. It sends over a small boat, and over the rail climbs the burly form of a pilot wearing a soft felt hat. "Koshkin," he says. "Hayden," I say, and we shake hands. He gives my shoulder a rap. "Well, Hayden, you made it right on the nose. Here, I brought you the morning *Chronicle*. Herb Caen says in his column you'd be home on the 15th—damned if you didn't make it with two hours to spare. Good passage?"

"Best passage I ever had. We pushed her a bit now and then, blew out both jibs half a dozen times, used up all our oil. Outside of that, nothing." I slam my hands together.

He paces the deck for a bit, scouting the ship and her gear, then he claps one hand on a shroud. "This is a great old vessel."

We drop below, and Poia comes aft with coffee. The pilot hands me a packet of letters. "Good news. Talked with lawyer this week. He's lending you $15,000 for a mortgage on the ship."

"My God." I open a letter and find a check signed Grant B. Cooper. Some capitalists aren't so bad.

Then the exhaust begins to bark, and we swing past the *California* with our horns splitting the night. I settle her down with her bows on the Golden Gate. The loom of the city grows and the lights on the land come clear: Point Bonito, Mile Rock, Point Diablo, one by one. Then all at once the city itself bursts free with dazzling hillside lights and the amber span of the massive bridge marks the end of the sea road.

The rest of the year is spent in a welter of legal gymnastics. You go into court and you sit in impotence through hours of wrangling and clinching and dodging. During a recess you fly up north to search for a house you can lease. Please be patient. You see, I can't sign anything because I've got to get the court's okay to move my kids from Los Angeles. Yes, I know it sounds preposterous, but that's how it is. And I tell you if they keep me there, you're going to see the damnedest display of footwork. There isn't a man alive could force me to stay in that place.

Then on the seventh day of January 1960, at 10 o'clock in the morning, in Department 34 of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, Judge Emil F. Gumpert presiding, you wait to hear a verdict. Things are going well—you're all set up in a home just across from Sausalito, overlooking the bay, and the kids are beginning to settle down in their new school. Maybe the judge will even give you five days in jail and one hell of an ending for the book. After all, what you did was right for yourself—and whatever that is has to be right for the children, too.

You look at the witness box where yesterday, sworn to tell the truth, you hitched up your sleeves, shoved the microphone out of your way, and said that, given the choice between throwing yourself into contempt of court or contempt of life, you did what you had to do. You had meant no disrespect to the court but the truth of the matter is that you'd do it again if you had to.

Judge Gumpert enters the room. The one regret I had throughout the voyage is that some of its repercussions would have to fall on this particular man. One day I'll tell him so to his face, though maybe he knows it already.

The judge is about to rule when counsel for the defense rises once more with some wretched motion to disqualify this court. The judge's face and temper are sharply drawn this morning. His patience is almost gone as he turns to one side, wiping his glasses, then looks to the ceiling and swings back, saying: "The objection is overruled." He takes up a piece of paper, adjusts his glasses and reads: ". . . Since the time of his divorce some five years ago . . . this man has been almost continually harassed by a mass of repetitious and unsuccessful court proceedings which have drawn heavily on his time, his finances, and—where his children were involved—upon his emotional resources . . . Custody was awarded to the father after 19 days of testimony behind closed doors, during which 43 persons testified and more than a hundred exhibits were received in evidence . . . the voyage, Hayden has admitted, was a willful defiance of the law that tends to impede the administrations of justice . . . Despite this, in a true effort to do justice, every situation must be considered on its merits . . . For years he has labored to shield the children and give them a normal childhood . . . His act was regrettable and foolish, but this court accepts his sworn statement that he meant no disrespect to the court . . . It is the ruling of this court that Hayden be sentenced to a fine of $500 and serve five days in jail . . . The sentence is suspended."

With as piercing a look as you've ever known, his eyes leave yours and he steps down from the bench. —**Sterling Hayden**

THE END

this funny Life

The fraternal lodge that sponsors the local Boy Scouts of America troop appointed a hard-charging, and often hilariously funny, brother as Troop Supervisor. His first problem, as might be expected, was to promote funds for the troop's annual expenses.

He solved this problem by locating a huge pile of aged cow manure on a nearby ranch that could be had for carting it off. It was easily worth a dollar a sack as fertilizer for local gardens and lawns.

Advertising then became his next order of business, and the friendly funny supervisor closeted himself with the local newspaper representative. The following day's paper bore this advertising headline:

BUY YOUR B-S FROM THE B-S-A!

Business really boomed!

Name withheld at writer's request
Seattle, Wash.

While attending an Episcopal seminary in Canada, a student came across a remodeling job in the main building. Behind the altar was a long ladder running up and out of sight through the open beams of the ceiling. Unable to resist, the young priest-to-be attached this sign to the ladder:

"WHY WAIT? GO NOW!"

Name withheld at writer's request
Fullerton, Calif.

After a change-of-command ceremony, the new C.O. announced to his men that he frowned on A.W.O.L. personnel and would severely punish anyone who came up before him at Captain's Mast. He added, "I've heard every conceivable excuse, but if any man comes up with a new, good one, I'll let him off."

About two weeks later, one A.W.O.L. came up before the C.O. Figuring to make an example of the salty old BM_2, the C.O. asked for his excuse.

"Well, sir, it was like this," the old-timer said. "I was planning on getting back to base early. But as I started to board the train, the National Anthem began playing over the station loudspeaker. While I turned around to salute, the train left without me."

The C.O. let him off—and gave him a 72-hour pass.

Howard A. Scriven
Covia, Calif.

A cafe owner in our lovely southern city suffered long at the hands of northern critics stationed at the local air force base. One particular officer continuously found something to carp about, often spicing his meals with abuse of southern cooking, the warm weather, and so on.

One day as the officer paid his check, he announced, "This town is the worst, most sinful city I've ever been in. Why, there's two whores on every corner!"

Calmly counting out his change, the proprietor said, "Yeah, there used to be three until you Yankees came down here and started marryin' 'em."

Oland Silk
Monroe, La.

A small vessel operating in Buckner Bay, Okinawa, during World War II was making slow way through a dense fog when a report reached the bridge that the shadowy form of a ship had been sighted. A message was sent immediately to the unknown ship:

"Identify yourself or be blown out of the water."

A moment later came the reply:

"This is *USS Missouri*. You may fire when ready."

Leonel F. Guzman
Sandia Base, New Mex.

Riding through Arkansas by train, a native backwoodsman got on at a village depot and sat in the seat in front of me. He eyed a short-skirted young woman across the aisle from him as she self-consciously tugged at her skirt to get it over her knees.

Noting her discomfiture, the hill-country rustic remarked, "Don't stretch your gingham, lady—corn liquor's my weakness."

B. P. Spong
Chicago, Ill.

When I was in the Navy during World War II, we had a chief who was a health faddist. He was rather obnoxious by nature and he was continually berating the rest of us for our human frailties. He took vitamin pills 24 hours a day and he supplemented his diet with all types of health foods.

We had a yeoman who was especially vulnerable to colds and flu and who was always the target of the chief's taunts and jibes. One day the yeoman showed up with the sniffles and the chief said sarcastically: "You reservists are a bunch of weaklings. Look at me—I've never been sick a day in my life."

The yeoman looked up at him and replied: "Physically you mean?"

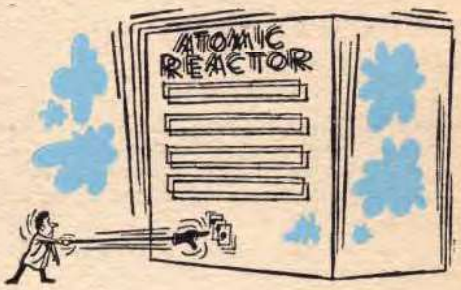
Robert J. McCully
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The light was green as one of our school bus drivers approached an intersection and cautiously slowed down anyway to check the traffic. Suddenly, on the cross street, an open convertible jammed with about 10 children and driven by an attractive blonde came barreling into the intersection.

The blonde realized late that the light was red, slammed on her brakes, and slid to a stop in front of the school bus. The bus driver opened his window, leaned out and yelled, "Lady, don't you know when to stop?"

She replied, with a nasty look, "These aren't all mine."

S. A. Robbins
Mt. Kisco, N. Y.



Housed in a 1,200 square foot, reinforced concrete cell on a 47-acre complex of 11 buildings costing $47 million at Argonne National Laboratory is a "Zero Gradient Synchrotron," the largest atomic reactor of this type in the world.

It's a serious business but there is a humorous side to it, too, for should there be a slight error involved in the complex operation of this gigantic machine a button on the main console board is used for a partial shutdown of power. The button is labeled: OOPS.

George Novak
Chicago, Ill.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

Your choice of gift wraps at no extra cost.

4 wonderful ways to say "Merry Christmas"

...and a fifth for you

By this time you've probably found out that everyone (well-l-l, *practically* everyone) would be simply delighted to get Canadian Club for Christmas.

That shouldn't surprise you. After all, Canadian Club *is* the world's most wanted gift whisky. So why not give your favorite people what they want? Canadian Club comes lavishly gift-wrapped in rich foil, sprightly ribbons and hand-tied bows.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

And, while you're buying Canadian Club for your friends, don't forget to pick up an extra bottle and wish *yourself* a happy holiday, too. With discriminating taste like yours, you certainly deserve Canadian Club!

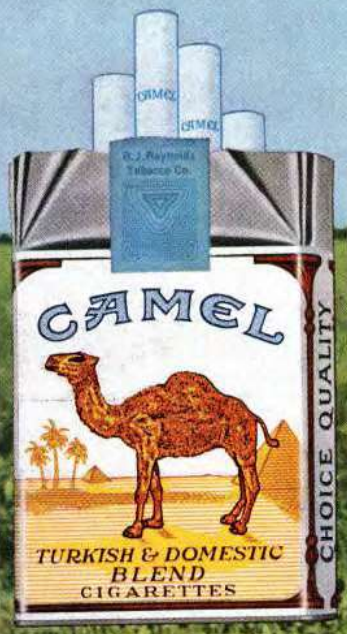
Canadian Club

Camel

every inch a real smoke

Get the clean-cut taste of rich tobaccos. Get with Camel. The exclusive Camel blend of costly tobaccos has never been equaled for rich taste... easygoing mildness... real smoking enjoyment. Camel—every inch a real smoke...

comfortably smooth, too!



Russell Youngblood

Balloon Club of America... Jet Pilot, Captain, U.S.A.F. He'd walk a mile for a Camel!

The best tobacco makes the best smoke!

© 1953 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.